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THE COLOR SCHEME AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

A NEW DEPARTURE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF MURAL PAINTINGS

ONE has come to expect the unexpected of the West as a matter of course, and so when it was decided that the joining of the eastern and western seas should be celebrated at San Francisco we all knew at once that the "Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915" would not only be quite in scale with the Canal, but also, in addition to exuberant size and lavish grandeur, it would be rich in ideas which have no historical precedent!

Well, surely this quality likewise fits the occasion. The wedding of the Atlantic and the Pacific is an eminently unprecedented affair.

But even those who believe in nothing which has not been done before—those, for example, who were sure that the Canal project could not succeed unless built by private capital, and those whose enjoyment of loveliness depends upon resemblance to something else previously pronounced lovely for them—those, in short, who suffer from acute reactionaryism and glory in their woe, may find it difficult to say: "What are we coming to?" when they come to view the city of enchantment now being erected under the name of a world's fair.

A walled city by the sea. It can remind them of certain old towns in southern France and Spain. A series of dignified palaces, looking as if they had been there for three hundred years—though, to be sure, in perfect repair. Walls, colonnades, sculpture—all in the mellow travertine tone of the Pantheon, and basking beautifully in a natural, even if not yet classical, amphitheatre between the tawny Grecian hills and the blue Italian seas which are California's.

Nevertheless, on second thoughts and a more critical examination, new-fangled notions will be discovered, to which the academic-minded can enjoyably object. . . . This prediction refers to nothing in particular. I am merely arguing by their own orthodox method, "the experience of the past." But at least one of the ideas which has never been tried before is sure to please even those who hate and fear innovation on principle. It so obviously should have been done all along, both in expositions and in antiquity.

I

THERE have already been cities, or parts of them, whose streets, buildings, parks, statues, and landscape effects, each more or less good in itself, were all planned as contributing parts of a homogeneous whole—in design; though indeed, as a matter of fact and history, even this idea has never yet been carried out with unified completeness, except in exposition

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"cities," memorably the White City at Chicago in 1893.

But for this greatest of expositions there has been conceived and worked out for the first time a city where not only form but color will be called up to create symphonic loveliness. In Chicago there was no color, except incidentally, white not being a color. At St. Louis some of the buildings were white, others were in tint, but no attempt was made to harmonize the whole group. At San Francisco every square yard of the stately composition, a mile or more in extent, from the red roofs overhead to the tan shale underfoot and including the rich masses of California flowers and shrubs between, together with the blues of the Golden Gate and the soft browns of the adjacent hills, are all picked up and combined, blended and contrasted, in one dominant key of color to produce—not only harmony like an orchestra, but transcendent beauty like a great orchestra.

What the actual effect will be when it is finished and visitors look down upon it as they approach from the heights above, or gaze at it from the hills across the bay, is quite impossible to describe, for the very reason that nothing of the sort was ever done before. The nearest one can come to suggesting its ethereal loveliness is to say that the whole color-scheme has been devised and carried out under the direction of Jules Guérin.

His official title, I believe, is Chief of Color and Decoration. He has devoted two years of his career to the congenial task, but he has not painted even a single decoration himself, though the architects wanted his work for their buildings. He is the composer of the symphony, and conducts the music rendered by the orchestra, each member of it a master of his own particular instrument.

But that conveys little. Color is the only language for color. Think of Guérin's pastel-toned pictures. Then think of one over a mile long, except that in addition to his exquisite colors—always living colors, but never strident—there will be co-ordinated with it the beauty of design and of plastic form, the interest of varying vistas and varying shadows, the satisfying sense of proportion and the thrill of perspective. For, as is already well known, it is the work of certain of our most distinguished architects and sculptors for which these elaborate color plans are made.

II

JUST as a painter, when beginning his picture, first covers his white canvas with the tone he wishes to work in, so the color chief has chosen a prevailing note to serve as a background for setting off the more brilliant effects. The buildings, the pillars, the sculpture, the great wall, all the construction is to be of the rich ivory-yellow found in the Roman Forum and the waiting-room of the Pennsylvania Station in New York.

It will not be travertine stone, of course, but it will look like it, with the same streaked laminations and the interesting little flaws in which the dust—for even San Franciscans will not deny that there is plenty of dust for the purpose—will lodge and thus help to soften and enrich the tone, instead of merely producing the disagreeable dirty white of the flimsy staff used for the fair in Chicago and the Dewey memorial arch in New York. This material is not staff at all, but a peculiarly durable composition, and such an admirable imitation of travertine that even Mr. Guérin's rare color-sense was deceived by pieces of it once, when placed beside the real thing, while he was doing the decorations in the basilica of the Pennsylvania Station.

This travertine tint tones in beautifully with the natural background of the hills already put there before the Pennsylvania Station was built—or the Roman Forum either. Besides, with or without classical association, or even æsthetic considerations, a soft, restful shade is a practical necessity. White was dazzling enough on bright days at Chicago. In San Francisco, where the sun is like that of Spain, it would be quite blinding. The travertine effect is so soft that one can look at the blank side of the great wall, sixty feet high, in full sunshine without squinting, and withal it is so cheerful that every one feels its influence whether he looks at it or not. The writer, as it happens, passes through the Pennsylvania Station almost every week, and has often

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observed that the hurrying commuters actually wear a different expression from those in other great stations. The proverbial commuter's scowl is seldom seen.

White will be eliminated entirely from this exposition, even from the sculpture. Mr. Guérin is so keen about this that some of his friends have asked him whether their wives would be refused admission if they should appear in white dresses.

Travertine, then, is to be the keynote. But higher colors will be there to play upon it. The long colonnades of ivory-yellow will stand out against Pompeian red on the inner walls. The ceilings above will be of cerulean blue. The cornices will be picked out in blues and gold. Occasionally at precious points there will be Siena marble columns. For the fountains and water effects, the sculpture will be in an antique bronze. The highest domes soaring above the great wall will be of gold, the others of green. Yellow and blue, and green and gold, the impression will be Oriental, a brightened Constantinople with Latin architectural strength and character.

III

As for color in the decorations, some of the more notable paintings themselves are here reproduced. So all that need now be said is that, like everything beautiful at the exposition, they will appear, each in its allotted place, as most important parts of something possibly even more important, namely, the whole. They are conceived and worked out as incidents in the travertine scheme. A range of five colors was granted each man, and they have all played in the key given by the color conductor. So that these decorations, instead of merely offering opportunity for good work, also offer opportunities for team-work. The result is harmony instead of discord. Each man's work is related by color to every other man's work, to the advantage of all concerned, including the innocent onlooker! There is always plenty of room for individualism without anarchy, and decorations, after all, may just as well decorate as desecrate the wall of beauty.

At first some of the sculptors did not fancy playing in travertine. The material was full of holes. A delicately modelled maiden pock-marked on her nose—they did not take to the idea at all. But such flaws can be filled in when they appear on the face; on the body they do no violence. So, in the interest of team-work and harmony, the sculptors graciously conceded the point, and now there will be avoided the mistake too often made, even in some of our newest and most notable civiç centres, of placing an excellent piece of modelling against an excellent work of architecture which happens to be of a color and texture that do mortal injury to both works of art! Whether you regard sculpture as mere ornamentation for architecture, or architecture as a mere background for sculpture, remember that we have classical precedent for using the same material for figures in front of a façade as for the façade behind the figures! Better yet, this is the natural way to go about the job, and is inherently more satisfying to unsophisticated good taste—like that of those naïve artists of antiquity.

It goes without saying that one of the most beautiful characteristics of an exposition in California is bound to be its shrubs and flowers. But even the individual initiative of nature will have to conform with the collective interests controlled by the color chief in consultation with the changing seasons—and with Mr. John MacLaren, chief of the landscaping department, whose distinguished work will be one of the great features of this fair. Throughout the entire period of the exposition there will be a continuous succession of bloom, each harmony to last a fortnight at a time. It has all been worked out on paper. Meanwhile millions of seedlings and cuttings are being fostered elsewhere to be ready when their appointed hour arrives.

The trees and shrubs will have had a year's growth after transplanting before the exposition opens. For example, a grove of eighty-one full-grown cypresses from a dismantled cemetery in San José are already flourishing in places where they will rejoice the living. In addition to the incidental use of green and of bloom in the courts and corners, and along the walls and paths, there will be, on the land side of the walled enclosure, a great gar-

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den. So that the approach to the gateways will be through broad masses of bloom, so arranged as to harmonize as seen in their entirety from above. This peculiarity, by the way—the fact that the exposition itself can be seen, as well as the sights within it—is also unprecedented, and every advantage seems to have been taken of it. The gardens will be a half-mile long and they will give an effect of glorious glowing color—glowing, not blazing—which could not be reproduced outside of California.

Color has been studied not only for its daylight but for its nightlight effect. So many hues are killed by electric light. The official colors as devised by Mr. Guérin are burnt orange, cerulean blue, and a characteristic light vermilion. All of these can be seen at night, especially as the lighting system itself will be different from that of other expositions. At Chicago the arc lights on tall standards cast grotesque shadows. At Buffalo rows of incandescent lamps outlined the buildings with beads of light, a garish effect which may be suitable for battle-ships but distorts the work of the architect and destroys the efforts of the sculptor. This time the lighting will all be indirect, clear light to see by but no lights to be seen. The architectural details and the statues outdoors can be appreciated by night almost as well as the work of our painters within, and all in their own true color values, or as nearly so as in the modern picture-gallery.

Indeed, there may even be more color by night than by day! Powerful searchlights will play on jets of steam, and even the notorious fogs in the bay will be borrowed æsthetically—under the direction of Mr. W. D'A. Ryan, the very successful illuminator of the Hudson-Fulton celebration, who with the assistance of the color chief, will create something beautiful by devices sometimes employed for vulgar pyrotechnics.

IV

It is art, but will it pay?

It will. For example, it does cost a good deal to work the travertine tint into the texture, but to paint and then repaint it several times would cost a good deal more. The staff at Chicago was repainted four times. When the scaffolding is taken down at San Francisco it will stay down. Thus ugliness, extra expense, and the danger of delays from strikes will all be avoided while gaining the beauty of the texture itself. It was difficult, by the way, at the inception of the work to convince the honest workman that it was beautiful. For example, they did not want to do "a bum job" when they gilded a cap. They wanted to fill up the flaws and turn out a good piece of work. "Do a bum job," said the color chief, and they soon learned to do so.

The flagmakers said that bunting could not be dyed in the colors ordered, for the excellent reason that they never had done it before. Mr. Guérin said, "Very well, we'll start up a dye works of our own." Then they learned how to do it.

The great wall was conceived not just for archaic or even æsthetic gratification, but also for physical comfort. In San Francisco it is never too hot in summer but often too cool. The strong winds sucked in by the mountains from the sea are disconcerting even when one dons winter garments in summer months. For one thing, hats are blown off. For another, it is difficult to enjoy beauty in meditative calm while facing a bracing breeze. The sixty-foot wall serves as a wind-barrier. Likewise, beyond the wall on the land side, to bound the garden, there is to be a hedge twenty feet in height. It is made by placing flower-boxes one upon another, with trailing vines to cover the sides and form an unbroken wall of green. This will serve the double purpose of appropriately enclosing the garden from the city approach and of protecting the flowers and plants from disfiguring dust.

So in all this there is far more than a mere esoteric tickling of the precious few who are sensitive to color, or pretend that they are by bemoaning the lack of art feeling in America. Those who "know nothing about art" will also be affected, in ways they may not suspect. They who say that they know what they like know nothing of the sort. Color has a subtle effect upon all of us, whether we are conscious of it or not.

"It would ruin the whole show," Mr.

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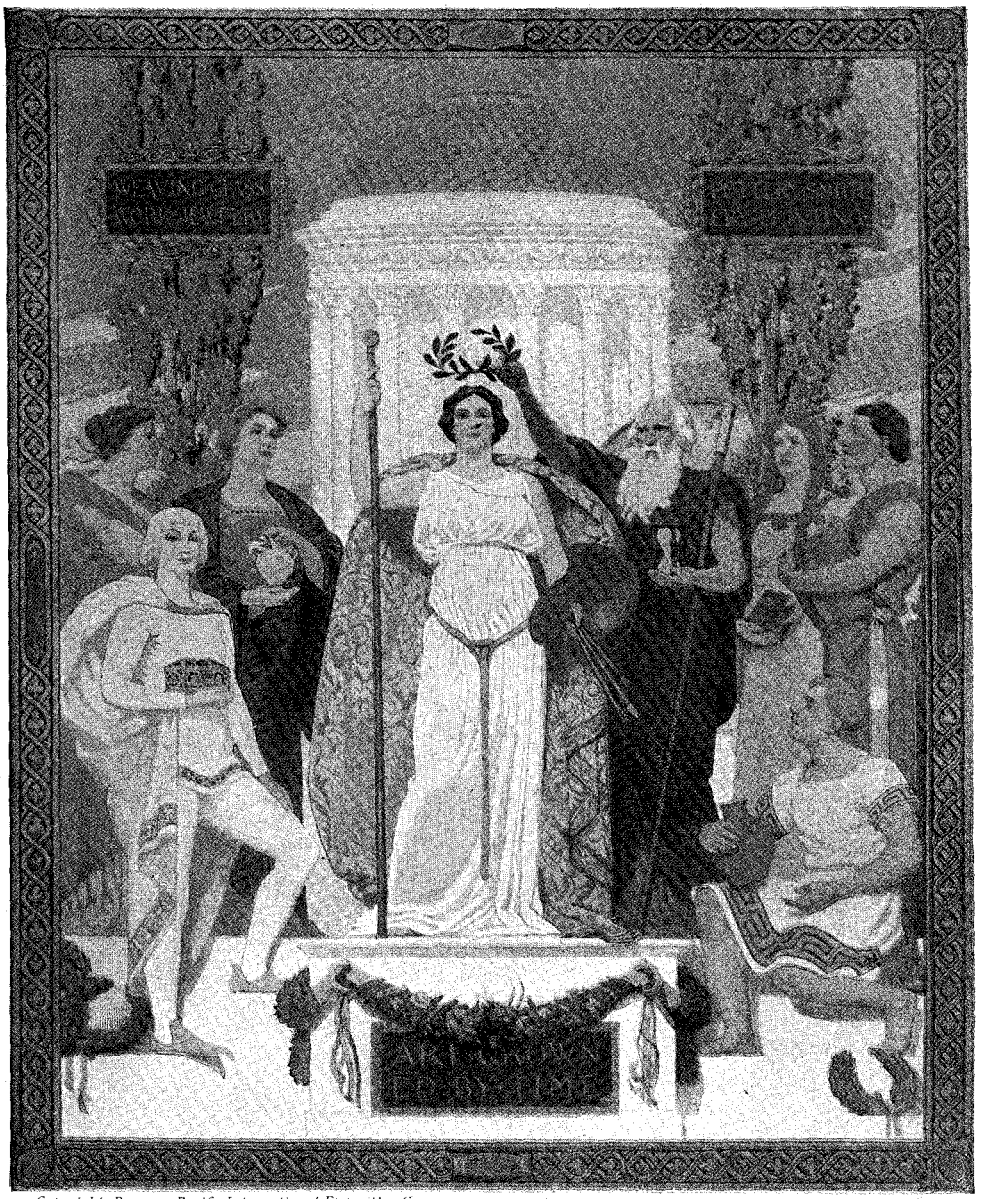

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DECORATION BY MILTON HERBERT BANCROFT FOR THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS, DESIGNED BY HENRY BACON, ARCHITECT.

The panel is fourteen feet by eighteen feet, and represents "Art Crowned by Time."

These reproductions in colors of mural decorations for the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, Cal., were made for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE at the Exposition grounds by color-plate makers of San Francisco. The great size of the panels made the task of reproduction difficult, and only an approximation of the artists' work can be suggested here.

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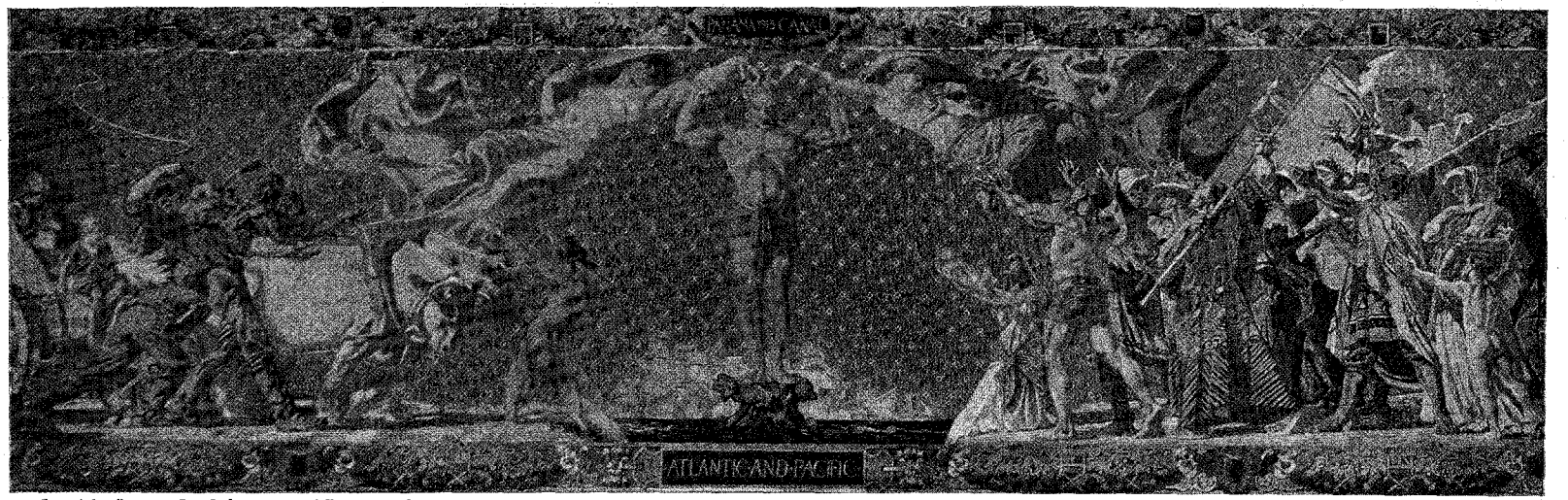

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DECORATION BY W. DE LEFTWICH DODGE FOR THE TOWER GATE. CARRÈRE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS.

This panel is twelve feet by ninety-six feet. The reproduction gives only the central section, entitled "Atlantic and Pacific." The left-hand section is entitled "Discovery," and the right-hand section is entitled "The Purchase."

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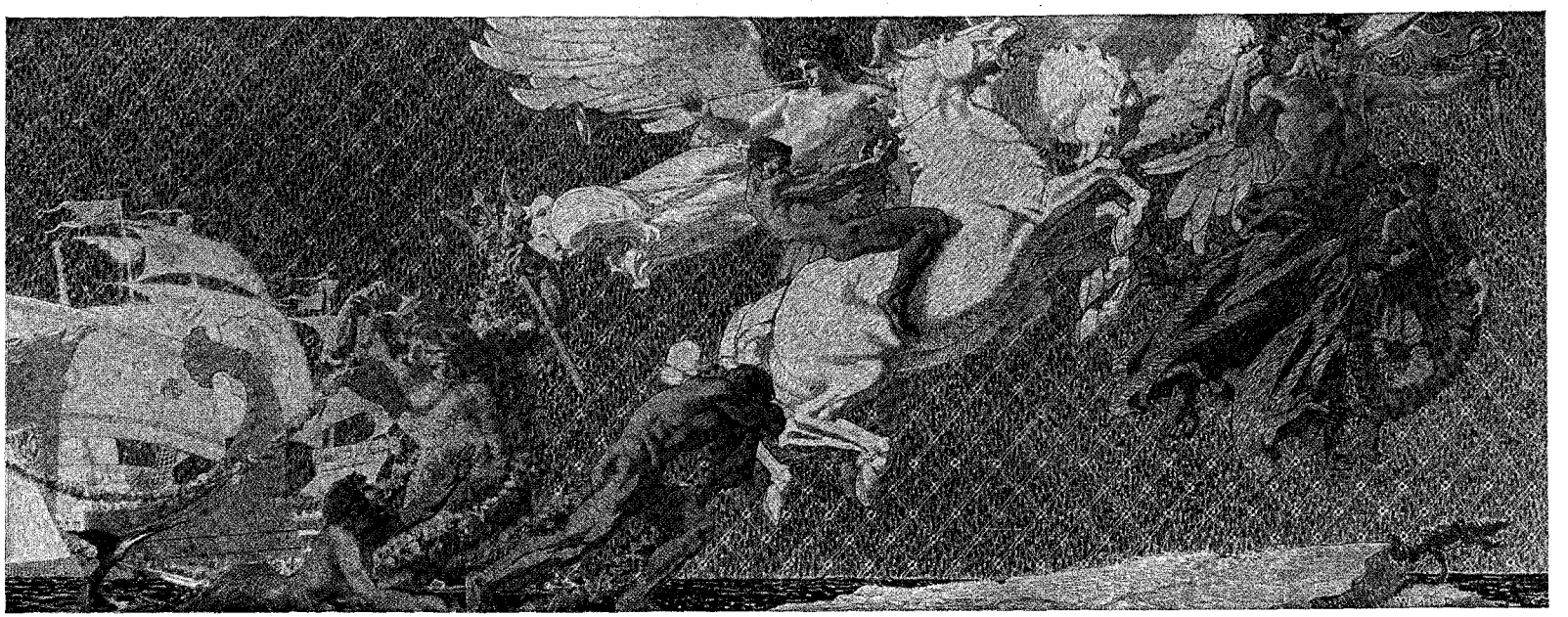

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DECORATION BY W. DE LEFTWICH DODGE FOR THE TOWER GATE. CARRÈRE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS.

Part of the central panel entitled "Gateway of All Nations," and related to a corresponding panel entitled "Atlantic and Pacific."

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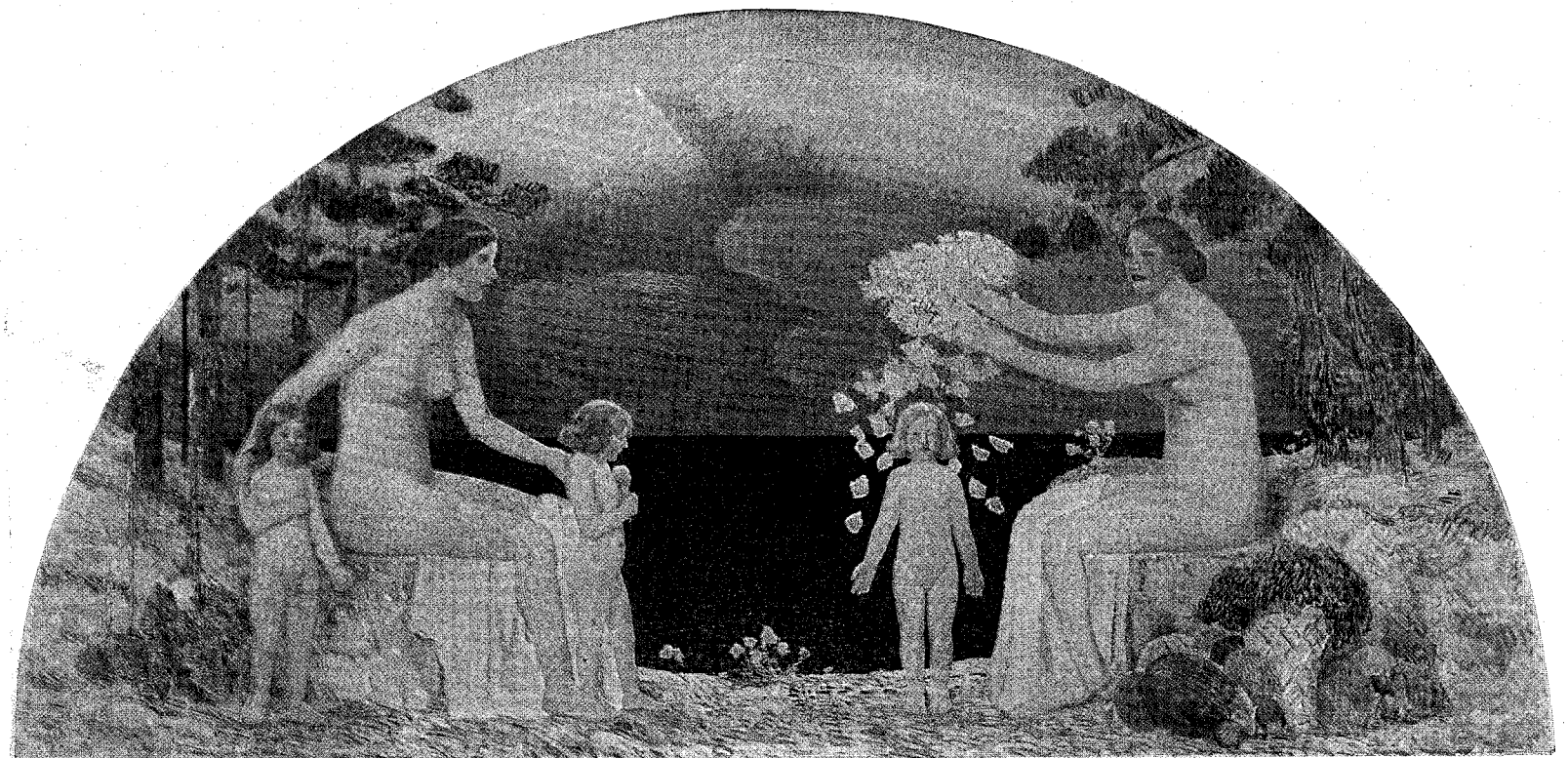

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DECORATION BY CHILDE HASSAM FOR THE COURT OF PALMS. GEORGE W. KELHAM, ARCHITECT.

The panel is eleven feet by twenty-two feet, and represents "Fruits and Flowers."

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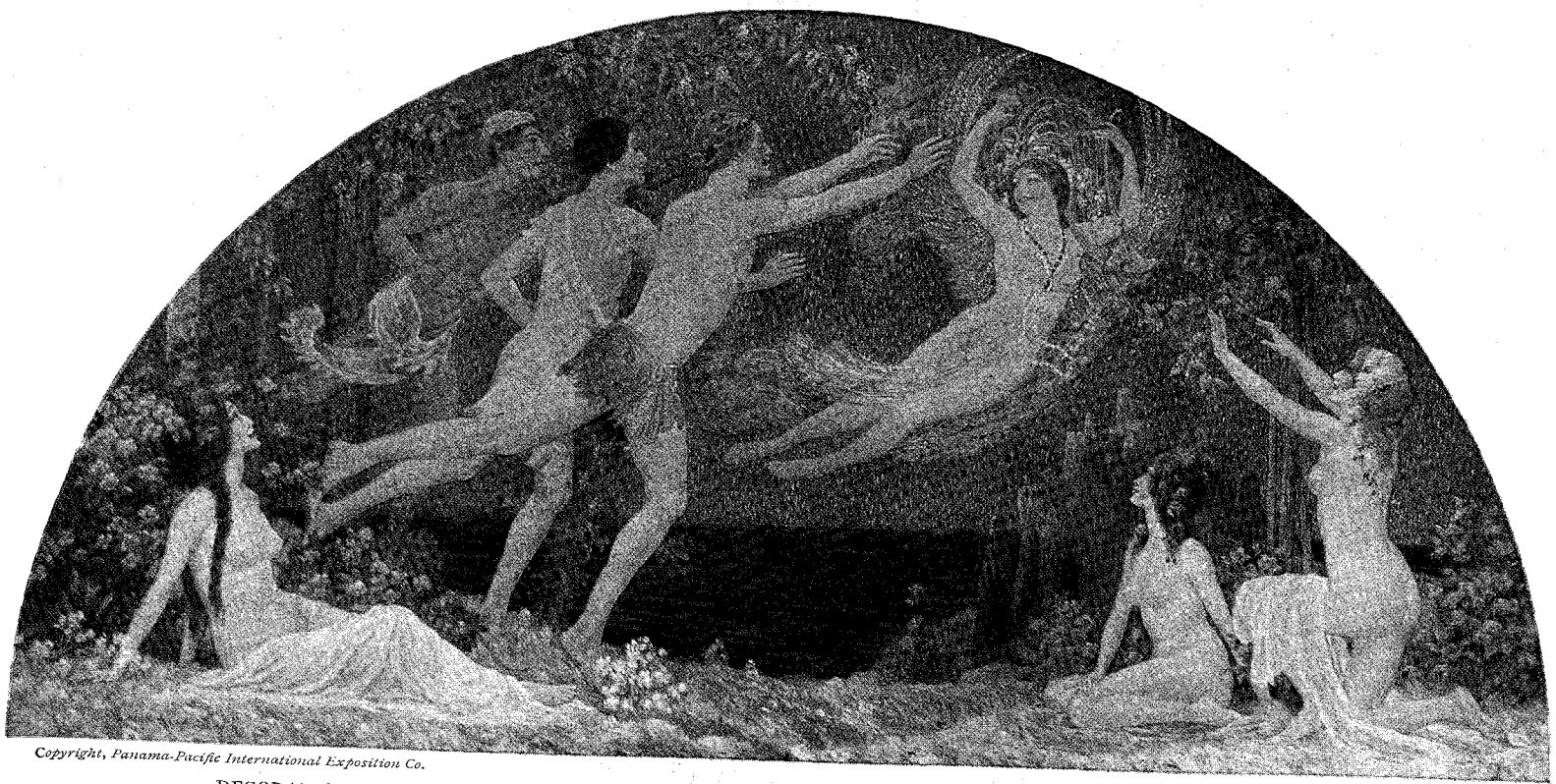

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DECORATION BY CHARLES W. HOLLOWAY FOR THE COURT OF PALMS. GEORGE W. KELHAM, ARCHITECT.

The panel is eleven feet by twenty-two feet, and represents the "Pursuit of Pleasure."

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DECORATION BY ROBERT REID FOR THE DOME OF THE ART BUILDING.
BERNARD R. MAYBECK, ARCHITECT.

The panel is twenty-three feet by twenty-seven feet, and represents "Ideals in Art."

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DECORATION BY EDWARD E. SIMMONS FOR A PANEL OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH. McKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

The entire panel is twelve feet by forty-six feet. The figures of the central group only are reproduced, and they represent the forerunners of civilization—Exploration, Inspiration, Truth and Beauty, and Religion.

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DECORATION BY FRANK V. DuMOND FOR A PANEL OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH. McKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

The entire panel is twelve feet by forty-six feet, and represents a procession, "The Western March of Civilization, from the Atlantic, arriving on the Pacific Seaboard." There is reproduced here the right-hand section of the panel only, showing the Pacific group welcoming the procession.

NOTE.—The eight panels which Mr. Frank Brangwyn has painted for the Exposition will be published in an early number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. These panels have been recently completed by the artist in London, and the color-plates will be executed there under his supervision.

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Guérin remarked to me, "to make the dominant colors purple or blue. It would ruin it financially. Such colors make even the worst spendthrift close-fisted." To prove it, he cited the case of a well-known hotel with a restaurant which did not pay. The manager had secured a famous chef, a covetable cellar, and excellent music. But, although nearly every one admired the decorations, almost no one would dine there until, on the advice of a man who understood the exceedingly practical effect of color, the manager turned it into an orange room, and within a few months his receipts increased forty per cent.

"It isn't merely," Mr. Guérin added, "because the women will not sit next to certain colors, like green, for example; it is also because, quite unconsciously, colors affect the spirits. Orange happens to be the best spending color. It produces a feeling of happiness and well-being. Too much brightness, on the other hand, has the opposite effect. It is confusing. Not long ago I was at a house party where, although there were a number of brilliant talkers, the first evening was such a failure that my hostess asked me what I thought was the matter. The next evening, with her permission, I shut off most of the many lights in her rather vast dining-room and under the influence of the luminous glow of the candle-light concentrated upon the table, the house party behaved quite as was expected of it."

Despite our long-established pecuniary canon of taste, beauty seldom costs more than ugliness, granted that both cost something. If the towering walls and hedges at San Francisco are a practical business asset, if the fogs in the harbor can be harmonized, and even the dust of the city streets can be made to serve art instead of ugliness, this world's fair should be a good exposition of the utility of beauty. That may be the great ruling principle of human nature, which does not change very easily, but it is not yet recognized by our human institutions—which can be changed considerably.

The exposition at Chicago marked a sort of renaissance in American city-planning. The various civic centres that are helping to make a growing number of our cities really good, in spots, are not the only result. None of our cities can ever be as ugly again, though not many may be as beautiful as the new Washington, the flowering of that historic movement. Perhaps this novel experiment at San Francisco will in turn teach our nation the importance of the proper use of color in our co-operative planning, even, if need be, at the expense of what some are still pleased to consider one of the proper prerogatives of individual initiative.

One successful example, such as a Canal in actual operation or an exposition city to celebrate this greatest constructive triumph in history, is worth an ocean of theory—or even two oceans joined together—to demonstrate the superiority of new ideas which must fill places left by those which have already served their honorable term.

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A HUNTER-NATURALIST IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS*

[SIXTH ARTICLE]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WITH A MULE-TRAIN ACROSS NHAMBIQUARA LAND

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

FROM this point we were to enter a still wilder region, the land of the naked Nhambiquaras. On February 3 the weather cleared and we started with the mule-train and two ox-carts. Fiala and Lieutenant Lauriado stayed at Utiarity to take canoes and go down the Papageio, which had not been descended by any scientific party, and perhaps by no one. They were then to descend the Juruena and Tapajos, thereby performing a necessary part of the work of the expedition. Our remaining party consisted of Colonel Rondon, Lieutenant Lyra, the doctor, Oliveira, Cherrie, Miller, Kermit, and myself. On the Juruena we expected to meet the pack ox-train with Captain Amilcar and Lieutenant Mello; the other Brazilian members of the party had returned. We had now begun the difficult part of the expedition. The piun flies were becoming a pest. There was much fever and beriberi in the country we were entering. The feed for the animals was poor; the rains had made the trails slippery and difficult; and many both of the mules and the oxen were already weak, and some had to be abandoned. We left the canoe, the motor, and the gasolene; we had hoped to try them on the Amazonian rivers, but we were obliged to cut down everything that was not absolutely indispensable.

Before leaving we prepared for shipment back to the museum some of the bigger skins, and also some of the weapons and utensils of the Indians, which Kermit had collected. These included woven fillets, and fillets made of macaw feathers, for use in the dances; woven belts; a gourd in which the sacred drink is offered to the god Enoerey; wickerwork baskets; flutes or pipes; anklet rattles; hammocks; a belt of the kind used by the women in carrying the babies, with the weaving-frame. All these were Parecís articles. He also secured from the Nhambiquaras wickerwork baskets of a different type, and bows and arrows. The bows were seven feet long, and the arrows five feet. There were blunt-headed arrows for birds; arrows with long, sharp wooden blades for tapir, deer, and other mammals; and the poisoned war-arrows, with sharp barbs, poison-coated and bound on by fine thongs, and with a long, hollow wooden guard, to slip over the entire point and protect it until the time came to use it. When people talk glibly of "idle" savages they ignore the immense labor entailed by many of their industries, and the really extraordinary amount of work they accomplish by the skilful use of their primitive and ineffective tools.

It was not until early in the afternoon that we started into the "sertão,"† as Brazilians call the wilderness. We drove with us a herd of oxen for food. After going about fifteen miles we camped beside the swampy headwaters of a little brook. It was at the spot where nearly seven years previously Rondon and Lyra had camped on the trip when they discov-

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† Pronounced "sairtown," as nearly as, with our preposterous methods of spelling and pronunciation, I can render it.

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ered Utiarity Falls and penetrated to the Juruena. When they reached this place they had been thirty-six hours without food. They killed a bush deer—a small deer—and ate literally every particle. The dogs devoured the entire skin. For much of the time on this trip they lived on wild fruit and the two dogs that remained alive would wait eagerly under the trees and eat the fruit that was shaken down.

In the late afternoon the piuns were rather bad at this camp, but we had gloves and head-nets, and were not bothered; and although there were some mosquitoes we slept well under our mosquito-nets. The frogs in the swamp uttered a peculiar, loud shout. Miller told of a little tree-frog in Colombia which swelled itself out with air until it looked like the frog in Æsop's fables, and then brayed like a mule; and Cherrie told of a huge frog in Guiana that uttered a short, loud roar.

Next day the weather was still fair. Our march lay through country like that which we had been traversing for ten days. Skeletons of mules and oxen were more frequent; and once or twice by the wayside we passed the graves of officers or men who had died on the road. Barbed wire encircled the desolate little mounds. We camped on the west bank of the Burity River. Here there is a balsa, or ferry, run by two Parecís Indians, as employees of the Telegraphic Commission, under the colonel. Each had a thatched house, and each had two wives—all these Indians are pagans. All were dressed much like the poorer peasants of the Brazilian back country, and all were pleasant and well-behaved. The women ran the ferry about as well as the men. They had no cultivated fields, and for weeks they had been living only on game and honey; and they hailed with joy our advent, and the quantities of beans and rice which, together with some beef, the colonel left with them. They feasted most of the night. Their houses contained their hammocks, baskets, and other belongings, and they owned some poultry. In one house was a tiny paraquet, very much at home, and familiar, but by no means friendly, with strangers. There are wild Nhambiquaras in the neighborhood, and recently several of these had menaced the two ferrymen with an attack, even shooting arrows at them. The ferrymen had driven them off by firing their rifles in the air; and they expected and received the colonel's praise for their self-restraint; for the colonel is doing all he can to persuade the Indians to stop their blood feuds. The rifles were short and light Winchester carbines, of the kind so universally used by the rubber-gatherers and other adventurous wanderers in the forest wilderness of Brazil. There were a number of rubber-trees in the neighborhood, by the way.

We enjoyed a good bath in the Burity, although it was impossible to make headway by swimming against the racing current. There were few mosquitoes. On the other hand, various kinds of piuns were a little too abundant; they vary from things like small gnats to things like black flies. The small stingless bees have no fear and can hardly be frightened away when they light on the hands or face; but they never bite, and merely cause a slight tickling as they crawl over the skin. There were some big bees, however, which, although they crawled about harmlessly after lighting if they were undisturbed, yet stung fiercely if they were molested. The insects were not ordinarily a serious bother, but there were occasional hours when they were too numerous for comfort, and now and then I had to do my writing in a head-net and gauntlets.

The night we reached the Burity it rained heavily, and next day the rain continued. In the morning the mules were ferried over, while the oxen were swum across. Half a dozen of our men—whites, Indians, and negroes, all stark naked, and uttering wild cries—drove the oxen into the river, and then, with powerful overhand strokes, swam behind and alongside them as they crossed, half-breasting the swift current. It was a fine sight to see the big, long-horned, staring beasts swimming strongly, while the sinewy naked men urged them forward, utterly at ease in the rushing water. We made only a short day's journey, for, owing to the lack of grass, the mules had to be driven off nearly three miles from our line of march, in order to get them feed. We camped at the headwaters of a little brook called Huatsui, which is Parecís for "monkey."

Accompanying us on this march was a soldier bound for one of the remoter posts.

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With him trudged his wife. They made the whole journey on foot. There were two children. One was so young that it had to be carried alternately by the father and mother. The other, a small boy of eight, and much the best of the party, was already a competent wilderness worker. He bore his share of the belongings on the march, and when camp was reached sometimes himself put up the family shelter. They were mainly of negro blood. Struck by the woman's uncomplaining endurance of fatigue, we offered to take her and the baby in the automobile, while it accompanied us. But, alas! this proved to be one of those melancholy cases where the effort to relieve hardship well endured results only in showing that those who endure the adversity cannot stand even a slight prosperity. The woman proved a querulous traveller in the auto, complaining that she was not made as comfortable as, apparently, she had expected; and after one day the husband declared he was not willing to have her go unless he went too; and the family resumed their walk.

In this neighborhood there were multitudes of the big, gregarious, crepuscular or nocturnal spiders which I have before mentioned. On arriving in camp, at about four in the afternoon, I ran into a number of remains of their webs, and saw a very few of the spiders themselves, sitting in the webs midway between trees. I then strolled a couple of miles up the road ahead of us under the line of telegraph-poles. It was still bright sunlight, and no spiders were out; in fact, I did not suspect their presence along the line of telegraph-poles, although I ought to have done so, for I continually ran into long strings of tough, fine web, which got across my face or hands or rifle-barrel. I returned just at sunset, and the spiders were out in force. I saw dozens of colonies, each of scores or hundreds of individuals. Many were among the small trees alongside the broad, cleared trail. But most were dependent from the wire itself. Their webs had all been made or repaired since I had passed. Each was sitting in the middle of his own wheel, and all the wheels were joined to one another; and the whole pendent fabric hung by fine ropes from the wire above, and was in some cases steadied by guy-ropes, thrown thirty feet off to little trees alongside. I watched them until nightfall, and evidently, to them, after their day's rest, their day's work had just begun. Next morning—owing to a desire to find out what the facts were as regards the ox-carts, which were in difficulties—Cherrie, Miller, Kermit, and I walked back to the Burity River, where Colonel Rondon had spent the night. It was a misty, overcast morning, and the spiders in the webs that hung from the telegraph-wire were just going to their day homes. These were in and under the big white china insulators, on the telegraph-poles. Hundreds of spiders were already climbing up into these. When, two or three hours later, we returned, the sun was out, and not a spider was to be seen.

Here we had to cut down our baggage and rearrange the loads for the mule-train. Cherrie and Miller had a most workmanlike equipment, including a very light tent and two light flies. One fly they gave for the kitchen use, one fly was allotted to Kermit and me, and they kept only the tent for themselves. Colonel Rondon and Lyra went in one tent, the doctor and Oliveira in another. Each of us got rid of everything above the sheer necessities. This was necessary because of the condition of the baggage-animals. The oxen were so weak that the effort to bring on the carts had to be abandoned. Nine of the pack-mules had already been left on the road during the three days' march from Utiarity. In the first expeditions into this country all the baggage-animals had died; and even in our case the loss was becoming very heavy. This state of affairs is due to the scarcity of forage and the type of country. Good grass is scanty, and the endless leagues of sparse, scrubby forest render it exceedingly difficult to find the animals when they wander. They must be turned absolutely loose to roam about and pick up their scanty subsistence, and must be given as long a time as possible to feed and rest; even under these conditions most of them grow weak when, as in our case, it is impossible to carry corn. They cannot be found again until after daylight, and then hours must be spent in gathering them; and this means that the march must be made chief-

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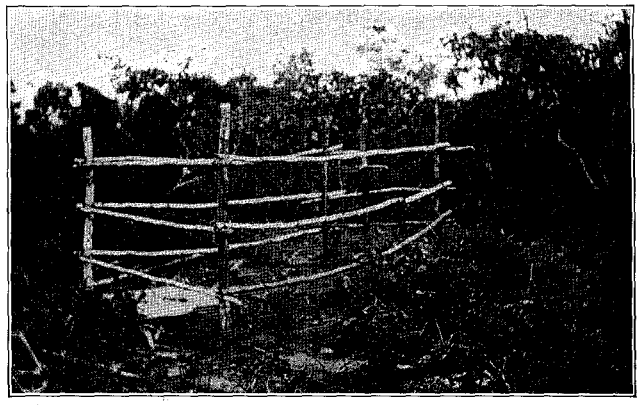
ly during the heat of the day, the most trying time. Often some of the animals would not be brought in until so late that it was well on in the forenoon, perhaps midday, before the bulk of the pack-train bath and swim. The loose bullocks arrived at sunset, and with shrill cries the mounted herdsmen urged them into and across the swift water. The mule-train arrived long after nightfall, and it was not



From a photograph by Cherrie.

A lonely grave by the wayside.

Once or twice by the wayside we passed the graves of officers or men who had died on the road.—Page 291.

started; and they reached the camping-place as often after nightfall as before it. Under such conditions many of the mules and oxen grew constantly weaker, and ultimately gave out; and it was imperative to load them as lightly as possible, and discard all luxuries, especially heavy or bulky luxuries. Travelling through a wild country where there is little food for man or beast is beset with difficulties almost inconceivable to the man who does not himself know this kind of wilderness, and especially to the man who only knows the ease of civilization. A scientific party of some size, with the equipment necessary in order to do scientific work, can only go at all if the men who actually handle the problems of food and transportation do their work thoroughly.

Our march continued through the same type of high, nearly level upland, covered with scanty, scrubby forest. It is the kind of country known to the Brazilians as chapadão—pronounced almost as if it were a French word, and spelled *shapadón*. Our camp on the fourth night was in a beautiful spot, an open grassy space, beside a clear, cool, rushing little river. We ourselves reached this, and waded our beasts across the deep, narrow stream, in the late afternoon; and we then enjoyed a deemed wise to try to cross the laden animals. Accordingly, the loads were taken off and brought over on the heads of the men; it was fine to see the sinewy, naked figures bearing their burdens through the broken moonlit water to the hither bank. The night was cool and pleasant. We kindled a fire and sat beside the blaze. Then, healthily hungry, we gathered around the ox-hides to a delicious dinner of soup, beef, beans, rice, and coffee.

Next day we made a short march, crossed a brook, and camped by another clear, deep, rapid little river, swollen by the rains. All these rivers that we were crossing run actually into the Juruena, and therefore form part of the headwaters of the Tapajos; for the Tapajos is a mighty river, and the basin which holds its headwaters covers an immense extent of country. This country and the adjacent regions, forming the high interior of western Brazil, will surely some day support a large industrial population; of which the advent would be hastened, although not necessarily in permanently better fashion, if Colonel Rondon's anticipations about the development of mining, especially gold-mining, are realized. In any event the region will be a healthy home for a considerable agricultural and

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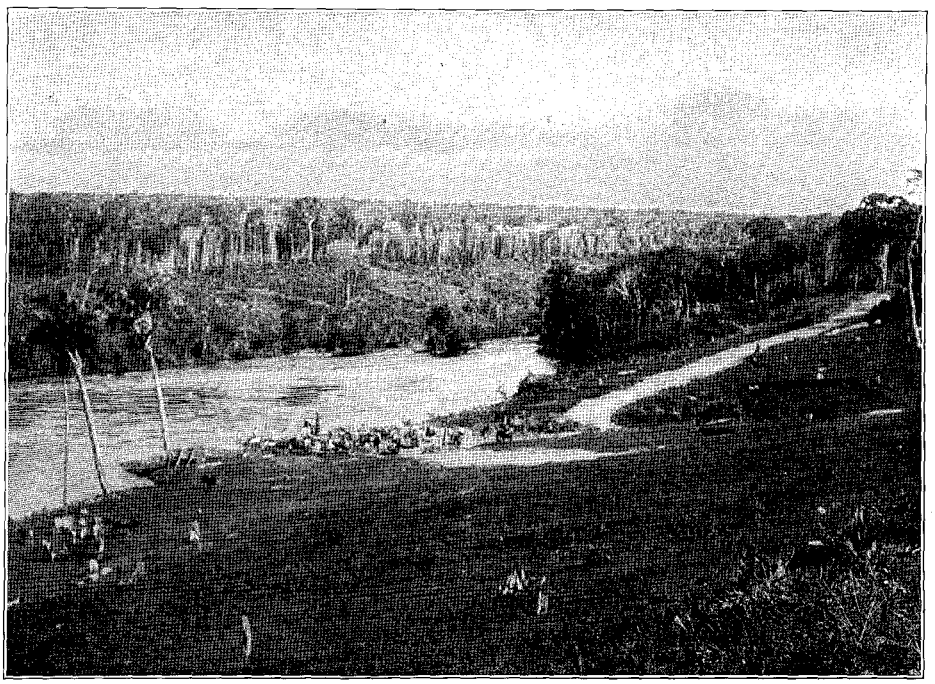
pastoral population. Moreover, the many swift streams, with their numerous waterfalls, some of great height and volume, offer the chance for the upgrowth of a number of big manufacturing communities, knit by railroads to one another and to the Atlantic coast and the valleys of the and restless adventurers, partly of Portuguese and partly of Indian blood, the Paolistas, from one of whom Colonel Rondon is himself descended on his father's side.

The camp by this river was in some old and grown-up fields, once the seat of a rather extensive maize and mandioca cul-



From a photograph by Fiala.

The Juruena River.

The Juruena is the name by which the Tapajos goes along its upper course.—Page 296.

Paraguay, Madeira, and Amazon, and feeding and being fed by the dwellers in the rich, hot, alluvial lowlands that surround this elevated territory. The work of Colonel Rondon and his associates of the Telegraphic Commission has been to open this great and virgin land to the knowledge of the world and to the service of their nation. In doing so they have incidentally founded the Brazilian school of exploration. Before their day almost all the scientific and regular exploration of Brazil was done by foreigners. But, of course, there was much exploration and settlement by nameless Brazilians, who were merely endeavoring to make new homes or advance their private fortunes: in recent years by rubber-gatherers, for instance, and a century ago by those bold

tivation by the Nhambiquaras. On this day Cherrie got a number of birds new to the collection, and two or three of them probably new to science. We had found the birds for the most part in worn plumage, for the breeding season, the southern spring and northern fall, was over. But some birds were still breeding. In the tropics the breeding season is more irregular than in the north. Some birds breed at very different times from that chosen by the majority of their fellows; some can hardly be said to have any regular season; Cherrie had found one species of honey-creeper breeding in every month of the year. Just before sunset and just after sunrise big, noisy, blue-and-yellow macaws flew over this camp. They were plentiful enough to form a loose flock, but

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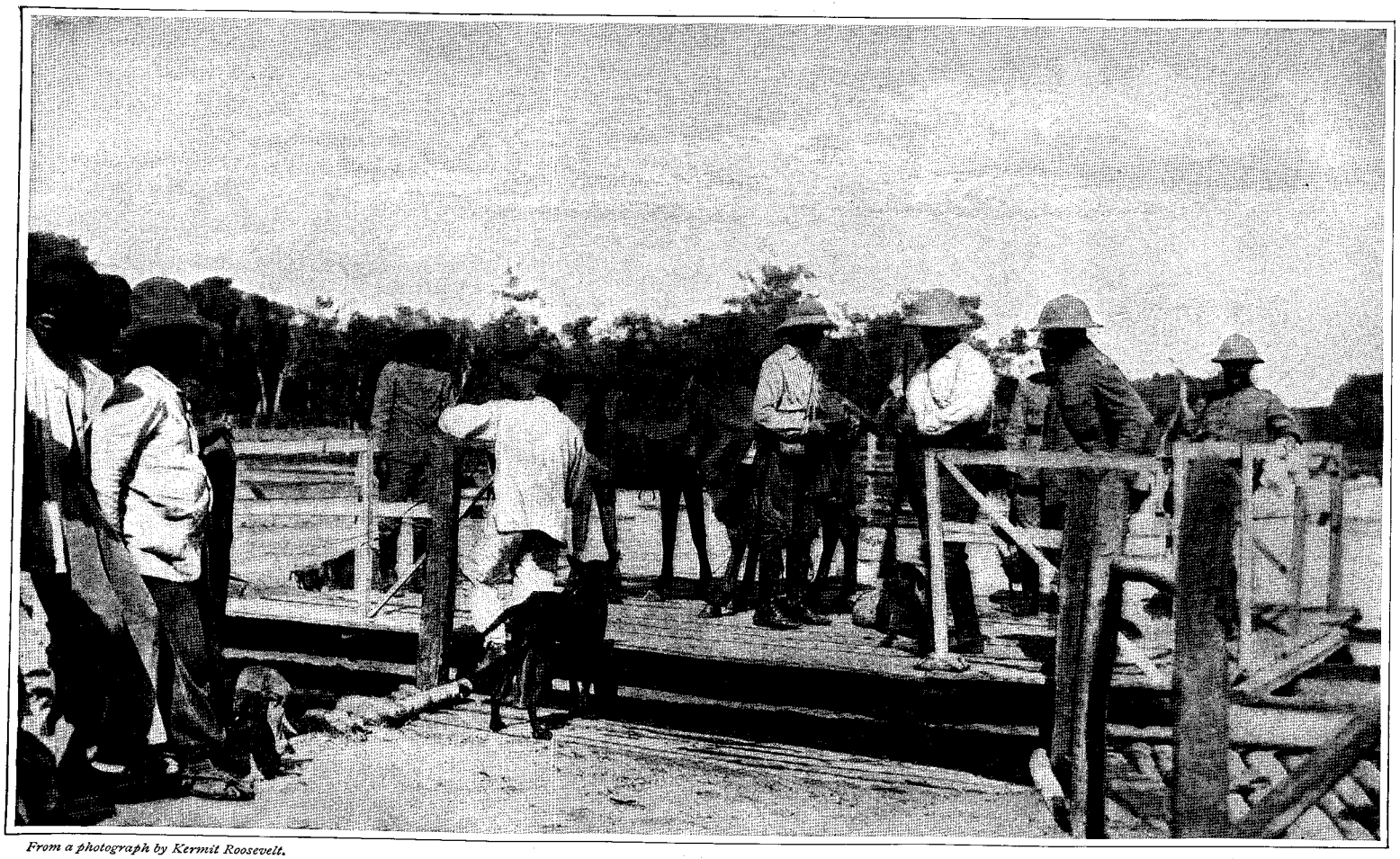

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The ferry on the Juruena River.

We were ferried across on the usual balsa, a platform on three dugouts.—Page 296.

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each pair kept to itself, the two individuals always close together, and always separated from the rest. Although not an abundant, it was an interesting, fauna which the two naturalists found in this upland country, where hitherto no collections of birds and mammals had been made. Miller trapped several species of opossums, mice, and rats which were new to him. Cherrie got many birds which he did not recognize. At this camp, among totally strange forms, he found an old and familiar acquaintance. Before breakfast he brought in several birds: a dark-colored flycatcher, with white forehead and rump, and two very long tail feathers; a black and slate-blue tanager; a black antthrush with a concealed white spot on its back, at the base of the neck, and its dull-colored mate; and other birds which he believed to be new to science, but whose relationships with any of our birds are so remote that it is hard to describe them save in technical language. Finally, among these unfamiliar forms was a veery, and the sight of the rufous-olive back and faintly spotted throat of this singer of our northern Junes made us almost homesick.

From a photograph by Cherrie.

The men had holes pierced through the septum of the nose and through the upper lip, and wore a straw through each hole.—Page 300.

Next day was brilliantly clear. The mules could not be brought in until quite late in the morning, and we had to march twenty miles under the burning tropical sun, right in the hottest part of the day. From a rise of ground we looked back over the vast, sunlit landscape, the endless rolling stretches of low forest. Midway on our journey we crossed a brook. The dogs minded the heat much. They continually ran off to one side, lay down in a shady place, waited until we were several hundred yards ahead, and then raced after us, overtook us, and repeated the performance. The pack-train came in about sunset; but we ourselves reached the Juruena in the middle of the afternoon.

The Juruena is the name by which the Tapajos goes along its upper course. Where we crossed, it was a deep, rapid stream, flowing in a heavily wooded valley with rather steep sides. We were ferried across on the usual balsa, a platform on three dugouts, running by the force of the current on a wire trolley. There was a clearing on each side, with a few palms, and on the farther bank were the buildings of the telegraph station. This is a wild country, and the station was guarded by a few soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Marino, a native of Rio Grando de Sul, a blond man who looked like an Englishman—an agreeable companion, and a good and resolute officer, as all must be who do their work in this wilderness. The Juruena was first followed at the end of the eighteenth century by the Portuguese explorer Franco, and not again until over a hundred years had elapsed, when the Telegraphic Commission not only descended, but for the first time accurately placed and mapped its course.

There were several houses on the rise of the farther bank, all with thatched roofs, some of them with walls of upright tree-trunks, some of them daub and wattle. Into one of the latter, with two rooms, we took our belongings. The sand-flies were bothersome at night, coming through the interstices in the ordinary mosquito-nets. The first night they did this I got no sleep until morning, when it was cool enough for me to roll myself in my blanket and put on a head-net. Afterward we used fine nets of a kind of cheese-cloth. They were hot, but they kept out all, or almost all, of the sand-flies and other small tormentors.

Here we overtook the rearmost division

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

At the Juruena we met a party of Nhambiquaras, very friendly and sociable, and very glad to see Colonel Rondon.— Page 299.

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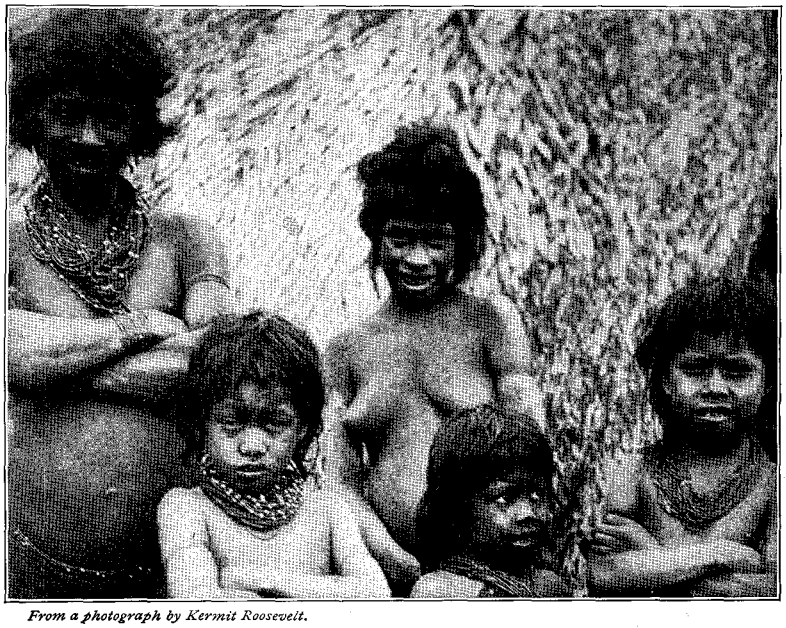
of Captain Amilcar's bullock-train. Our own route had diverged, in order to pass the great falls. Captain Amilcar had come direct, overtaking the pack-oxen which had left Tapirapoan before we did, laden with material for the Duvida trip. He had brought the oxen through in fine shape, losing only three beasts with their loads, and had himself left the Juruena the morning of the day we reached there. His weakest animals left that evening, to make the march by moonlight; and as it was desirable to give them thirty-six hours' start, we halted for a day on the banks of the river. It was not a wasted day. In addition to bathing and washing our clothes, the naturalists made some valuable additions to the collection—including a boldly marked black, blue, and white jay—and our photographs were developed and our writing brought abreast of the date. Travelling through a tropical wilderness in the rainy season, when the amount of baggage that can be taken is strictly limited, entails not only a good deal of work, but also the exercise of considerable ingenuity if the writing and photographing, and especially the preservation of the specimens, are to be done in satisfactory shape.



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

A Nhambiquara family.

At the telegraph-office we received news that the voyage of Lauriado and Fiala down the Papageio had opened with a misadventure. In some bad rapids, not many miles below the falls, two of the canoes had been upset, half of their provisions and all of Fiala's baggage lost, and Fiala himself nearly drowned. The Papageio is known both at the source and the mouth; to descend it did not represent a plunge into the unknown, as in the case of the Duvida or the Ananas; but the actual water work, over the part that was unexplored, offered the same possibilities of mischance and disaster. It is a hazardous thing to descend a swift, unknown river rushing through an uninhabited wilderness. To descend or ascend the ordinary great highway rivers of South America, such as the Amazon, Paraguay, and, in its lower course, the Orinoco, is now so safe and easy, whether by steamboat or big, native cargo-boat, that people are apt to forget the very serious difficulties offered by the streams, often themselves great rivers, which run into or form the upper courses of these same water highways. Few things are easier than the former feat, and few more difficult than the latter; and experience in ordinary trav-

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elling on the lower courses of the rivers is of no benefit whatever in enabling a man to form a judgment as to what can be done, and how to do it, on the upper courses. Failure to remember this fact is one of the obstacles in the way of securing a proper appreciation of the needs, and the results, of South American exploration.

At the Juruena we met a party of Nhambiquaras, very friendly and sociable, and very glad to see Colonel Rondon. They were originally exceedingly hostile and suspicious, but the colonel's unwearied thoughtfulness and good temper, joined with his indomitable resolution, enabled him to avoid war, and to secure their friendship and even their aid. He never killed one. Many of them are known to him personally. He is on remarkably good terms with them, and they are very fond of him—although this does not prevent them from now and then yielding to temptation, even at his expense, and stealing a dog or something else which strikes them as offering an irresistible attraction. They cannot be employed at steady work; but they do occasional odd jobs, and are excellent at hunting up strayed mules or oxen; and a few of the men have begun to wear clothes, purely for ornament. Their confidence and bold friendliness showed how well they had been treated. Probably half of our visitors were men; several were small boys; one was a woman with a baby; the others were young married women and girls.

Nowhere in Africa did we come across wilder or more absolutely primitive savages, although these Indians were pleasanter and better-featured than any of the African tribes at the same stage of culture. Both sexes were well-made and rather good-looking, with fairly good teeth, although some of them seemed to have skin diseases. They were a laughing, easy-tempered crew, and the women were as well fed as the men, and were obviously well treated, from the savage standpoint; there was no male brutality like that which forms such a revolting feature in the life of the Australian black fellows and, although to a somewhat less degree, in the life of so many negro and Indian tribes. They were practically absolutely naked. In many savage tribes the men go absolutely naked, but the women wear

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Men, women, and children, laughing and talking, crowded around us.—Page 300.

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a breech-clout or loin-cloth. In certain tribes we saw near Lake Victoria Nyanza, and on the upper White Nile, both men and women were practically naked. Among these Nhambiquaras the women were more completely naked than the men, although the difference was not essential. The men wore a string around the waist. Most of them wore nothing else, but a few had loosely hanging from this string in front a scanty tuft of dried grass, or a small piece of cloth, which, however, was of purely symbolic use so far as either protection or modesty was concerned. The women did not wear a stitch of any kind anywhere on their bodies. They did not have on so much as a string, or a bead, or even an ornament in their hair. They were all, men and women, boys and well-grown young girls, as entirely at ease and unconscious as so many friendly animals. All of them—men, women, and children, laughing and talking—crowded around us, whether we were on horseback or on foot. They flocked into the house, and when I sat down to write surrounded me so closely that I had to push them gently away. The women and girls often stood holding one another's hands, or with their arms over one another's shoulders or around one another's waists, offering an attractive picture. The men had holes pierced through the septum of the nose and through the upper lip, and wore a straw through each hole. The women were not marked or mutilated. It seems like a contradiction in terms, but it is nevertheless a fact that the behavior of these completely naked women and men was entirely modest. There was never an indecent look, or a consciously indecent gesture. They had no blankets or hammocks, and when night came simply lay down in the sand. Colonel Rondon stated that they never wore a covering by night or by day, and if it was cool slept one on each side of a small fire. Their huts were merely slight shelters against the rain.

The moon was nearly full, and after nightfall a few of the Indians suddenly held an improvised dance for us, in front of our house. There were four men, a small boy, and two young women or grown girls. Two of the men had been doing some work for the Commission, and were dressed, one completely and one partially, in ordinary clothes. Two of the men and the boy were practically naked, and the two young women were absolutely so.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Maloca or beehive hut of the Nhambiquaras.

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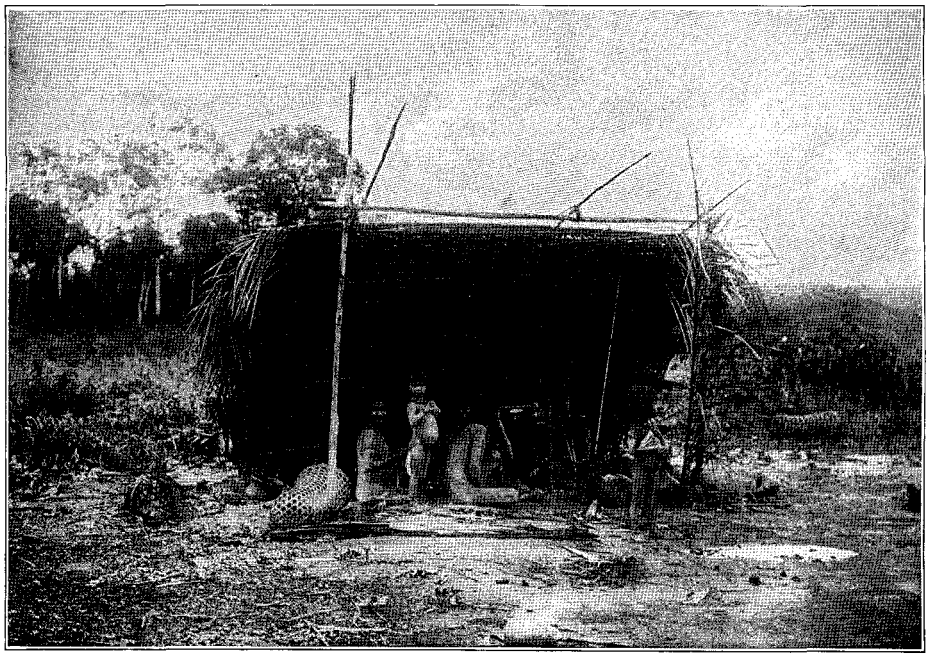

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

A Nhambiquara shelter hut and utensils.

Their huts were merely slight shelters against the rain.—Page 300.

All of them danced in a circle, without a touch of embarrassment or impropriety. The two girls kept hold of each other's hands throughout, dancing among the men as modestly as possible, and with the occasional interchange of a laugh or jest, in as good taste and temper as in any dance in civilization. The dance consisted in slowly going round in a circle, first one way then the other, rhythmically beating time with the feet to the music of the song they were chanting. The chants —there were three of them, all told— were measured and rather slowly uttered melodies, varied with an occasional half-subdued shrill cry. The women continually uttered a kind of long-drawn wailing or droning; I am not enough of a musician to say whether it was an overtone or the sustaining of the burden of the ballad. The young boy sang better than any of the others. It was a strange and interesting sight to see these utterly wild, friendly savages, circling in their slow dance, and chanting their immemorial melodies, in the brilliant tropical moonlight, with the river rushing by in the background, through the lonely heart of the wilderness.

The Indians stayed with us, feasting, dancing, and singing, until the early hours of the morning. They then suddenly and silently disappeared in the darkness, and did not return. In the morning we discovered that they had gone off with one of Colonel Rondon's dogs. Probably the temptation had proved irresistible to one of their number, and the others had been afraid to interfere, and also afraid to stay in or return to our neighborhood. We had not time to go after them; but Rondon remarked that as soon as he again came to the neighborhood he would take some soldiers, hunt up the Indians, and reclaim the dog. It has been his mixture of firmness, good nature, and good judgment that has enabled him to control these bold, warlike savages, and even to reduce the warfare between them and the Parecís. In spite of their good nature and laughter, their fearlessness and familiarity showed how necessary it was not to let them get the upper hand. They are always required to leave all their arms a mile or two away before they come into the encampment. They are much wilder and more savage, and

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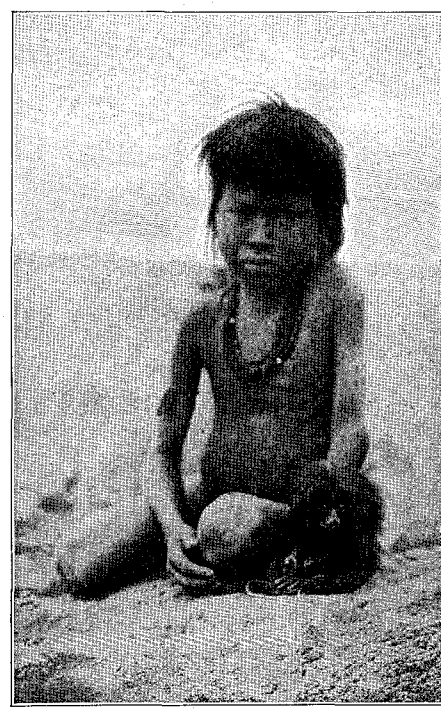
at a much lower cultural level, than the Parecís.

In the afternoon of the day following our arrival there was a heavy rain-storm, which drove into the unglazed windows, and here and there came through the roof and walls of our daub-and-wattle house. The heat was intense and there was much moisture in this valley. During the downpour I looked out at the dreary little houses, showing through the driving rain, while the sheets of muddy water slid past their door-sills; and I felt a sincere respect for the lieutenant and his soldiers who were holding this desolate outpost of civilization. It is an unhealthy spot; there has been much malarial fever and beriberi—an obscure and deadly disease.



From a photograph by Miller.

Nhambiquara child with a pet monkey.

Next morning we resumed our march. It soon began to rain and we were drenched when, some fifteen miles on, we reached the river where we were to camp. After the great heat we felt quite cold in our wet clothes, and gladly crowded round a fire which was kindled under a thatched shed, beside the cabin of the ferrymen. This ferry-boat was so small that it could only take one mule, or at most two, at a time. The mules, and a span of six oxen dragging an ox-cart which we had overtaken, were ferried slowly to the farther side that afternoon, as there was no feed on the hither bank, where we ourselves camped. The ferryman was a soldier in the employ of the Telegraphic Commission. His good-looking, pleasant-mannered wife, evidently of both Indian and negro blood, was with him, and was doing all she could do as a housekeeper, in the comfortless little cabin, with its primitive bareness of furniture and fittings.

Here we saw Captain Amilcar, who had come back to hurry up his rear-guard. We stood ankle-deep in mud and water, by the swollen river, while the rain beat on us, and enjoyed a few minutes' talk with the cool, competent officer who was doing a difficult job with such workmanlike efficiency. He had no poncho, and was wet through, but was much too busy in getting his laden oxen forward to think of personal discomfort. He had had a good deal of trouble with his mules, but his oxen were still in fair shape.

After leaving the Juruena the ground became somewhat more hilly, and the scrubby forest was less open, but otherwise there was no change in the monotonous, and yet to me rather attractive, landscape. The ant-hills, and the ant-houses in the trees—arboreal ant-hills, so to speak—were as conspicuous as ever. The architects of some were red ants, of others black ants; and others, which were on the whole the largest, had been built by the white ants, the termites. The latter were not infrequently taller than a horseman's head.

That evening round the camp-fire Colonel Rondon happened to mention how the brother of one of the soldiers with us —a Parecís Indian—had been killed by a jararaca snake. Cherrie told of a narrow escape he had from one while collecting in Guiana. At night he used to set traps in camp for small mammals. One night he heard one of these traps go off under his hammock. He reached down for it, and as he fumbled for the chain he felt a snake strike at him, just missing him in the darkness, but actually brushing his hand. He lit a light and saw that a big jararaca had

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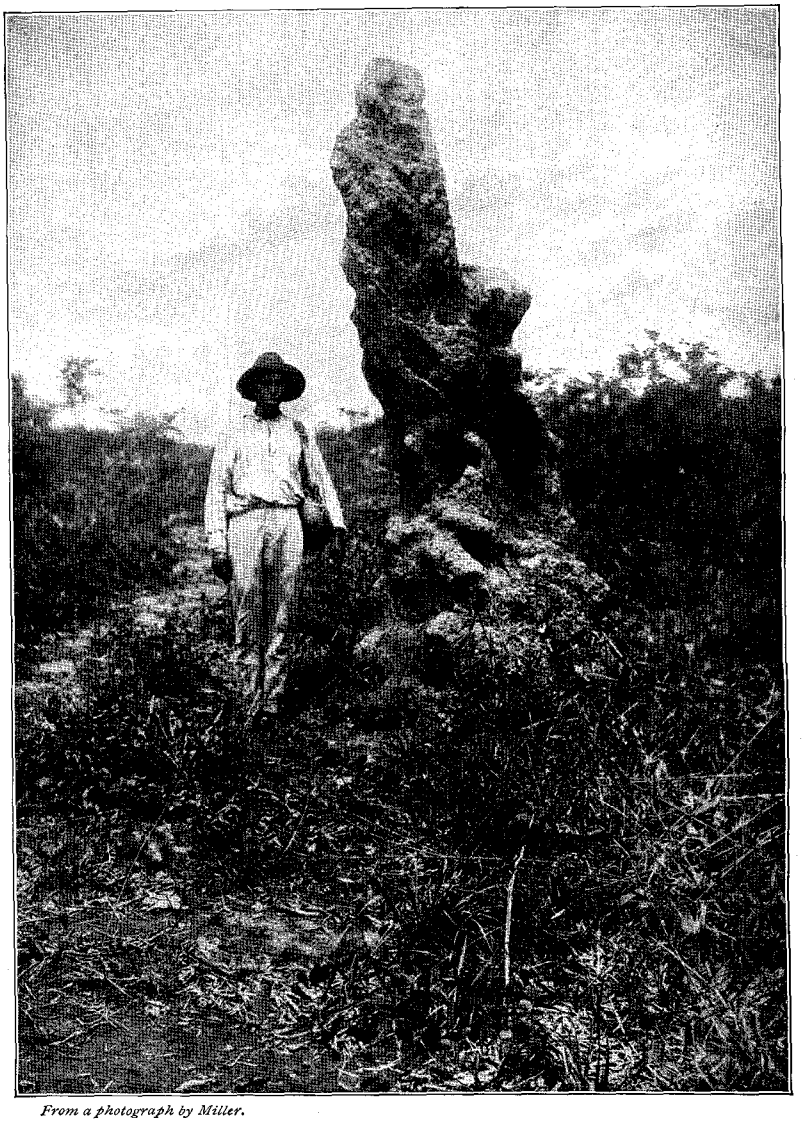

From a photograph by Miller.

The ant-hills were not infrequently taller than a horseman's head.—Page 302.

been caught in the trap; and he preserved it as a specimen. Snakes frequently came into his camp after nightfall. He killed one rattlesnake which had swallowed the skinned bodies of four mice he had prepared as specimens; which shows that rattlesnakes do not always feed only on living prey. Another rattlesnake which he killed in Central America had just swallowed an opossum which proved to be of a species new to science. Miller told how once on the Orinoco he saw on the bank a small anaconda, some ten feet long, killing one of the iguanas, big, active, truculent, carnivorous lizards, equally at home on the land and in the water. Evidently the iguanas were digging out holes in the bank in which to lay their eggs; for there were several such holes, and iguanas working at them. The snake had crushed its prey to a pulp; and not more than a couple of feet away another iguana was still busily, and with entire unconcern, engaged in making its burrow. At Miller's approach the anaconda left the dead iguana and rushed into the water, and the live iguana

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promptly followed it. Miller also told of the stone gods and altars and temples he had seen in the great Colombian forests, monuments of strange civilizations which flourished and died out ages ago, and of which all memory has vanished. He and Cherrie told of giant rivers and waterfalls, and of forests never penetrated, and mountains never ascended by civilized man; and of bloody revolutions that devastated the settled regions. Listening to them I felt that they could write "Tales of Two Naturalists" that would be worth reading.

They were short of literature, by the way—a party such as ours always needs books—and as Kermit's reading-matter consisted chiefly of Camoens and other Portuguese, or else Brazilian, writers, I strove to supply the deficiency with spare volumes of Gibbon. At the end of our march we were usually far ahead of the mule-train, and the rain was also usually falling. Accordingly, we would sit about under trees, or under a shed or lean-to, if there was one, each solemnly reading a volume of Gibbon—and no better reading can be found. In my own case, as I had been having rather a steady course of Gibbon, I varied him now and then with a volume of Arsène Lupin lent me by Kermit.

There were many swollen rivers to cross at this point of our journey. Some we waded at fords. Some we crossed by rude bridges. The larger ones, such as the Juina, we crossed by ferry, and when the approaches were swampy, and the river broad and swift, many hours might be consumed in getting the mule-train, the loose bullocks, and the ox-cart over. We had few accidents, although we once lost a ferry-load of provisions, which was quite a misfortune in a country where they could not be replaced. The pasturage was poor, and it was impossible to make long marches with our weakened animals.

At one camp three Nhambiquaras paid us a visit at breakfast-time. They left their weapons behind them before they appeared, and shouted loudly while they were still hid by the forest, and it was only after repeated answering calls of welcome that they approached. Always in the wilderness friends proclaim their presence; a silent advance marks a foe. Our visitors were men, and stark naked, as usual. One seemed sick; he was thin, and his back was scarred with marks of the grub of the loathsome berné fly. Indeed, all of them showed scars, chiefly from insect wounds. But the other two were in good condition, and, although they ate greedily of the food offered them, they had with them a big mandioca cake, some honey, and a little fish. One of them wore a high helmet of puma-skin, with the tail hanging down his back—handsome head-gear, which he gladly bartered for several strings of bright coral-red beads. Around the upper arms of two of them were bands bound so tightly as to cut into and deform the muscles—a singular custom, seemingly not only purposeless but mischievous, which is common among this tribe and many others.

The Nhambiquaras are a numerous tribe, covering a large region. But they have no general organization. Each group of families acts for itself. Half a dozen years previously they had been very hostile, and Colonel Rondon had to guard his camp and exercise every precaution to guarantee his safety, while at the same time successfully endeavoring to avoid the necessity of himself shedding blood. Now they are, for the most part, friendly. But there are groups or individuals that are not. Several soldiers have been killed at these little lonely stations; and while in some cases the attack may have been due to the soldiers' having meddled with Nhambiquara women, in other cases the killing was entirely wanton and unprovoked. Sooner or later these criminals or outlaws will have to be brought to justice; it will not do to let their crimes go unpunished. Twice soldiers have deserted and fled to the Nhambiquaras. The runaways were well received, were given wives, and adopted into the tribe.

The country when opened will be a healthy abode for white settlers. But pioneering in the wilderness is grim work for both man and beast. Continually, as we journeyed onward, under the pitiless glare of the sun or through blinding torrents of rain, we passed desolate little graves by the roadside. They marked the last resting-places of men who had died by fever, or dysentery, or Nhambiquara arrows. We raised our hats as our mules plodded slowly by through the sand. On each grave was a frail wooden cross, and this and the paling round about were already stained by the weather as gray as

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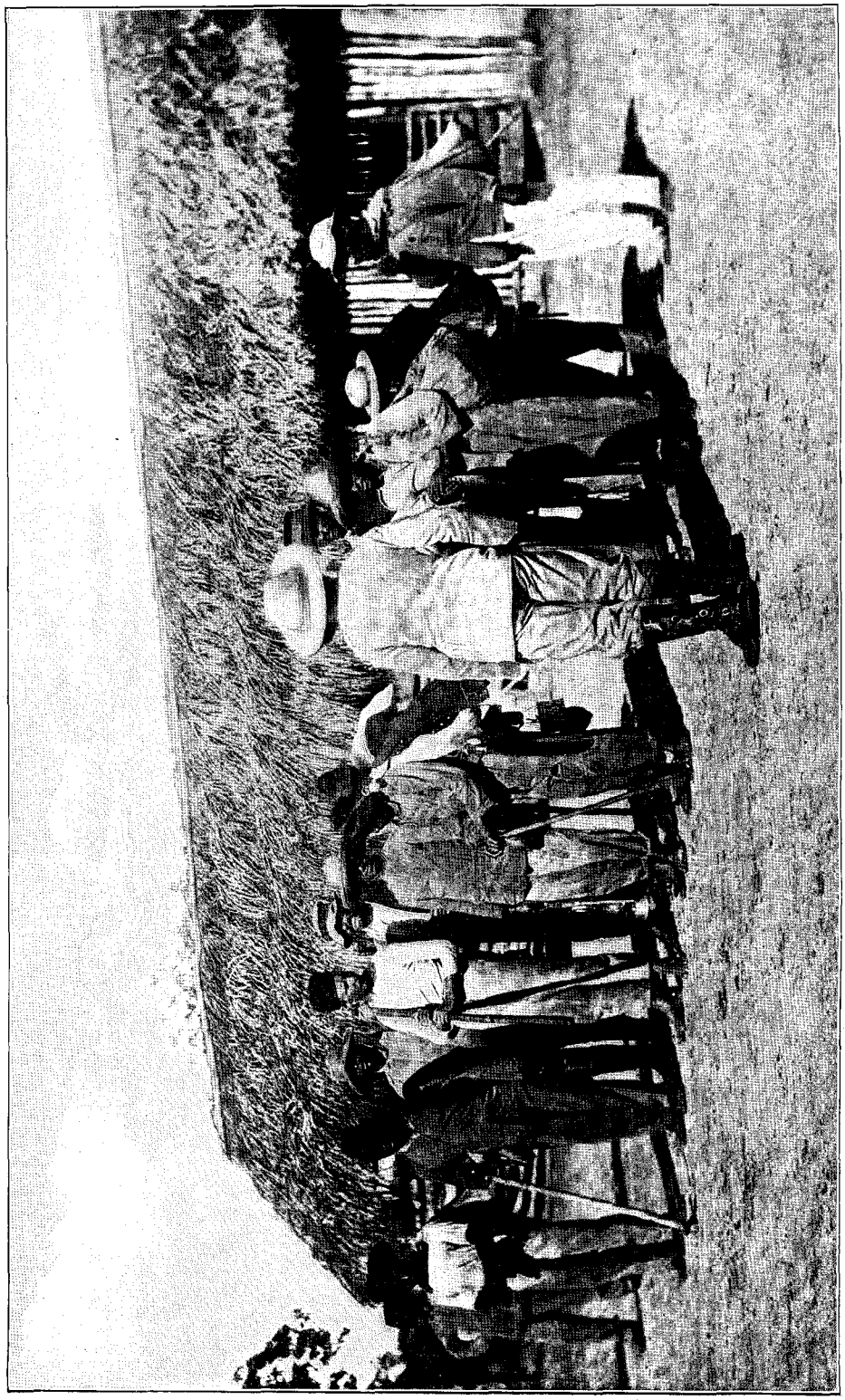

Captain Amilcar reviews the camaradas.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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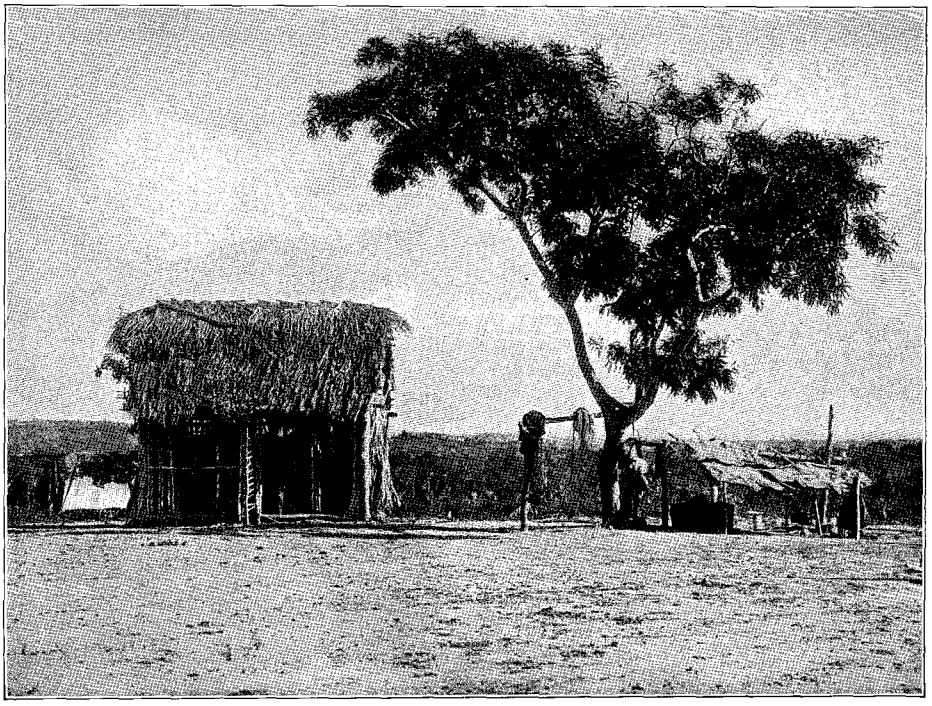
the tree-trunks of the stunted forest that stretched endlessly on every side.

The skeletons of mules and oxen were frequent along the road. Now and then we came across a mule or ox which had been abandoned by Captain Amilcar's party, ahead of us. The animal had been left with the hope that when night came it would follow along the trail to water. Sometimes it did so. Sometimes we found it dead, or standing motionless waiting for death. From time to time we had to leave behind one of our own mules.

It was not always easy to recognize what pasturage the mules would accept as good. One afternoon we pitched camp by a tiny rivulet, in the midst of the scrubby upland forest; a camp, by the way, where the piuns, the small, biting flies, were a torment during the hours of daylight, while after dark their places were more than taken by the diminutive gnats which the Brazilians expressively term "polvora," or powder, and which get through the smallest meshes of a mosquito-net. The feed was so scanty, and the cover so dense, at this spot that I thought we would have great difficulty in gathering the mules next morning. But we did not. That afternoon we camped by a beautiful open meadow; on one side ran a rapid brook, with a waterfall eight feet high, under which we bathed and swam. Here the feed looked so good that we all expressed pleasure. But the mules did not like it, and after nightfall they hiked back on the trail, and it was a long and arduous work to gather them next morning.

I have touched above on the insect pests. Men unused to the South American wilderness speak with awe of the danger therein from jaguars, crocodiles, and poisonous snakes. In reality, the danger from these sources is trivial, much less than the danger of being run down by an automobile at home. But at times the torment of insect plagues can hardly be exaggerated. There are many different species of mosquitoes, some of them bearers of disease. There are many different kinds of small, biting flies and gnats, loosely grouped together under various titles. The ones more especially called piuns by my companions were somewhat like our northern black flies. They gorged themselves with blood. At the moment their



From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

The kitchen under the ox-hide at Campos Novos.

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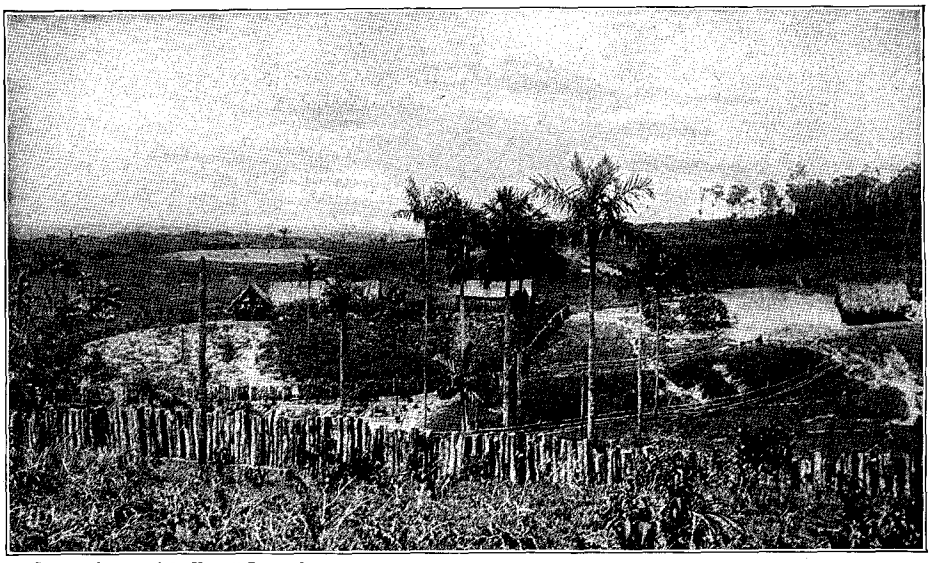

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Tres Burity.

bites did not hurt, but they left an itching scar. Head-nets and gloves are a protection, but are not very comfortable in stifling hot weather. It is impossible to sleep without mosquito-biers. When settlers of the right type come into a new land they speedily learn to take the measures necessary to minimize the annoyance caused by all these pests. Those that are winged have plenty of kinsfolk in so much of the northern continent as has not yet been subdued by man. But the most noxious of the South American ants have, thank Heaven, no representatives in North America. At the camp of the piuns a column of the carnivorous foraging ants made its appearance before nightfall, and for a time we feared it might put us out of our tents, for it went straight through camp, between the kitchen-tent and our own sleeping-tents. However, the column turned neither to the right nor the left, streaming uninterruptedly past for several hours, and doing no damage except to the legs of any incautious man who walked near it.

On the afternoon of February 15 we reached Campos Novos. This place was utterly unlike the country we had been traversing. It was a large basin, several miles across, traversed by several brooks. The brooks ran in deep, swampy valleys, occupied by a matted growth of tall tropical forest. Between them the ground rose in bold hills, bare of forest and covered with grass, on which our jaded animals fed eagerly. On one of these rounded hills a number of buildings were ranged in a quadrangle, for the pasturage at this spot is so good that it is permanently occupied. There were milch cows, and we got delicious fresh milk; and there were goats, pigs, turkeys, and chickens. Most of the buildings were made of upright poles, with roofs of palm thatch. One or two were of native brick, plastered with mud, and before these there was an enclosure with a few ragged palms, and some pineapple plants. Here we halted. Our attendants made two kitchens: one was out in the open air, one was under a shelter of ox-hide. The view over the surrounding grassy hills, riven by deep wooded valleys, was lovely. The air was cool and fresh. We were not bothered by insects, although mosquitoes swarmed in every belt of timber. Yet there has been much fever at this beautiful and seemingly healthy place. Doubtless when settlement is sufficiently advanced a remedy will be developed. The geology of this neighborhood was interesting—Oliveira found fossil tree-trunks which he believed to be of Cretaceous age.

Here we found Amilcar and Mello, who had waited for us with the rear-guard of their pack-train, and we enjoyed our meeting with the two fine fellows, than whom

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At Vilhena there was a tame seriema. . . . It was without the least fear of man or dog.—Page 309

no military service of any nation could produce more efficient men for this kind of difficult and responsible work. Next morning they mustered their soldiers, muleteers, and pack-ox men, and marched off. Reinisch the taxidermist was with them. We followed in the late afternoon, camping after a few miles. We left the ox-cart at Campos Novos; from thence on the trail was only for pack-animals.

In this neighborhood the two naturalists found many birds which we had not hitherto met. The most conspicuous was a huge oriole, the size of a small crow, with a naked face, a black-and-red bill, and gaudily variegated plumage of green, yellow, and chestnut. Very interesting was the false bell-bird, a gray bird with loud, metallic notes. There was also a tiny soft-tailed woodpecker, no larger than a kinglet; a queer humming-bird with a slightly flexible bill; and many species of ant-thrush, tanager, manakin, and tody. Among these unfamiliar forms was a vireo looking much like our solitary vireo. At one camp Cherrie collected a dozen perching birds; Miller a beautiful little rail; and Kermit, with the small Lueger belt-rifle, a handsome curassow, nearly as big as a turkey—out of which, after it had been skinned, the cook made a delicious *canja*, the thick Brazilian soup of fowl and rice than which there is nothing better of its kind. All these birds were new to the collection—no naturalists had previously worked this region—so that the afternoon's work represented nine species new to the collection, six new genera, and a most excellent soup.

Two days after leaving Campos Novos we reached Vilhena, where there is a telegraph station. We camped once at a small river named by Colonel Rondon the "Twelfth of October," because he reached it on the day Columbus discovered America—I had never before known what day it was!—and once at the foot of a hill which he had named after Lyra, his companion in the exploration. The two days' march—really one full day and part of two others—was through beautiful country, and we enjoyed it thoroughly, although there were occasional driving rainstorms, when the rain came in almost level sheets and drenched every one and everything. The country was like that around

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Campos Novos, and offered a striking contrast to the level, barren, sandy wastes of the chapadão, which is a healthy region, where great industrial centres can arise, but not suited for extensive agriculture, as are the lowland flats. For these forty-eight hours the trail climbed into and out of steep valleys and broad basins, and up and down hills. In the deep valleys were magnificent woods, in which giant rubber-trees towered, while the huge leaves of the low-growing pacova, or wild banana, were conspicuous in the undergrowth. Great azure butterflies flitted through the open sunny glades, and the bell-birds, sitting motionless, uttered their ringing calls from the dark stillness of the columned groves. The hillsides were grassy pastures or else covered with low, open forest.

From a photograph by Cherrie.

Adam and Eve.—Page 312.

A huge frog, brown above, with a light streak down each side, was found hiding under some sticks in a damp place in one of the improvised kitchens; and another frog, with disks on his toes, was caught on one of the tents. A coral-snake puzzled us. Some coral-snakes are harmless, some are poisonous, although not aggressive. The best authorities give an infallible recipe for distinguishing them by the pattern of the colors, but this particular specimen, although it corresponded exactly in color pattern with the description of the poisonous snakes, nevertheless had no poison-fangs that even after the most minute examination we could discover. Miller and one of the dogs caught a seriema, a big long-legged, bustard-like bird, in rather a curious way. We were on the march, plodding along through as heavy a tropic downpour as it was our ill fortune to encounter. The seriema, evidently as drenched and uncomfortable as we were, was hiding under a bush to avoid the pelting rain. The dog discovered it, and after the bird valiantly repelled him, Miller was able to seize it. Its stomach contained about half a pint of grasshoppers and beetles, and young leaves. At Vilhena there was a tame seriema, much more familiar and at home than any of the poultry. It was without the least fear of man or dog. The seriema (like the screamer and the curassow) ought to be introduced into our barnyards and on our lawns, at any rate in the southern States; it is a good-looking, friendly, and attractive bird. Another bird we met is in some places far more intimate, and domesticates itself. This is the pretty little honey-creeper. In Colombia Miller found the honey-creepers habitually coming inside the houses and hotels at meal-times, hopping about the table, and climbing into the sugar-bowl.

Along this part of our march there was much of what at a hasty glance seemed to be volcanic rock; but Oliveira showed me that it was a kind of conglomerate, with bubbles or hollows in it, made of sand and iron-bearing earth. He said it was a superficial Quaternary deposit, formed by erosion from the Cretaceous rocks, and that there were here no Tertiary deposits. He described the geological structure of the lands through which we had passed as follows. The pantanals were of Pleistocene age. Along the upper Sepotuba, in the region of the rapids, there were sandstones, shales, and clays of Permian age. The rolling country east of this contained

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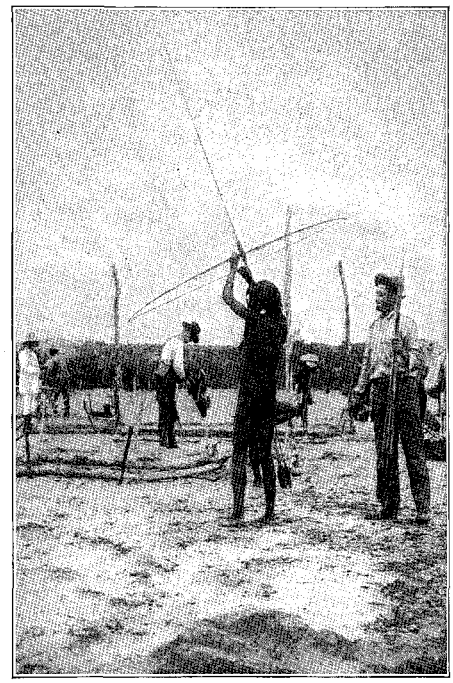
eruptive rocks—a porphyritic diabase, with zeolite, quartz, and agate of Triassic age. With the chapadão of the Parecís plateau we came to a land of sand and clay, dotted with lumps of sandstone and pieces of petrified wood; this, according to Oliveira, is of Mesozoic age, possibly Cretaceous and similar to the South African formation. There are geologists who consider it as of Permian age.



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Nhambiquara archer. First position.

At Vilhena we were on a watershed which drained into the Gy-Paraná, which itself runs into the Madeira nearly midway between its sources and its mouth. A little farther along and northward we again came to streams running ultimately into the Tapajos; and between them, and close to them, were streamlets which drained into the Duvida and Ananas, whose courses and outlets were unknown. This point is part of the divide between the basins of the Madeira and Tapajos. A singular topographical feature of the Plan Alto, the great interior sandy plateau of Brazil, is that at its westernmost end the southward-flowing streams, instead of running into the Paraguay, as they do farther east, form the headwaters of the Guaporé, which may, perhaps, be called the upper main stream of the Madeira. These westernmost streams from the southern edge of the plateau, therefore, begin by flowing south; then for a long stretch they flow southwest; then north, and finally northeast into the Amazon. According to some exceptionally good geological observers, this is probably due to the fact that in a remote geologic past the ocean sent in an arm from the south, between the Plan Alto and what is now the Andean chain. These rivers then emptied into the Andean Sea. The gradual upheaval of the soil has resulted in substituting dry land for this arm of the ocean, and in reversing the course of what is now the Madeira; just as, according to these geologists, in somewhat similar fashion the Amazon has been reversed, it having once been, at least for the upper two-thirds of its course, an affluent of the Andean Sea.

From Vilhena we travelled in a generally northward direction. For a few leagues we went across the chapadão, the sands or clays of the nearly level upland plateau, grassy or covered with thin, stunted forest, the same type of country that had been predominant ever since we ascended the Parecís tableland on the morning of the third day after leaving the Sepotuba. Then, at about the point where the trail dipped into a basin containing the head-springs of the Ananas, we left this type of country, and began to march through thick forest not very high. There was little feed for the animals on the chapadão. There was less in the forest. Moreover, the continual heavy rains made the travelling difficult and laborious for them, and they weakened. However, a couple of marches before we reached Tres Burity, where there is a big ranch with hundreds of cattle, we were met by ten fresh pack-oxen, and our serious difficulties were over.

There were piuns in plenty by day, but neither mosquitoes nor sand-flies by night; and for us the trip was very pleasant, save for moments of anxiety about the mules. The loose bullocks furnished us abundance of fresh beef, although, as was inevitable under the circumstances, of a decidedly tough quality. One of the biggest of the bullocks was attacked one night

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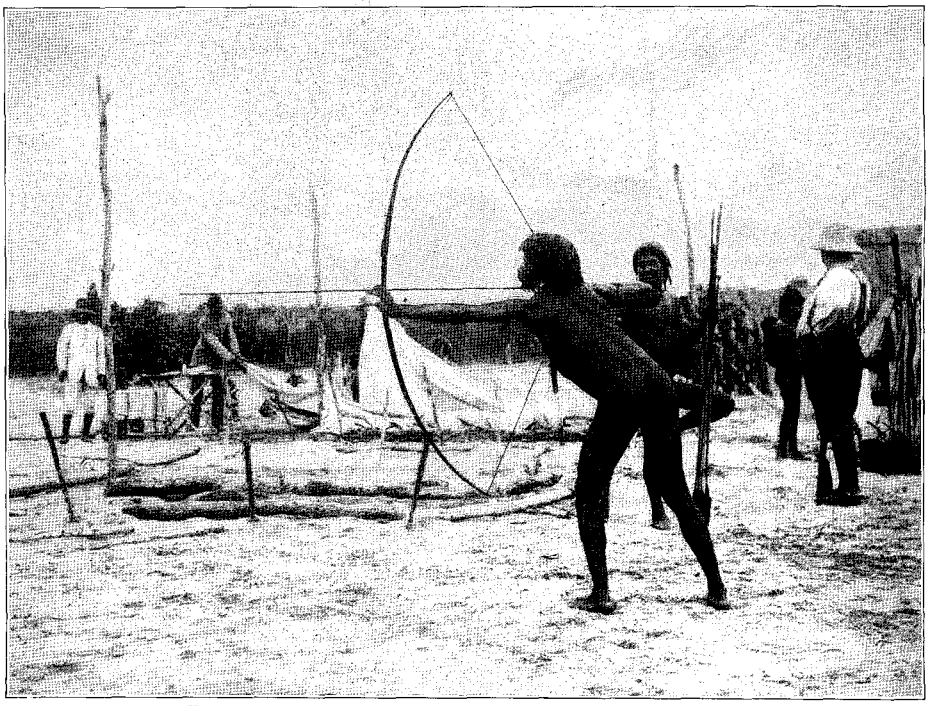
by a vampire bat, and next morning his withers were literally bathed in blood.

With the chapadão we said good-by to the curious, gregarious, and crepuscular or nocturnal spiders which we found so abundant along the line of the telegraph wire. They have offered one of the small problems with which the Commission has had to deal. They are not common in the dry season. They swarm during the rains; and, when their tough webs are wet, those that lead from the wire to the ground sometimes effectually short-circuit the wire. They have on various occasions caused a good deal of trouble in this manner.

The third night out from Vilhena we emerged for a moment from the endless close-growing forest in which our poor animals got such scanty pickings, and came to a beautiful open country, where grassy slopes, dotted with occasional trees, came down on either side of a little brook which was one of the headwaters of the Duvida. It was a pleasure to see the mules greedily bury their muzzles in the pasturage. Our tents were pitched in the open, near a shady tree, which sent out its low branches on every side. At this camp Cherrie shot a lark, very characteristic of the open upland country, and Miller found two bats in the rotten wood of a dead log. He heard them squeaking and dug them out; he could not tell by what method they had gotten in.

Here Kermit, while a couple of miles from our tents, came across an encampment of Nhambiquaras. There were twenty or thirty of them—men, women, and a few children. Kermit, after the manner of honest folk in the wilderness, advanced ostentatiously in the open, calling out to give warning of his coming. Like surroundings may cause like manners. The early Saxons in England deemed it legal to kill any man who came through the woods without shouting or blowing a horn; and in Nhambiquara land at the present time it is against etiquette, and may be very unhealthy, to come through the woods toward strangers without loudly announcing one's presence. The Nhambiquaras received Kermit with the utmost cordiality, and gave him pine-apple-wine to drink. They were stark naked as usual; they had no hammocks or blankets, and their huts were flimsy shel-



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Nhambiquara archer. Second position.

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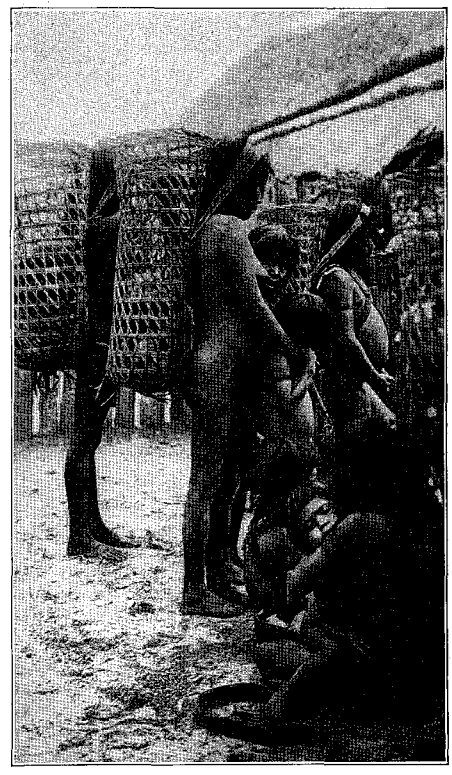
ters of palm-branches. Yet they were in fine condition. Half a dozen of the men and a couple of boys accompanied Kermit back to our camp, paying no slightest heed to the rain which was falling. They were bold and friendly, good-natured—at least superficially—and very inquisitive. In feasting, the long reeds thrust through holes in their lips did not seem to bother them, and they laughed at the suggestion of removing them; evidently to have done so would have been rather bad manners—like using a knife as an aid in eating ice-cream. They held two or three dances, and we were again struck by the rhythm and weird, haunting melody of their chanting. After supper they danced beside the camp-fire; and finally, to their delight, most of the members of our own party, Americans and Brazilians, enthusiastically joined the dance, while the colonel and I furnished an appreciative and applauding audience. Next morning, when we were awakened by the chattering and screaming of the numerous macaws, parrots, and paraquets, we found that nearly all the Indians, men and women, were gathered outside the tent. As far as clothing was concerned, they were in the condition of Adam and Eve before the fall. One of the women carried a little squirrel monkey. She put it up the big tree some distance from the tents; and when she called, it came scampering to her across the grass, ran up her, and clung to her neck. They would have liked to pilfer; but as they had no clothes it was difficult for them to conceal anything. One of the women was observed to take a fork; but as she did not possess a rag of clothing of any kind all she could do was to try to bury the fork in the sand and then sit on it; and it was reclaimed without difficulty. One or two of the children wore necklaces and bracelets made of the polished wood of the tucum palm, and of the molars of small rodents.



Nhambiquara women and children.

Next day's march led us across a hilly country of good pasture-land. The valleys were densely wooded, palms of several kinds being conspicuous among the other trees; and the brooks at the bottoms we crossed at fords or by the usual rude pole bridges. On the open pastures were occasional trees, usually slender bacaba palms, with heads which the winds had dishevelled until they looked like mops. It was evidently a fine natural cattle country, and we soon began to see scores, perhaps hundreds, of the cattle belonging to the government ranch at Tres Burity, which we reached in the early afternoon. It is beautifully situated: the view roundabout is lovely, and certainly the land will prove healthy when settlements have been definitely established. Here we revelled in abundance of good fresh milk and eggs; and for dinner we had chicken *canja* and fat beef roasted on big wooden spits; and we even had watermelons. The latter were from seeds brought down by the American engineers who built the Madeira-Marmoré Railroad—a work which stands honorably distinguished among the many great and useful works done in the development of the tropics of recent years.

Amilcar's pack-oxen, which were nearly worn out, had been left in these fertile pastures. Most of the fresh oxen which he

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took in their places were unbroken, and there was a perfect circus before they were packed and marched off; in every direction, said the gleeful narrators, there were bucking oxen and loads strewed on the ground. This cattle-ranch is managed by the colonel's uncle, his mother's brother, a hale old man of seventy, white-haired but as active and vigorous as ever; with a fine, kindly, intelligent face. His name is Miguel Evangalista. He is a native of Matto Grosso, of practically pure Indian blood. Within the last year he had killed three jaguars, which had been living on the mules; as long as they could get mules they did not molest the cattle.

It was with this uncle's father, Colonel Rondon's own grandfather, that Colonel Rondon as an orphan spent the first seven years of his life. His father died before he was born, and his mother when he was only a year old. He lived on his grandfather's cattle-ranch, some fifty miles from Cuyabá. Then he went to live in Cuyabá with a kinsman on his father's side, from whom he took the name of Rondon; his own father's name was Da Silva. He studied in the Cuyabá Government School, and at sixteen was inscribed as one of the instructors. Then he went to Rio, served for a year in the army as an enlisted man in the ranks, and succeeded finally in getting into the military school. After five years as pupil he served three years as professor of mathematics in this school; and then, as a lieutenant of engineers in the Brazilian Army, he came back to his home in Matto Grosso and began his life-work of exploring the wilderness.

Next day we journeyed to the telegraph station at Bonafacio, through alternate spells of glaring sunshine and heavy rain. On the way we stopped at an aldea—village—of Nhambiquaras. We first met a couple of men going to hunt, with bows and arrows longer than themselves. A rather comely young woman, carrying on her back a wickerwork basket, or creel, supported by a forehead band, and accompanied by a small child, was with them. At the village there were a number of men, women, and children. Although as completely naked as the others we had met, the members of this band were more ornamented with beads, and wore earrings made from the inside of mussel-shells or very big snail-shells. They were more hairy than the ones we had so far met. The chief, whose body was painted red with the juice of a fruit, had what could fairly be styled a mustache and imperial; and one old man looked somewhat like a hairy Ainu, or perhaps even more like an Australian black fellow. My companion told me that this probably represented an infusion of negro blood, and possibly of mulatto blood, from runaway slaves of the old days, when some of the Matto Grosso mines were worked by slave labor. They also thought it possible that this infiltration of African negroes might be responsible for the curious shape of the bigger huts, which were utterly unlike their flimsy, ordinary shelters, and bore no resemblance in shape to those of the other Indian tribes of this region; whereas they were not unlike the ordinary beehive huts of the agricultural African negroes. There were in this village several huts or shelters open at the sides, and two of the big huts. These were of closely woven thatch, circular in outline, with a rounded dome, and two doors a couple of feet high opposite each other, and no other opening. There were fifteen or twenty people to each hut. Inside were their implements and utensils, such as wicker baskets (some of them filled with pineapples), gourds, fire-sticks, wooden knives, wooden mortars, and a board for grating mandioca made of a thick slab of wood inset with sharp points of a harder wood. From the Brazilians one or two of them had obtained blankets, and one a hammock; and they had also obtained knives, which they sorely needed, for they are not even in the stone age. One woman shielded herself from the rain by holding a green palm-branch down her back. Another had on her head what we at first thought to be a monkey-skin head-dress. But it was a little, live, black monkey. It stayed habitually with its head above her forehead, and its arms and legs spread so that it lay moulded to the shape of her head; but both woman and monkey showed some reluctance about having their photographs taken.

Bonafacio consisted of several thatched one-room cabins, connected by a stockade which was extended to form an enclosure behind them. A number of tame parrots and paraquets, of several different species, scrambled over the roofs and entered the

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houses. In the open pastures near by were the curious, extensive burrows of a gopher rat, which ate the roots of grass, not emerging to eat the grass but pulling it into the burrows by the roots. These burrows bore a close likeness to those of our pocket gophers. Miller found the animals difficult to trap. Finally, by the aid of Colonel Rondon, several Indians, and two or three of our men, he dug one out. From the central shaft several surface galleries radiated, running for many rods about a foot below the surface, with, at intervals of half a dozen yards, mounds where the loose earth had been expelled. The central shaft ran straight down for about eight feet, and then laterally for about fifteen feet to a kind of chamber. The animal dug hard to escape, but when taken and put on the surface of the ground it moved slowly and awkwardly. It showed vicious courage. In looks it closely resembled our pocket gophers, but it had no pockets. This was one of the most interesting small mammals that we secured.

After breakfast at Bonafacio a number of Nhambiquaras—men, women, and children—strolled in. The men gave us an exhibition of not very good archery. Several of the women had been taken from other tribes, after their husbands or fathers had been killed; for the Nhambiquaras are light-hearted robbers and murderers. Two or three miserable dogs accompanied them, half-starved and mangy, but each decorated with a collar of beads. The headmen had three or four wives apiece, and the women were the burden-bearers, but apparently were not badly treated. Most of them were dirty, although well-fed looking, and their features were of a low type; but some, especially among the children, were quite attractive.

From Bonafacio we went about seven miles, across a rolling prairie dotted with trees and clumps of scrub. There, on February 24, we joined Amilcar, who was camped by a brook which flowed into the Duvida. We were only some six miles from our place of embarkation on the Duvida, and we divided our party and our belongings. Amilcar, Miller, Mello, and Oliveira were to march three days to the Gy-Paraná, and then descend it, and continue down the Madeira to Manaos. Rondon, Lyra, the doctor, Cherrie, Kermit, and I, with sixteen paddlers, in seven canoes, were to descend the Duvida, and find out whether it led into the Gy-Paraná, into the Madeira, or into the Tapajos. If within a few days it led into the Gy-Paraná, our purpose was to return and descend the Ananas, whose outlet was also unknown. Having this in view, we left a fortnight's provisions for our party of six at Bonafacio. We took with us provisions for about fifty days; not full rations, for we hoped in part to live on the country—on fish, game, nuts, and palm-tops. Our personal baggage was already well cut down: Cherrie, Kermit, and I took the naturalist's fly to sleep under, and a very light little tent extra for any one who might fall sick. Rondon, Lyra, and the doctor took one of their own tents. The things that we carried were necessities—food, medicines, bedding, instruments for determining the altitude and longitude and latitude—except a few books, each in small compass: Lyra's were in German, consisting of two tiny volumes of Goethe and Schiller; Kermit's were in Portuguese; mine, all in English, included the last two volumes of Gibbon, the plays of Sophocles, More's "Utopia," Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus, the two latter lent me by a friend, Major Shipton of the regulars, our military attaché at Buenos Ayres.

If our canoe voyage was prosperous we would gradually lighten the loads by eating the provisions. If we met with accidents, such as losing canoes and men in the rapids, or by Indians, or encountered overmuch fever and dysentery, the loads would lighten themselves. We were all armed. We took no cartridges for sport. Cherrie had some to be used sparingly for collecting specimens. The others were to be used —unless in the unlikely event of having to repel an attack—only to procure food. The food and the arms we carried represented all reasonable precautions against suffering and starvation; but, of course, if the course of the river proved very long and difficult, if we lost our boats over falls or in rapids, or had to make too many and too long portages, or were brought to a halt by impassable swamps, then we would have to reckon with starvation as a possibility. Anything might happen. We were about to go into the unknown, and no one could say what it held.

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UNA MARY:

MEMORIES OF THE MIND OF A CHILD

BY UNA A. HUNT

II

MINERVA AND THE UNKNOWN POWER

IN Harry's house there was an attic dimly lighted by a skylight and one dormer window where on rainy days we were allowed to play. It had dark corners for hide-and-seek, there were robber dens behind trunks, railway trains to be made from the chairs banished because of broken can -seats, and, best of all, clothes for dressing up—whatever we did, set to the music of pattering drops thudding on the roof and splashing on the skylight. To this day rain on a roof directly over my head has a dusty smell tinctured with the leather of old trunks.

In one of these trunks we found some maps and a Chart of the Heavens with the constellations drawn out as elaborate pictures in outline on a pale-blue ground. We called it The Sky Map and used to pore over it for hours making up stories about the people and animals with the strange long names. In answer to our questions about them, Mamma began to read us stories from Greek Mythology. These had a great influence upon me religiously and gave the stars a most dramatic and personal interest added to their firefly sort of beauty.

I had rarely seen them, the real stars, as I went to bed before they were fairly out, but they had flashed at me through the blown curtains of my room and when we went away for the summer I used to see them from my berth. We always took a night train, and there they were, travelling quietly along with us, above the flying country, serene and silent spirits robbing night of all its terrors—even Death must shrink back abashed under their clear gaze. So I felt Death could only catch us in stuffy, dark rooms, and if we might lie every night under the steadfast stars, Death would vanish and we should become immortal as the Gods.

There was one especially brilliant star that shone above the railroad station as the train pulled out. It was the first star I ever saw. We had driven down to the station and gotten on board the train while it was still light. I recall it all most vividly, as it is the first time I remember travelling, and when I was put to bed was far too excited by the fascinations of my berth with its curtains, its mirror, and the little hammock for my clothes to think of going to sleep, and as soon as the train started I peeped behind the edge of the curtain at the moving station. Then when we got outside I saw a bright light in the sky. At first I thought it was a lamp on a tall pole, but while the rest of everywhere was rushing from me, this light stayed perfectly still, always in the same place, directly opposite my window, and it gave me such a queer feeling to see it there that I called to Papa, who had explained before we started that everything would look as if it was rushing past us, and asked him what he thought this one stationary light could be. Was it, somehow, part of our train? He told me it was a star and that the sky each night was full of many stars that came out like fairies after it was dark, and soon he pointed out others. Faster and faster they came until the whole space of blue-black sky opposite my window sparkled with them, as thick as the spangles on Agnes's gauze party dress.

But of all those I could see, the star I had seen first was the largest and brightest. Papa said the stars all had names like people and that that star was called Arcturus. Each year as the train started I watched for it, and there it was above the station. I took it for Una Mary's star, and used to talk and really pray to it, though I did not know that any-

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thing except "Now I lay me" could be praying.

Arcturus was the first thing I consciously worshipped, and I even used to brave the fear of Death when I woke up at night and crept from my bed to the window, managing, however, to pull down enough slack of my nightclothes to crawl on and so keep my feet covered. Crouching by the sill I would find the unmistakable group of stars that made the Great Dipper and then, as Papa had shown me, trace from the two stars at the end of the handle to the largest star they pointed toward, Arcturus, My Star. It seemed to look down on earth just to smile at me and listen to me when I talked to it.

It was of the greatest help to me when I wondered whether or not I was real. During those strange moments when I felt as remote from the world of sense as if I were a ghost looking on at the life of earth, Arcturus steadied me. I was sure the stars were real, and with that fact to stand on I could build up some sort of solid theory of existence. What sort of theory I never found out, for the feeling of unreality passed as suddenly as it came and the objects around me became so concrete and tangible that I knew that I was Una in the world of every day.

The first time I had the unreal feeling I was playing house with my sister under the dining-room table when suddenly I gasped as I wondered which of us was real, my sister, the dining-room table, or I. At first I felt sure it must be I, and the rest of the world with all the things and people in it dreams of mine—dreams of Una Mary's—and then came the horrible thought that perhaps it was the other way round, perhaps I was just a dream myself while all the rest were real. Or were we all only dreams, and, if so, whose dreams were we? for there must be some one real somewhere to dream us into seeming, just as The Imp was a waking dream of mine.

As the stars were the only things I was sure about—I knew they were really there in the sky—it might be that we were dreams of theirs, and if so, I knew I was a dream of Arcturus. This took away the lost feeling that had been the horror of thinking I might not be real, and I used to pray each night to Arcturus to make me a happy dream and make my life what I would make it if I were always Una Mary.

To carry on our interest in Greek Mythology after we had been told the stories of the constellations, Mamma that winter read to us Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "The Tanglewood Tales," supplemented by Bulfinch's "The Age of Fable" as a sort of Who is Who of the Olympic World. Over and over we insisted upon having them read, and for two years Harry and I revelled in an atmosphere of gods and goddesses, and all the games we played together were made up about them. It was Una who played the Mythology games, but Una Mary to whom parts of Mythology became religion.

My favorite game was Europa and the Bull. Of course it could only be played in summer and then under many difficulties. As there was no bull, a reluctant cow had to take his place. I used to make long wreaths of leaves and wild flowers, and put them around the neck of the cow I had selected, and then catch her by the tail, and when she rushed frantically forward kicking and plunging to shake me off, on I hung, dragged over bushes and rocks, bumping about like a tin can tied to a cat's tail, waiting until I was yanked on to some really good-sized stone, when, using it as a mounting-block, I would give a wild leap and often succeeded in swinging myself to the astonished and outraged back of the cow, and there I stuck, lying flat on my face and holding on by her horns until finally she managed to buck me off over her head. The bliss of those mad rushes about the fortunately secluded pasture, my face pressed into the daisy chains around the poor beast's neck, the wind fairly whistling in my ears! The smell of a daisy brings it all back to this day. One cow, but only one, succeeded in tossing me on her horns, and then it was only a mild toss, but often the greatest excitement of all came after I had been thrown off and had to roll as fast as I could behind rocks or trees to escape being gored or trampled in the stampede of the whole frantic herd. Being Europa was really magnificent!

Once I tried driving a chariot in the pasture instead. I was the chariot with a pair of calves for my galloping steeds. They were fair-sized ones, and pulled so

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hard I was afraid they would get away, so I tied the ends of their ropes around my waist and then, as the calves suddenly dashed off in opposite directions, I flew about like a jumping-jack and was only rescued by a convulsed hired man when I was almost cut in two. I never played chariots again. I could cope with cows, but for calves I had a wholesome respect.

Harry was crazy to fly. He had always wanted to and often had flying dreams at night, and when he heard the story of Icarus, he was fired with the ambition to really try. We made a pair of wings as tall as he was, cut out of cardboard, fastened together with glue, so overcoming the weakness in the ones Icarus had used, for glue could not melt in the sun as his wax had done, and there seemed nothing to prevent the flight from being a great success, but to be absolutely on the safe side we waited for a cloudy day—not raining, that would have melted the glue, just overcast. I tied the wings securely to each of Harry's arms. Then he climbed on to the sill of a second-story window and jumped out with his arms spread as if he were swimming. But, to my horror, instead of floating in the air, soaring gradually up over the housetops, straight as a stone he fell crash through a grape-arbor to the ground below, where he lay fortunately unhurt, but crying bitterly for his lost illusions.

It was a long time before he cared for Mythology games after that—he said: "They just take a fellow in"—but his faith was a little revived by finding that the story of Clytie was true. It had fascinated us botanically—this story of a lady who was so in love with Apollo that she turned her head all day long in order to watch him when he drove the chariot of the sun, until she pined away with love and longing and was changed to a sunflower, and still, so the story said, turned each day to face the sun. To test the story we went to spend the day with Lizzie, who was now married and we knew had sunflowers in her yard. We picked out the largest one as most likely to be Clytie and all day long, between games, we watched her, measuring her course by holding up a pencil as my grandmother did when she sketched, and by afternoon, she had turned completely round. So that story, at any rate, was true.

It was a wonderful thing to live for two years with and as those radiant Olympic Beings. We talked about them continually to our families and to Agnes. The other children were bored by them and preferred to play as moderns. Agnes was a great help, as she was wonderful at draping tunics of towels and sheets and could make laurel wreaths out of maple-leaves fastened together by their own stems, and Papa, each spring, made us Pan Pipes from willow twigs.

One side of Mythology I never talked about, however, even to Harry or Agnes, because it belonged wholly to Una Mary. She had appropriated it in the very beginning. That was the religious side, and it became part of the very fibre of my inner life, more precious even than Edward or My Country, and the thing My Imp hated most. He particularly objected to all my religions.

When I heard of Sacred Trees inhabited by Immortals who were their inner spirits, I knew at once that the great apple-tree in our yard, gnarled, knotted, and too old to bear fruit, with broad, mothering seats next its trunk, must be one of these sacred and spirit-haunted trees. Its bark, when I rested my cheek against it, had almost told me secrets and I knew that it loved me. I knew we understood each other. Una Mary and its spirit were akin. So I transferred my worship from Arcturus to the Apple-Tree quite as wonderful and magical-looking as if it had been an olive or an ilex tree. It seemed much nearer and more intimate than the stars, which now began to lose their individuality, for my new knowledge of the movement of the earth had robbed the stars of personal being. If they were not hovering and circling around us, trying to reach us with their love and sympathy, but were merely motionless, far-off suns for other worlds, how could they be beings worthy of my worship and my love? Even Arcturus could be no longer a Celestial Person. I thought of them as holes instead, pricked through the blue cover of this world letting in the light of the world beyond, air-holes for the earth letting the wind from far away blow through, and peep-holes for the all-seeing Gods.

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It was wonderful to be able to touch my Sacred Tree and whisper, as it were, into its very ear through a huge knot-hole hollowed far into the heart of the tree. It was at this same hole that I used to listen for messages and omens, but all I ever heard was the rustling of the branches, murmuring with half-articulate tongues sounds I almost understood.

It was the year of the Great Comet, and one day Harry was allowed to spend the night at our house in order to get up at midnight and see it. After we had been asleep for hours Mamma wakened us, and wrapped in shawls we stood on the balcony, and there arching the whole sky, as large as the Milky Way as I remember it, was the tail of the comet spreading like the feathers of a peacock from the star at its head. I always think of it as a fiery peacock with closed tail, trailing across the sky. It gave so much light that I could see My Tree distinctly at the far end of the yard, and the comet was arched directly above it as if the whole sky had become a halo, so transfiguring it that the Tree seemed to rise a few feet into the air. The whole experience was stupendous, as real and deep to me as any vision of the Saints. It proved that Una Mary had been right. My Tree was of the sacred ones. The whole sky proclaimed it with trumpetings of light and flame.

The next morning I went, as I did each day while my garden was in bloom, to lay flowers at the foot of My Tree. They were morning-glories, magical four-o'clocks, and a yellow-flowered vine named money, but which I called Midas-touch instead, and lying on the grass under the Tree I found a bunch of fine-spun gold. That it should have blown there on that particular morning was one of those positively unearthly coincidences. But there it was, a tangle of gleaming golden threads vibrating with light as it lay on the dark-green moss, and I grew cold with excitement as I realized that the Comet had dropped a piece of its tail at the foot of My Tree, a great miracle and sign of endless portent. I felt myself in the presence of the Gods in very deed. I did not dare touch the shining thing for fear it would vanish like the dewdrop on a cobweb, so I rushed into the house and called the family to come and see!

I have never gotten over the agony of disappointment that crushed me as they all burst out laughing when I showed it to them, saying it was a piece of the Comet's tail, and as they laughed they told me it was only a bit of tinsel from some old Christmas tree. My disappointment was not because it was not part of the Comet—that belief was unshaken; I knew I was right—but because they could not see it as I did and understand. It seemed a reversal of the story of "The Emperor's Clothes." To them it was only tinsel, but I saw it as it really was—the texture of light and the sky itself. My faith triumphed over all the facts they tried to prove to me. Even when they showed me a piece of tinsel from our own box of Christmas decorations and I saw that the two were exactly alike, my senses only admitted it. My soul still knew the Comet had sent me a sign and a message, and had blessed My Tree.

Perhaps it had power to do so only with earthly tinsel, and perhaps all tinsel came from comets in the beginning. I had seen meteorites and knew they were fallen fragments of stars, certainly much transformed when they reached the earth. My father had told me the Comet's tail was made of light, but so was a star; so possibly a comet could become solid and fall to the ground without losing any of its light and loveliness, could drift down as softly as a snowflake in wisps of filmy gold.

After the family had gone into the house still laughing, I took the celestial piece of tinsel, put it in a box that I had lined with lace paper from the edge of the pantry shelves, and buried it at the foot of the Sacred Tree, a miraculous relic, and on the ground above it I always afterward laid my offering of flowers. Surely those threads of gold held a message for Una Mary, and she showed her deeper insight by clinging to the awe that had gripped her soul.

After a time the Tree-worship failed to satisfy me. I needed something even more personal, more human. The spirit within the Tree was too remote, too cautious about revealing himself. After watching for a year I had never caught a glimpse of him and he had not once spoken a single word that I could under-

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stand. I did not lose faith in his being there. How could I when the whole flaming sky had confirmed the instinct that had led Una Mary to his worship? What I really lost faith in was myself. He could not reveal himself to me, because, evidently, I lacked the power to hear oracles.

The Greek stories with their immortal Gods and Goddesses were a great consolation to me, for these gay and genial, though at times hasty-tempered beings were of the sort that I could understand. They were naturally of Una Mary's world, and as they sometimes conferred immortality on the human worshippers who won their favor, who could tell, if I devoted myself wholly to one of them, whether Una Mary might not become immortal? Not Una, I preferred to have her die; but as Una Mary, I should love to live forever on Olympus, or if not worthy of such a high destiny, to be turned into a flower or a star was almost all that one could wish.

How I loved the narcissus! and when we had one growing in a flower-pot, I used to hold a hand-mirror so that he could look down and still see his loveliness reflected and fall in love with his own image all over again as he had done when he gazed in the fatal spring. To become a flower, even if one were turned into it as a punishment, was much better than believing one's bones skinned out by Death. So Death retreated into the far distance and even the shadows on the ceiling lost their terrors. God I still accepted, but as I now thought of Him, He was not concerned with the fate of men. All that had to do with us, He had turned over to the Gods. He was the first cause, the far-off Being who had made the Gods.

In the hope of winning immortality for Una Mary I decided to worship Minerva. She has since seemed so austere and forbidding that I am surprised I picked her out. Venus was out of the question because she had no arms (there was a statue of her on the mantelpiece in Mamma's room), but either Juno or Diana would have seemed a more natural choice. I think she was dear to me because of her masculine traits, as I felt I myself—that is, Una—was a boy-girl, so she, the man-woman, was appropriately my chosen Goddess. I may also have been influenced by my silver knife, fork, and spoon, my own, the ones I always used, given to me when I was a baby, with handles that ended in medallions that were decorated with heads of Minerva; and our pepper-pots were made in the shape of her owls, making meals, when I remembered to think about it, rather sacramental affairs.

I built an altar to her in the far corner of the back yard where the fence touched an adjoining house. Between ceremonies I carefully concealed it under sticks and leaves, though it would have conveyed nothing even to the most curious if left in full view, as outwardly it was merely a pile of scraps of broken china and glass, the most gayly colored I could find. I deliberately broke a red vase of Mamma's to get the pieces from the ash-barrel, as red was the color my altar lacked.

On top of this pile during ceremonies I used to put a real quartz crystal I had begged from Papa, and always carried about between times in my pocket. It was one of those crystals, perfect on all sides, that are found loose inside of geodes.

The whole service to Minerva consisted after I had arranged the crystal on the altar, in lying flat on my stomach on the grass in front of it, watching the light shine through the various angles and planes of the crystal. In their perfect precision and the cold clearness of the quartz I felt the personality of Minerva and seemed to be almost in her presence. Una Mary had a sure instinct for resemblances always in the selection of her symbols.

Whenever I had any candy—we were only allowed crystals of sugar on a string, or colt's-foot rock, provided on the slightest suspicion of a cold by Harry's grandmother—I always saved a piece to put on the altar, and there I religiously left it to be melted away by the rain. Once and once only I succumbed to temptation and took a suck, licking it smooth again so Minerva would never know, but my conscience never let me do it again, and My Imp, who seemed intimately related to my conscience, never allowed me to forget about it.

I really loved Minerva symbolized in the crystal, and used to pour out all of my troubles before her; above all, my grief

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at not looking and seeming Una Mary to all the world. That most secret grief I felt she could understand. Minerva herself must have often had the same feeling —my dreadful arty feelin —when she moved among the other Goddesses on Olympus.

During the firefly season my religious paraphernalia was greatly enriched by small paper boxes, the only thing I had learned to make at kindergarten, in which I put live fireflies and ranged them in front of the altar, that with their light they might serve as Vestal Virgins. There was a large and serious toad who used to come out in the spring and often join me at the services. I had a great respect for him and felt he must be deeply religious, though since then I have suspected him of designs upon the Vestal Virgins, who used mysteriously to disappear.

From some old quarries near us, the quarries where Harry and I had tried to dig through to China, one could look over the city below and across the Ohio River to Kentucky, rolling off in blue undulations to the horizon. This blue haze of distance was to me the blue grass from which the State got its name, almost as blue as the sky, only darker, it seemed.

I loved the thought that I could see another State, and once when Harry and I were taken across the river and actually set foot on its soil, I felt I had really travelled, much more so than when we went East for the summer. The two nights and a day that it then took to reach Boston by train blurred the impression of change of State, while here it was immediate—just driving in a carriage like any other drive, yet we had come to a new State with a different governor.

Governors and politics in general had real importance to me, because of the interest taken in them by Pat, my coachman friend. I used to sit on a bucket and watch him in high rubber boots up to his hips as he washed carriages with a hose. I admired him greatly, though at the same time I was sorry he had to wash carriages for the Browns, without the final e. We had some cousins who had the e, so I knew how important it was. As he worked he regaled me with his political views.

Pat was a Democrat, I think. I remember he convinced me, as he gesticulated with his hose, that "Grover Cleveland wuz the finest man this country iver produced." He gave me, too, a great deal of the history of politics, so full of details that the names of the various parties and men were jumbled in my mind with sayings about "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and log cabins on wheels that were dragged in the torchlight processions because the backbone of the country and most of the Presidents were born in log cabins. I felt keenly the fact that Papa had been born in a brick house and so was barred forever from becoming President.

The last year I knew Pat, the ominous word "Mugwumps" had begun to be used. He liked it, but often other men growled it out in such a venomous way that I got the impression that it must be some sort of snake that stung people and changed them completely, so my horror was great when I heard that Papa, after "sitting on the fence," had become one. But it did not change him at all, which cheered me so that I began to wonder if my other terror could be as bad as I had thought. I hoped not, for it was one of Una Mary's horrors at night—the Klu-Klux-Klan. You just whispered the word to yourself and shuddered. I could always make Harry turn pale by murmuring it into his ears. Pat described them fully, white masked Riders who rode at night and killed people or tied them to trees and beat them, and the police thought they were all in prison and so did nothing about catching them. White Caps was another name for them, but that sounded too cheerful. Klu-Klux-Klan was the word that expressed them. Klu-Klux sounded so like some awful stealthy thing coming up behind you and then at the Klan it clutched, and if you happened to be Harry when I said the word to him, by the time I reached Klan you had ducked under the bed.

The most important thing in Politics as I imbibed it from Pat seemed to be roosters. People wore them as badges, and Pat himself even had a whole stuffed one that he had worn perched on top of his hat when he drove the horses that dragged the log cabin in the torchlight procession. I was sure the Governor and President in

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some way needed the help of roosters in governing, and I always thought of them with crowing cocks perched on the arms of their official chairs.

On that eventful day when we went to Kentucky I found in the garden of the house where we lunched a queer lumpy crimson flower that I had never seen before, and when I heard its name, cockscomb, I was convinced it must later grow out a whole rooster, like the Mythology story of the warriors who sprang up in the field where the dragon's-teeth were sown, coming out of the ground head first, a little at a time. This plant, when I saw it, had only gotten as far as the comb. My theories of birth were a little upset by it as I wondered if there were human plants, too, but on the whole I decided in favor of the egg theory, as the stems of plants seemed too weak even to hold up a puppy. I watched the rooster plant for some time in the hope that at least an eye might grow out while I watched, but it grew too slowly and looked exactly the same all the time I was there. I studied it with great reverence as the parent of all true Politics and the associate of future Presidents. When I told Pat about it next day he said: "Shure and ye ought to be a blissed Catholic with the sinse ye've got fur miracles."

My only disappointment about Kentucky came in finding that the grass instead of being blue was most aggressively green, though I found a small blue flower that Mamma said was blue-eyed grass. So I hoped it, at any rate, carpeted the rest of the State.

It was a wonderful day of many experiences. The friends we were with had, before the Civil War, been part of the "Underground Railway," which I had supposed to be a good deal like the Hoosac Tunnel. So it was surprising to find it was made up of people, and as they told my mother about smuggling slaves to the North and the narrow escapes some of them had had and the hatred they had brought upon themselves in a slave-owning community, I, listening unnoticed but breathless, suddenly had a glimmering of how much people, real people who were not book people at all, might be willing to do and risk for others, even for people they had never seen, and the wrongs and needs of the blacks became so vivid to me that the next day I presented a bird-shaped whistle, one of my treasures, to the janitor of a church near us, the only colored person I had ever seen. He was greatly pleased and said he would give it to his little boy. But I was much disappointed, feeling that would frustrate my object, and urged him to keep it for himself, as it never occurred to me that his little boy could be black also.

The house where these Kentucky friends had lived during the war was burned to the ground by a gorilla band as a reprisal on the part of their Confederate neighbors, and the family themselves had barely escaped with their lives. All their silver, which I later inspected with great awe, was buried in the woods for months before they dared to go back and get it.

Their stories made Harry rush out of doors and play war by chopping off the heads of daisies with a stick, yelling at each stroke, "Curse ye for Yanks," as the Rebels had shouted when they burned down the house. I did not care to play with him, for the fierce and relentless side of war had been brought home to me even more vividly than by handling the sword Harry's father had used during the war, a sword that had really cut people and dripped blood as he slashed at the enemy from horseback. He had been a captain of cavalry. Over the mantelpiece in their dining-room, there was a large painting of him in uniform charging the enemy. Harry was consequently our authority on war, but as he talked about it, it had never seemed terrible.

Now I longed to hear more and used to question every man who was older than my father, for Papa I knew had been too young to enlist, and I found that nearly every one we knew had either fought himself or had stories about relatives who had. It became the most absorbing subject to me, and I perfectly understood their reticence and the bald, abrupt way in which they so often spoke of battles, escapes, and the wounds they had received. It was just like not making a fuss over a cut finger. Our doctor had only one leg and when I asked him about it, his answer, "I left that foot at Gettysburg," thrilled me more than the most detailed account.

I was troubled when I thought of all the

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stray arms and legs on different battlefields, and hoped Death knew them apart, so when the skeletons were put together people would get the souls of their own arms and legs. It would be so horrible if they got mixed and a person wore part of some one else! I wondered, too, if the outsides of the arms and legs became little separate angels. I knew Cherubs were just detached heads with wings, so now I had a most vivid picture before my mind of a battlefield at dusk—I had seen one, just a common, grassy pasture, with hundreds of detached limbs sailing off to the sky, each with its own pair of wings, while Death wandered about below tying paper tags with the names on to all the bones that were left before sticking them into the ground. When the rest of the man died, I wondered if Death put his skeleton in a grave on the battlefield, or went and dug up the part that was there and buried it in the cemetery with the rest of the body. Fortunately I had never heard of a Day of Judgment to complicate my difficulties.

That people were actually killed in battle I did not know. No one happened to mention that part to me. I thought from the stories I heard that they were often wounded and barely escaped with their lives, but they always did escape and often they were incredibly brave.

Pat had been a drummer for his regiment. He often played to us after work with a pair of sticks on a turned-up bucket. We thought it was wonderful music. He had no hesitation about telling us all the details of how superbly he had behaved and what he had accomplished single-handed. He often seemed to have been alone in the forefront of battle surrounded by the enemy whom he kept off with a pistol in one hand and a drumstick in the other until he managed to wrench a sword or a gun from one of the gray coats. And once he knocked down three men by butting into them with his drum! Harry tried it on me and it knocked out my wind completely. It was clever of Pat to think of it in the thick of battle!

That was the one of all his adventures that we liked best, but he did not in the end get off scot-free. Even the marvellous Pat with all his skill had lost one finger in battle, and had a mysterious stitch in his side as the result of another. Harry had seen it once. Pat showed it to him as a great favor.

Now for the first time the human drama, as something real and existing outside of books or the imagination, became vivid and absorbing to me. Una Mary could do all sorts of magnificent things that Una was afraid to do, but that real living men actually did those things positively awed me, and their courage made me thrill as books never had and it made me shudder, too, reminding me of the gas-tanks against the blue sky. There was the same element here in human life, the same splendid, immeasurable terror that I could not understand.

That same year several things happened to deepen this impression of a dangerous, unknown Power woven through, and yet outside of all our lives.

The first was a riot down in the city. Of course I only heard about it, but people talked of nothing else for days. As I remember, the troops were called out, and during the fight several people were killed. I had seen a hawk shot, had heard the crack of the gun, seen the bird waver an instant in the air, then fall flopping and whirling to the ground, where I picked him up, a warm, limp mass of feathers that seemed tragically remote from the creature proudly soaring in the air a moment before. And now men had been shot down near us! The thought haunted me for weeks, and each day when my father went to the laboratory I was afraid he, too, might be shot. The University was on the side of the hill half-way down to the city, where it could be reached by a cable inclined plane known as the "Ink-line," and I imagined all the rioters in the city shooting up at the descending cars. It was horrible! It was even worse than the snatching of Death himself, this killing of human beings by other human beings. It was as monstrous as an old sow eating her suckling, an event that had shocked me inexpressibly at the farm the summer before.

The next terror was a smallpox epidemic. I remember seeing the signs outside many houses, and on Mount Auburn Avenue, the street that joined ours at right angles, there was an almost continuous procession of funerals all day long to

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the cemetery in the country beyond. I am sure now that the smallpox could not have been responsible for them, but I thought so then, and used to watch them with a grewsome fascination and count the hearses I could see from the bay-window in the parlor. It was the day of hearses splendid with carving, metal trimmings, and black plumes, and the horses had more plumes on their heads and coverings of tasselled net on their backs. Una Mary felt they were magnificent and I turned a toy wagon into a hearse drawn by a rocking-horse covered with an old dotted veil of Mamma's and had funerals every day for my dolls, with old calling-cards standing up against blocks for their gravestones.

I secretly felt that our house lacked dignity because we had never had a real funeral in it. Most of the other children had at their houses and bragged about it awfully. It all seemed part of our difference from other people, like our clothes. But I did not want a smallpox funeral, as Lizzie said no mourners were allowed to go to those. So I quite sympathized with our nurse, a person I remember only as a being who pushed baby-carriages, and dragged a protesting Me about the streets, when she always crossed over to the other side if we came to one of the smallpox signs. And as I zigzagged on our walks I got the impression that smallpox was a creature ready to jump out like a jack-in-a-box and seize us if we ever got within reach of his arms, or if we even looked afraid he had some strange power over us. So I used to walk past the signs with a very brave and unconcerned expression of countenance to deceive him, though inside Una Mary quaked with her old mysterious fear, and was always afraid The Imp would in some way betray me.

My brave outside was very much like my behavior one night when I thought I heard burglars in the next room. I knew Mamma and Papa had gone to a party, and I was afraid the burglars would kill my small sister, who was in their room, and I knew if I screamed or acted as if I were afraid everybody would be killed at once. Our nurse had said burglars always killed people who were scared. So I decided to frighten them off in a way they would never suspect, and quaking with terror, my throat so dry I could scarcely make a sound, I called as loudly as I could, "Mamma, Mamma, I've got an awful pain!" and when Mamma came running in, for of course it was she I had heard, back from the party, I was so relieved I took the Jamaica ginger she gave me without a murmur.

The next summer while we were in New Hampshire the famous "yellow day" shut in upon us like a dry and very yellow fog. Darker and darker it grew. The air was breathless and still and the sun, which had seemed when I got up to be an orange balloon waiting in suspense in the sky to see what was going to happen, gradually grew paler and paler until it looked like the moon by daylight. The lamps had to be lighted for lunch and the chickens all went to roost at noon. The cows refused to eat and stood huddled in a group at the pasture bars, and all day the horses neighed despairingly.

The "Millerites," a sect of Second Adventists, of whom there were five in the town, said it was the end of the world, their leader had predicted, so they wound themselves in sheets and climbed to the roof of a barn and all day they sat there like enormous white birds, lamenting the destruction of the world and praying and exhorting the rest of us to join them before it was too late, and the tears streamed down their faces as they prayed. One of them was the hired man on our farm, and it seemed very strange to think of him as among the very few elect. No one else joined them, but the sight of them on the roof, combined with the eerie quality in the day and the awful stillness broken only by their prayers and the cries of frightened animals, so worked upon the nerves of the whole community that the bells of the church were rung to call the people to prayer-meeting and there all the orthodox gathered and prayed that the end of the world might be postponed, and it was all their fault, "working on the sympathies of the Lord," that prevented the Millerites from "rising up to glory"—so at least the Millerites said afterward to explain the fact that about nine o'clock they climbed down from the roof, very tired and hungry, for of course no one of them had bothered about food on that, their last exalted day.

I saw one woman stirring up some

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chicken food—the famished hens collected about her feet—still dressed in her sheet that flopped clumsily at every movement of her arm.

The hired man stayed all night on the roof, and it almost broke his heart that the end of the world did not come. When you have expected to "float in glory, blowing on a golden trumpet near the throne," it is hard next day to have to kill potato-bugs instead.

I had been much excited all day myself, but rather interested than frightened, I was so curious as to what it would be like if the world did end. Yet it made me distinctly nervous that Mamma had not gone to the prayer-meeting. Perhaps that would count against her if it were the Day of Judgment. I myself did creep into the back of the church, and there that usually satisfied and decorous assembly were praying and crying like the "shouting Methodists" our cook once took me to see. The whole day was decidedly a strain and most disquieting, and My Imp kept reminding me of all the things I had done that I ought not to have done. And even if the world did not end, the yellow day itself was still a fact, an unexplained and creepy fact. It had come upon us from somewhere and many more like it might descend upon us, and then I was sure we should all scream. If it had only done something it would have been more bearable. One longed for a terrific thunder-storm to shatter the heavy stillness.

The last spring we lived in Cincinnati was the year of one of the great Ohio floods, and Harry and I were taken down to see it. We drove through blocks and blocks of streets where the water came to the hubs of the wheels of our carriage, and all the lower stories of the houses were flooded, the people living up-stairs and going about in boats that they had to climb out of windows to reach.

Finally, we came to a place where we could go up some steps to the bridge, and from there we saw the whole snarling, turbulent, orange-colored monster foaming down upon us, tossing uprooted trees and wreckage like the leaves on a brook. There were even whole houses, small wooden ones, tumbling along on their sides, jerked this way and that, their slanting windows looking up at us with a cock-eyed expression of despair as if they simply could not understand it all. Harry had a splendid time counting the objects that tore past us, some dangerously near the bridge, and longed for a house with a wrecked family inside. But it was the river itself that fascinated and appalled me. I felt I was in the very Presence of the Person itself of all the terrors that I had vaguely and awfully felt during my life. It was the sum total of all Una Mary's nightmares personified into this gigantic, implacable wild beast, that yet was not a wild beast, and was more terrible so. He was alive, untamable, impersonal, and to be touched by no appeal. The very sky, dimmed by the mist of his foaming, seemed remote and helpless.

It was so wild and fierce I knew it was like Death and smallpox and war. Everything dreadful that I knew or had imagined was summed up in that Flood, and later, when I heard of the "Wrath of God," I knew it must be like that seething malignity.

(To be followed in October by "Mammy.")

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

With the racing schooners—**the outer mark.**

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THE MAKE-GOOD COUNTRY

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

IT had been a race against war for him from the moment that he had transferred the bulk of his Fourth Avenue savings-bank account into a letter of credit and started from his new home to his old. A race against war across Europe and across Bulgaria, in the fever of the mobilization of troops and guns! A race against war since he had alighted at the railroad station at Adrianople and set out on foot over the miserable Turkish roads!

The vigor of young muscles reacting springily from enforced confinement, Radko Alexieff travelled at the speed of an Alaskan hiker in a gold rush, from pleasure no less than from purpose.

"Not yet!" he thought, whenever he came to rising ground and listened without hearing the sound of battle.

All he asked of the Sultan and King Ferdinand was to wait hostilities till nightfall and his errand was done. Reaching a high hill after a steep climb, he smiled in relief to find that silence still prevailed —the vast silence of the Balkans, of a land without factories or trolleys or automobiles, its treeless, fenceless pastures grazed bare, isolated from the world of progress.

"One thing sure," said Radko Alexieff, American, to himself, "nobody ever gets nervous prostration here and nobody ever hustles except in an insurrection."

In that village hidden in the next valley, with the minaret of a mosque showing above the sky-line, he had been born; and from that village he had gone forth a Bulgarian and a Turkish subject, in sheepskin jacket and cap, to pass the portals of Ellis Island to the great adventure that lay beyond. A mile farther lay the Bulgarian frontier of European Turkey.

Approaching was an old shepherd in native homespuns, his face a wind-toughened field of furrows crisscrossed with wrinkles, which drew together around a thin slit of mouth pressed against toothless gums. Radko broke into a run, crying:

"It is you, Uncle Demetry! You came to meet me!"

His own features with American frankness reflected the liveliness of his emotions, but Uncle Demetry's remained fixed and grim, like the Balkan mountain ridges, even after his nephew had thrown his arms around the old man.

"So you are Radko—Sonia's son—my sister's son!" said he, as they started on toward the village. His shrewd little eyes took deliberate account of Radko's American shoes, with their bulging toes, and his soft hat with crown rolled in, and the pattern of ready-made suit which was the reigning popular style from Maine to California. "You are dressed worse than the clerks in Sofia!" Uncle Demetry concluded. "But you've grown big—big as your father was."

"And mother? She is still well?" Radko demanded in the next breath.

"In half an hour she will be trembling with joy, her arms around you," said Uncle Demetry.

"This very night I mean to have her across the frontier," said Radko. "We shall need a cart."

"I have arranged for one," Uncle Demetry replied.

"And Marya? How is she?" Radko asked.

There Uncle Demetry's eyes demonstrated that they were capable of twinkle, and of a kind of knowing and teasing twinkle which made Radko blush.

"Well. You shall soon see. Your mother will tell you all. That is a woman's affair," replied Uncle Demetry. "Is it true that the man you call the boss in your letters has raised you to fifty dollars a week?" he asked.

"Surest thing you know!" answered Radko, unconsciously in English, and then confirmed his statement in Bulgarian.

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"Wonderful country, America!" observed Uncle Demetry, somewhat scepticallly. "Money seems to be as thick there as wool on a sheep's back; and I suppose you have to wear clothes fit for no Christian in order to get your share."

"No, you must work hard for it; you must make good!" replied Radko. "And I like the clothes. They're American!"

"Pouf! pouf!" Uncle Demetry blew out his lips.

"And the war! If it will only wait a few hours longer!" said Radko.

"Ah! The war!" Uncle Demetry's eyes glinted savagely. "But I like it not, taking the Greeks and Serbs in as allies. They will trick us. They're all liars! Only the Bulgars are honest."

"The same old hates! Race against race!" thought Radko. "In America," he began—but why tell Uncle Demetry that in America Bulgars and Greeks and Serbs had an equal chance to get citizenship papers, and earn fifty dollars a week, and nobody wanted to listen to their prejudices?

"I wait! I pray," resumed Uncle Demetry, "for the flash of our bayonets across the frontier! The Bulgarian nation is coming to deliver us Bulgars who live under the Turks. We shall have our revenge. The Turk has grown soft and fat—yes, soft and fat, like that beast!"

The furrows and wrinkles twitched in revulsion as he pointed a skinny forefinger toward a Turkish officer who was approaching from the direction of the village on horseback; a man of about Radko's age, powerfully built and inclined to flesh, with his mustache ends turned up jauntily in Prussian fashion. Suddenly Uncle Demetry gripped Radko's hand in warning.

"Take care you don't look up at him! Look at the ground!" he said.

As the officer rode by Uncle Demetry's wrinkles showed that they could really smile. The smile was silkily respectful as he made a deferential bow; the mask of fawning with which a man of a subject race hides his feelings before his rulers.

On his part Radko made no obeisance—not he, with a steady job in New York at fifty dollars a week, and his citizenship papers in his pocket. Nor would he hide his face. He regarded the big Turkish captain much as he would anybody he passed on Broadway. But after the captain had gone by and he looked around to see Uncle Demetry's wrinkles again graven in flint, he asked:

"Isn't that Sabat, the son of Ali, the old bey of my time—the fellow I had the fight with just before I went away?"

"Yes, you simpleton—the fight that made you fly in the night to escape from the old bey's anger!" growled Uncle Demetry. "And you stared him right in the face as if you were the Sultan himself! He remembers you. He sometimes speaks of you. He does not forget. You are in Turkey—Macedonian Turkey, you fool—and not yet across the frontier with your mission finished."

This idea of holding malice over a boys' scrap was too much for the American risibilities of Radko. He burst into laughter, free, hearty laughter that rang over the bare hills. Uncle Demetry frowned perplexedly and contemptuously. Uncle Demetry had laughed only a few times since he had been old enough to carry a rifle. The best laugh he had ever had was when he killed a Turkish captain, hand to hand, in the last insurrection.

"And Marya?" Radko proceeded. "She wrote me that with the death of her mother a great change had come over her life. What is she like? Has she grown tall? Has——"

"Make your steps as fast as your tongue, impatient child, and all your questions will be answered!" interrupted Uncle Demetry, who was bred in the indirection of the East. "And I will meet you at your mother's door. I go this way for the cart."

He took a branch path while Radko kept on with the one leading into the main street. After he had gone a few yards, Uncle Demetry looked back over his shoulder with a cunning and warning glance, and called:

"If you see that old sinner Ahmed"—who was Marya's father—"don't mention that you recollect that he ever had a daughter!"

A little farther and Radko was looking down upon the huddle of houses in the midst of the drainage from the hills, around the dirty white domes of the mosques and the single small Christian

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church which he had known in boyhood. His life there seemed to belong to some remote and shadowy incarnation, as do native memories to many another emigrant of the races tossed from Ellis Island into the American melting-pot. Excepting those of blood ties, the sweetest memory was that of the old American missionary who had come to live next door to his family when Radko was twelve. He had taught Radko English, and in turn Radko had taught English to Marya as they sat together on the Alexieff doorstep or under a mulberry-tree in Ahmed's garden.

Though Marya had the name of the Virgin, which was also her mother's, her father was a Mohammedan. You could ride east or west, or north or south, in race-broiling Macedonia all day, and perhaps not find another instance of the intermarriage of Turk and Christian Bulgar. Ahmed was older than his wife, who had been a village beauty and an orphan, and Ahmed was rich. There was nothing he could refuse her when she smiled on him. His fellow Mohammedans said that she exercised a charm over him, and that such a marriage was against the law of the Prophet, and no good could come of it; and the Christians also said that it was against the law of God, and no good could come of it. Or, to be exact, all the Christians said so except the old missionary, who was always talking about education and sanitation and loving your neighbor. Therefore had he come to the Balkans to sow seed, as he expressed it.

Marya had been ten years old when Radko, at sixteen, left home hurriedly on advice after he had held Sabat, the son of Ali the bey, down in the mud of the street until he cried for mercy. At that time she gave promise of being as beautiful as her mother. It was good fun for Radko to watch her dimples playing, and the tips of her very white teeth showing as she repeated English words, and frowned and laughed over her mistakes in pronunciation; and the magic of the "Arabian Nights" and Kismet gleamed from her dark eyes. At their parting they promised to write to each other in English. They had established an international correspondence school for two, the young daughter of the Turk and the struggling young Bulgar in that distant land where, as Radko wrote, "If you make good you are all right." So Marya, given to the figurative speech of the East, called America the "make-good country."

Radko earned his first money shovelling snow after a great storm in New York. He peeled potatoes and washed dishes in restaurants; he worked as a day-laborer. Yet always he had managed to send a little money home, and a good deal since his father's death and his mother had been dependent on him for support. Oh, it had been hard for the first few years, harder than Americans who did not arrive at citizenship by the way of Ellis Island ever realize. But the hardness of it gave his success a sweetness which the native-born who rise to fifty a week can never know.

All the American enthusiasms became his. He loved to impart them to others. Keeping his compact, he was still writing to Marya as a teacher writes to a pupil, without any mention of love even after she was eighteen, which makes a girl almost an old maid in Turkey. He recorded the height of the latest sky-scraper, and the progress of the major league pennant races, and many things as occult to Marya, dwelling in the lap of the Thracian hills, as the romances of ancient Bagdad to us. Her only pastime was her painstaking answers and her endeavors to visualize the marvels he described. Her last letter was in the same pocket with his passport. He did not know why he had brought it along, unless for its quaintness. Perhaps the quaintness of Marya's efforts in English accounted for keeping up the correspondence.

"Dear Friend:

"It is to give me the abundant pleasure to read your conviction that my English do improve" [wrote Marya], "when I have to perform with your corrections and the help of dictionary and the clippys of newspapers you inclosure with marked American slang words. This give me some happy thought when I am so sad from revolutionary circumstances, since my mother go to long rest and my father has so change in the temper. For I am much flattered by such a sure thing swell compliment from the great scholar who make fifty dollars a week by his personal un-

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divided efforts in the make-good country and know English by talking him all day like the brook babble over the stones. The English is hard for me, like the brook do have to run up hill over self same stones.

"Yes, indeed, it is hard for me the English, but happy for me in peeved bereavement. It make the sun wing fast to take the dictionary and hunt through the many little types for understanding your big words and catch with proper spelling big words to make answer. Most particular hard of all is to know where to put big words. The ubiquitous desire to make them all perpendicularly correct sometimes corrugate the brow with the headache.

"Please write to me always, which is so kind of you to cure my sadness. It will not, I hope, to make jealous the beautiful American girls in their shirt waists drinking the ice cream soda that you teach me the English. For is that not what they call co-education in emancipated women and perfectly allowable? I should like much to see the shirt waist girls. I should like much to wear the shirt waist and drink the ice cream soda and thus to improve my English on native soil.

"It must be wonderful to shoot higher than the minarets of Adrianople in expressed elevators and fall all the way back down without any fractures of the anatomy or injuries to the flesh. Yes, indeed, not to mention wonderful jump on electric cars and pay five cents as you enter please and the next minute so quick to be in Coney Island or Chicago or polo grounds with the fans, watching the ball games batting the umpire. Are the ball games fans also electric like those rocking you sleepy with cold in the neck when weather is hot with high general humidity?

"Please write to me. It is not more than few wiggles of finger effort on wonderful typewriter to make one little letter which gives your admiring pupil long time in lone village of Turkey to read and answer with correct spelling out of dictionary. Sure thing. Please write. Pray accept my kind regards and believe me your obedient servant,

"MARYA.

"P. S. Have I not used a lot of long dictionary words? I hope they are not uncomfortably in the wrong places."

As Radko came into the muddy main street, with its few huge cobbles, slippery beacons in a sea of mud, there was her father's house, no more changed than the rest of the village. He recollected how it had once seemed a grand mansion to him, this unpainted affair of wood, conspicuous by its two stories and its overhanging balcony. Somewhere behind the lattices of the balcony was the other party to the international correspondence school. He glanced upward, but saw no pair of dark eyes which should have been peering out when a young man passed, according to the Western idea of oriental romance.

Picking his way along the narrow ledge of stones that formed the sidewalk came a white-haired Turk, with a straight-backed, peaked head under his fez, and big nose and brown face. It was Ahmed, Marya's father; and Ahmed was truly very old, his steps feeble. Though noted in Radko's boyhood among his people for his sunny disposition, no less than for his liberal views, he now wore a rapt and hard expression. He bestowed on the stranger in foreign clothes a sharp, critical glance, followed by a contemptuous shrug, which seemed to express his opinion of all unbelievers.

"He didn't recognize me," thought Radko, looking back to see Ahmed entering his house. "'My father has so change in the temper,'" he recalled the words of Marya's letter.

A bend in the street and he was before an old woman waiting in a doorway. She bore a family likeness to her brother Demetry. Her face was as crisscrossed with wrinkles and as foreign to the mobility of smiles as his, and she was even more bent. In her eyes, which reflected the veritable sorrow of the Balkan centuries, at sight of her son came a beam that was young with girlhood, and old with a primitive faith. While Radko held her close she breathed fast but did not sob. When he let her go her gaze dwelt on his face, then on the sturdy figure in its strange, neat, foreign garb, then a long time on his face again in silence.

"Son Radko!" she breathed, the words expressing all her pride in the grave dignity of the East. "All alone in that far country you fought your battle and every

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Radko was looking down upon the huddle of houses in the midst of the drainage from the hills.—Page 328.

month sent me money. Son Ralph! Is that the way they call you in America—Ralph?"

"Yes, I am Ralph in America, little mother!" Radko said, smiling as he kissed her again.

"I see the same thing in your face that was there the day you went away, when I gave you up for lost, you were going so far," she said. "It's like sunshine, like hope—hope that has lasted after you were a man grown. It wouldn't have remained if you'd stayed here. Do all the people in the make-good country have that in their faces—the sunshine of hope?"

"Yes, if they like to make good—and they come from the Balkans," Radko added. "And you are ready to go, little mother? We must not talk. We must hurry. I want you across the frontier before the war begins."

"Ready, son Ralph, as soon as Demetry comes with the cart," answered the mother, and she pointed to a few packages by the door, which left little worth carrying even across the street in that bare room.

"Oh, you will like America!" exclaimed Radko. "And you needn't take that chair. You won't want it in the little flat in Harlem I've furnished for you. There are cushioned chairs and a gilded centre table"—he was falling into the figurative language of the East himself, now—"which is as bright as the gold crescent on a minaret! And the sewing-machine whose needle makes a tiny, singing shaft of light as it sews ten times as fast as by hand! Over there, as soon as people have a little money they don't buy more ammunition and go out to kill other people. Oh, you will like the flat! It's clean and bright, with steam heat to keep you warm all winter. And you'll have nothing to do but sit by the window and look out at the busy street, where the shining brass of the automobiles flashes by like an endless train of comets over the gray sky of the pavement."

"Yes, as you wrote to Marya and to

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me," said his mother, giving him a studious glance at the mention of Marya's name. "We exchanged our letters and read them together in secret, and laughed over them; and I cried, too, I was so proud of you!"

"I must see Marya before I go—there must be time enough to spare for that!" he exclaimed. "Now, before Uncle Demetry comes with the cart! Come!" He took her gently by the arm to start.

"That's not so easy, son Ralph!" replied the mother.

"Not easy? Why, she lives next door!" said Radko, fully American in thought for the moment.

"You are in Turkey, son. Since his wife's death old Ahmed has turned devil. He thinks he owes Allah repentance for marrying a Christian, and he must pay or he will not get into Paradise. He has made Marya cover her face and prostrate herself to Mecca. She is never permitted to go into the street. He treats her according to the Turkish idea that a woman has no soul, and is meant only for the delight of her superior, man!"

"Little Marya shut up like that! Why, it's silly! It's ridiculous—it's like a plot out of the movies, that makes your eyes bulge in suspense, but never happens in real life!" exclaimed Radko.

His mother's eyes lighted at his emotion.

"How I feel for her!" she went on. "Marya has been like a daughter to me. But I have not told you all. Ahmed has arranged for her to marry Sabat."

"When she does not love him?"

"Love him! He makes her blood run cold! Love him! Who do you think Marya loves?" the mother demanded, almost challengingly.

"And Ahmed is in the house now—I saw him go in!" Radko broke out in hasty, clipped sentences of indignation. "Of all the—why, I haven't seen her since she was a little girl! I suppose the old fellow would bar the door. We must find a way!"

His mother screwed her lips into a kind of smile and looked significantly toward Uncle Demetry, who now appeared in the doorway and returned his sister's look in kind.

Uncle Demetry thought highly of his cunning. He could hold his own in subtlety and evasion, or with rifle in hand, with the best of the racial enemies. If he had told Radko of his plan at first, why, it would have been no plan, to his mind, for want of oriental circumlocution. He would not have been a worthy son of the Balkans, but a mere blundering, talkative novice, babbling the brains out of his wise old head.

"Here is your cart!" said Uncle Demetry. "Now, I've an engagement with Ahmed to look at his sheep. He wants to sell them and get away before the war begins. Ah"—Uncle Demetry fetched a winking grimace with his stiff, wrinkled features—"I shall drive a good bargain! When you see us go by the coast is clear," he added, as he started away, "unless you play the fool, Radko, and stand in the doorway and call out who you are, and where you are going—which is the way they do in America, I believe!"

In a few minutes Uncle Demetry passed by, telling Ahmed, at his side, that the war was bound to make sheep so cheap that there would be no giving them away; and when they were out of sight Radko and his mother hurried out, keeping to the cover of the wall between the two gardens till they came to a gate which he knew of old. Through this gate Marya used to come to receive her lessons in English from the old missionary on the Alexieff doorstep.

"Stay here a minute! I will see if she is ready," said the mother, when they were at the rear door of Ahmed's house.

Radko's feelings were mixed. His curiosity to see Marya was weakened by the consciousness that his mother had abetted a romance between them. He realized how his letters might have encouraged the idea, while all the time his purpose had been centred on seeing his mother safe out of the Balkans forever, comfortably settled in the Harlem flat. Then, if he were going to marry, he would fall in love with an American girl. The picture of Marya which he carried in mind was at the age of ten, in pigtails. During the eight years which had wrought such changes in him, her horizon had been bounded by this miserable Turkish village. In another hour he would be on his way to the

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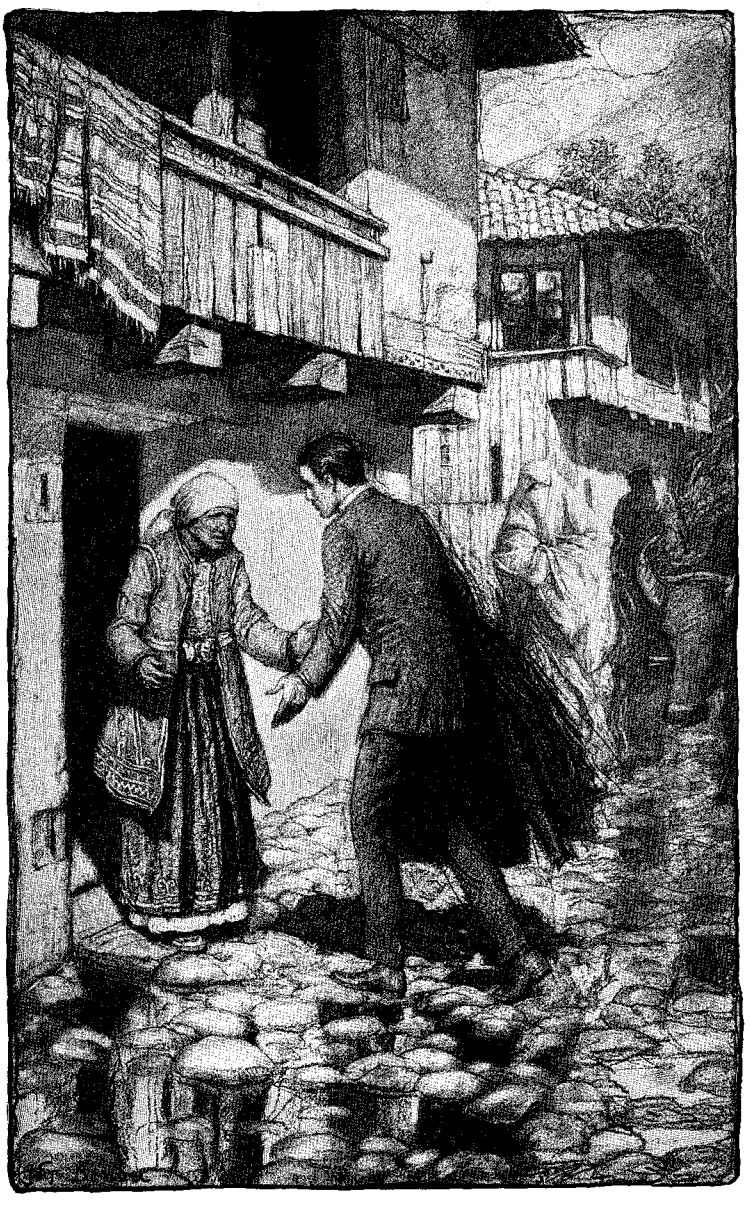

A bend in the street and he was before an old woman waiting in a doorway.—Page 330.

frontier. He could not be making love to Marya in a few minutes, if this were what his mother expected of him. He was almost wishing that the charm of her fascinating written English might not be spoiled by seeing her in the flesh, when his mother reappeared.

"Go in!" she told him. "I wait for you at home!" She gave him a parting glance that said in the language of the East: "I leave the rest to fate!"

As he entered the main room of Ahmed's house he saw standing at the other end a girl in Turkish costume. Very slender she was, and she seemed to float toward him with swift, gliding steps. Her hair was a lustrous black, a great mass of it, such as her mother had had, and

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under it an olive brow, and long, dark lashes fringing eyes that were startled and questioning. But her face was hidden behind the conventional Turkish veil, which

Uncle Demetry passed by, telling Ahmed that the war was bound to make sheep so cheap that there would be no giving them away.—Page 332.

fluttered with her quick breaths as she paused before Radko with a look of tremulous, childish appeal.

"Mister Ralph, please to take the hospitable welcome after your long journey by sea and land!" she exclaimed, in the studied English of a set speech prepared for the occasion. Her voice was as soft as the summer breezes of the Ægean, and her accent, which was the product of lesson-book practice without a teacher, had a compelling charm.

Apollo fitted by a Fifth Avenue tailor could not have been more splendid to her than Radko in the bloom of young manhood, his stalwart form giving grace to his ready-mades. He was conscious of her naïve and wondering admiration, which seemed to say that he was quite like what she had dreamed him to be. Though he knew the batting averages of the star batters of the major league, and had been on a debating team of the Y. M. C. A., our cosmopolitan was at a loss for words in the presence of the provincial little Turkish girl. His silence troubled her. Had she neglected some accepted form of hospitality of the make-good country?

"But it is not yet that we say Howdy do and Hello and pass the handshakes," she said, as her hand went out impulsively.

For a second her fingers rested in his, and then fluttered free, as she blushed on finding that he was still only staring at her and not speaking. Was this really little Marya, this grown woman so straight and slender, with her great eyes clouded now with doubt? he wondered. He had a sense of a tongue unable to translate any one of his confused thoughts.

"Why—why doesn't he say something? What have I done that is wrong?" she wondered.

As a hostess, she was in the position of one who proceeds from written rules of etiquette for our best society rather than from experience. She recollected that in his letters he had told how the shirt-waist girls invited young men to sit down, and made them feel perfectly at home, and she recollected all that she had read in the newspaper "clippys" about co-education and emancipation of women. Like all hostesses in doubt, she tried to conceal her distraction and appear cool and natural.

"Please to come, friend Ralph!" she

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said; and turning with a swift step she led the way into a room typically Turkish, with a divan along the latticed window

quickly in elevators in the department stores. She flung some of the pillows of the divan aside, disclosing the hiding-place

A bare, graceful forearm shot up and whipped the veil aside, revealing her face.—Page 336.

balcony. "The very room," she exclaimed, stumbling on desperately in her efforts at English, "where I do to so corrugate brows in studying attempts at letters to make-good country. Please to sit yourself down."

Here, indeed, she had labored and dreamed that she was a real shirt-waist girl, dodging taxicabs, and shooting up

of the dog-eared old dictionary and the Bible which the venerable missionary had given her, safe among a lot of newspaper clippings.

"Long, vertebraty words and slang words, which to make include in one aching brain!" she exclaimed, as she pointed alternately at the dictionary and the clippings. "And this"—she could

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not think of any English words, and so she broke into Bulgarian—"the Bible which has neither the vertebraty nor the slang words, but little words so easy to understand, as the old missionary said. The cross he gave me," she touched her breast, "I carry here, close to my heart."

Radko had not seated himself at her invitation. He could find no words, either English or Bulgarian. Why had he come to see her? What was he going to do? flashed the questions in the background of his preoccupation in watching her. He felt like a fool; he felt—but he did not know how he felt. And Marya suddenly became very still, glancing up at him searchingly. In his eyes she could see only amazement.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a gasp, and rose a little unsteadily. It was her veil, her inhospitable veil that was at fault. In the make-good country girls did not wear veils.

A bare, graceful forearm shot up and whipped the veil aside, revealing her face. Eyelashes and nostrils and lips quivered with the temerity of the act, and a flush suffused the brown cheeks, with their soft, regular lines, sweeping down to the oval chin. She looked down at the floor, the flush deepening before the strange intensity of Radko's observation.

Radko's wits were all in his eyes, and in place of words was a lump as big as if his heart had risen into his throat. He was conscious of some spell that her beauty wove around his senses in oriental witchery. She was so fragile, so alive, at once so exotic and so real, that he was afraid of disturbing her pose.

As his silence, so forbidding to her, continued, a white spot appeared in the scarlet of her cheek. She moistened her lips, which turned pale and twitching, and gave a kind of gulping swallow. The woman's quick second nature, which leads her sisters of the make-good country to watch that the top buttons of bathing-blouses are buttoned, and that the skirts of a low-necked gown are over the ankles, now reverted to oriental convention. She had done a shameful thing for a Turkish girl; and she was Turkish. The make-good country was not for her. Suddenly transformed, with a flame in her eyes and her little chin firm set, she looked at him, crying:

"Please go! This is my room! Go!" while she swept the veil toward her face.

But his hands sprang out and grasped her arm, arresting the movement. Rational or irrational, Radko had decided that a man might fall in love in a few—a very few—minutes' time. She was a good enough American girl for him. He had words now, gusts of them, in the pungent directness of his adopted land and in the imagery of the East. She was in his arms, soft, yielding, throbbing with rapture, and in her eyes he saw something that completed the furnishing of the waiting flat in Harlem.

"You will go now, to-day, with my mother and me?" asked Radko.

"Yes, yes!" breathed Marya, lowering her lashes and resting her head on his shoulder.

Outside, the village street was as quiet as Marya's room. There was no sound except their breathing and their heartbeats; no sound until they heard a jingle of spurs over the stones under the latticed window. At this, Marya tightened the pressure of her arms around Radko's neck convulsively; her eyes grew dull with apprehension.

"Listen!" she whispered.

The jingle of spurs stopped before the door of Ahmed's house, and it seemed as if this might have been a signal for another sound which came from the distance—a burst of rifle-fire.

"That's the war! It's begun!" Radko exclaimed.

"Too late—too late!" she gasped.

"No," said Radko. "We shall be married. You will be the wife of an American citizen. If the Bulgars win, we'll be among friends. If the Turks win they will have to let the wife of an American citizen go!"

"Not the war, but that!" she whispered, as she drew away from him with a gesture to the doorway. The jingle of spurs was very loud as heavy steps came up the stairs. "Go! Go, for your life! It's Sabat! You are unarmed! You are in a Turkish woman's room—in the harem! Go!"

"Not without you!" answered Radko. He had a perfect right to be with Marya. It was not in his nature to run away from any man with her at his side.

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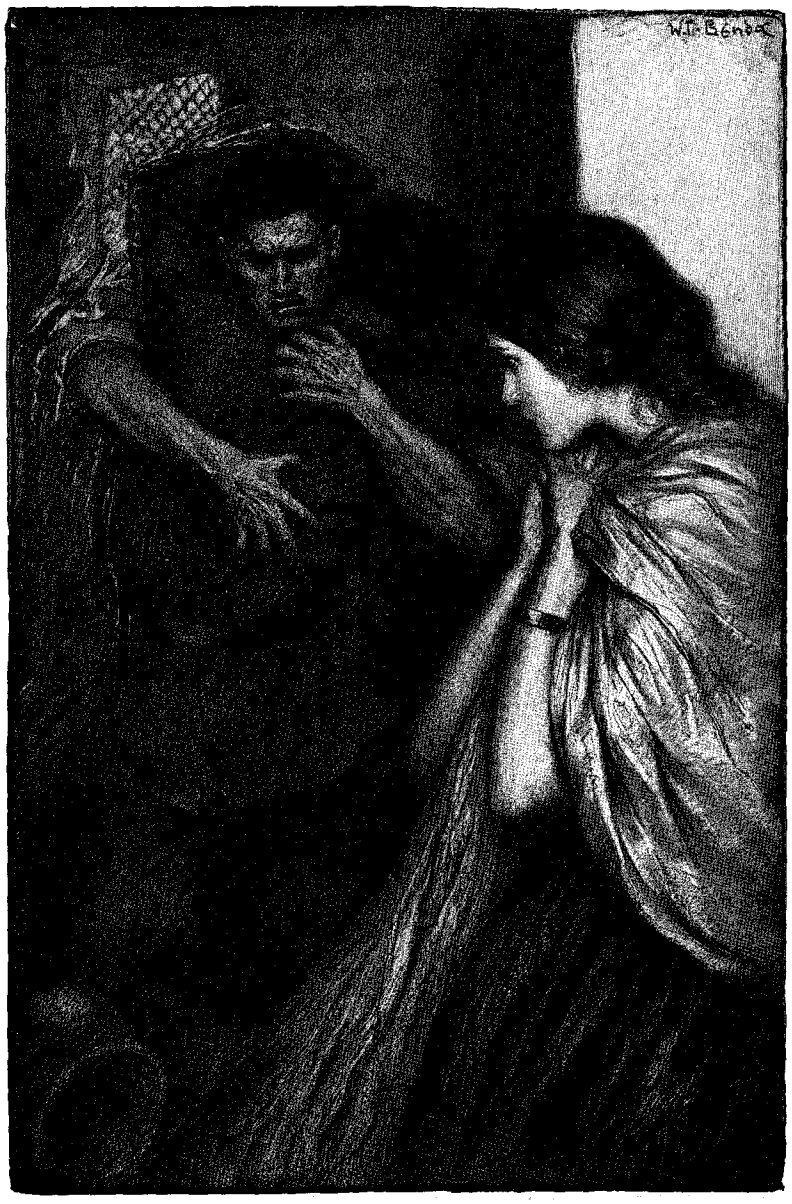

Thus the Turk and the Christian fought barehanded, man to man.—Page 338.

The spurs jingled at the head of the stairs; they were crossing the main room. Marya, the Turkish instinct again uppermost in her fear, drew on her veil.

She was nearer the doorway than Radko, as both faced toward it. Sabat, seeing her first, called:

"I came to take my beautiful pearl out of danger."

Then, at sight of a foreigner in the harem, the fire of rage leaped into his eyes together with recognition, and his hand flew to his hip and up again, and he covered Radko with his revolver.

"So, it's you! You cannot run away this time. It's your face that goes down in the mud this time and to stay!"

"Give me a gun, too, or put up yours!"

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Outside in the street could be heard the rushing tread of infantry in retreat.—Page 339.

answered Radko. "Fight fair, man to man, as we fought boy to boy!"

Sabat laughed mockingly.

"We don't bother in time of war to fight fair with peasant dogs that break into a Turkish woman's room!" he said. "We shoot them dead, as I am going to shoot you!"

Then Marya's voice, taut as a violin-string, broke in as she turned and took a step toward Sabat.

"I asked him to come in, Sabat," she said. "He is an old friend, a neighbor. I was foolish—I—" She took another step almost imperceptibly.

"You asked him—you—then it's all the more reason that I kill him!" said Sabat.

"Sabat! Look! Listen!"

Marya had thrown off her veil. Her face was revealed to him in all the glory of trembling lips and appealing eyes. The sight of her beauty, of her lithe young body, palpitating with long-drawn breaths, stayed his finger on the trigger and confused him for an instant.

"Because I loved him, Sabat! Because I want to go to the make-good country with him as his wife!"

The revolver barrel quivered with a fresh convulsion of anger at this news, and then was grimly still again. She was there before the Turk in all her charm and innocence, the prize which her father had given him, enjoyed in a comprehensive side glance; while at the other end of the room, under the gleaming sight of the revolver, was the Radko of the old grudge who stood between him and her. Sabat became mad with the desire of possession of the girl, and hate of his enemy.

Marya felt that desire in his glance as something horrible; she saw the flash of murder in his eye, telling her that he was going to fire. As she had drawn nearer to him she had kept poised on her toes. The close, still air of the room seemed to crack with an explosion coincident with a flutter of soft woman's garments, and a swift leap of bare arms. Marya, who had thrown up Sabat's revolver so that the bullet whistled over Radko's head, with a sudden strength in her agile hands wrested it from Sabat's grip.

"Now, square deal of make-good country!" she cried, as she flung the revolver out of the door to go bounding over the floor to the wall of the main room.

Thus the Turk and the Christian fought barehanded, man to man, even as they had fought boy to boy. The fight was long and hard, but the result was the same that it had been eight years before.

"You are still in Turkey! You broke into a house! You struck an officer! My

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soldiers will come and they will take care of you!" gasped Sabat, as he lay exhausted on the floor.

"They are here already!" replied Radko. "Listen!" Outside in the street could be heard the rushing tread of infantry in retreat. "Go and join them!" he added to Sabat, who hastened to act on the suggestion.

Seated on the divan in the window of a Harlem flat Radko's mother, gazing on the traffic of the streets below or at the towering sky-scrapers in the distance, is convinced at last that it is all real and permanent and not some magic carpet which will resolve itself into a Balkan landscape with an awakening from a dream. Even she wears a shirt-waist.

Though Marya is now able to arrange her English words comfortably in their places, she still speaks them with a charming accent; and whether in dodging taxi-cabs or finding bargains in the department stores, she holds her own with the native-born.

WALTER SCOTT

By Amalia Josephine Burr

MELROSE

How often has he lingered here alone
In such a golden evensong of Spring,
Making the eye-sweet melody of stone
More lovely for his words accompanying!
Singing for very youth of heart, compelled
By the keen urge of beauty, even as now
Tweed sings along the valley, April-swelled,
While the green fields flush slowly to the plow.

ABBOTSFORD

This dream come true in quaintly towered stone,
This palace of desire's accomplishment,—
Here in his hope already had he known
A sunset calm of richly earned content,
But a harsh clarion summoned him to fight
In sordid lists, to purge another's shame.
Harp-hearted, he rang true, and proved him knight
Of that high chivalry that reck not fame,
Being content to stand with shield unstained
Before God's face. Crown with a nation's meed
The Bard,—but here where patient and constrained
He toiled where he had hoped to soar indeed,
Humbled be still. His victory is gained,
And of earth's wordy praise there is no need.

DRYBURGH

Here lies his battered armor, hacked and scarred
By his long conflict. See, what fitter place
To hold the garb so honorably marred?
Green house of sleep, from which the years efface,
One after one, man's futile traceries
As one by one frail children of the pen
Faint slowly to forgotten silences.
Naught is immortal but the God in men.

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ABROAD WITH JANE

BY E. S. MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

III

WE were to meet our cousins at Rotterdam and travel with them to Paris by such easy stages as they might arrange. I agreed to this plan and approved of it, but was somewhat daunted by the fear that they might want to do something that I would not want to do. To be sure, I could not see that I had, so far, wanted to do much of anything we had done (though my great activities in London and our foray to Edinburgh were of my devising), but if not, that was due entirely to my incapacity to formulate wishes, which was just a natural detail of the hardship of being in Europe. The choice I had had was between doing what I did not want to do, or doing nothing, which is the choice so extensively offered to us in this life. But there is a worse thing than doing what you don't want to, and that is to be so much afraid of disliking what you may have to do, that you miss your fun. That is such a terrible mistake that I resolved by no means to fall into it. It is less trouble to like what you get than to get what you like, anyhow, and I was still for saving myself trouble.

Our boat was to get in at about five o'clock in the morning, and connect with a train to Rotterdam. There was another train about two hours later. We had to determine beforehand which to catch, and agreed to have our sleep out and take the second one. Having reached that sensible decision we slept without a care, and being waked, of course, by the noises of arrival, scrambled by mutual consent into our belongings and took the first train. For what was the use of lying awake on a noisy boat after you had arrived?

So it is often that our most useful decisions are those we revoke as soon as we have skimmed the preliminary good off of them. It is a great mistake to think a decision is of no use because you don't abide by it. A decision is just an accepted hypothesis that you work on until you get new light. If it serves until the completion of the process it belongs to, that ought to be enough.

On the station platform I first made acquaintance with the motto of Holland: *Verboten Sputen*. That, and kindred precepts, in sight wherever the tourist turns, give him his first aid to European languages and manners.

The two ladies, our cousins, had a proud apartment waiting for us in their hotel. It looked out on the river, which is as good to look at as anything I saw in Rotterdam. With this excellent beginning these kind ladies took entire charge of us. It was like going up on the moving stairs. It was even easier than being carried in the civilization of England. They had been several months in Europe, and were practised travellers; had recovered energy so as to be able to read guide-books; had a good judgment about hotels, and not so much ardor of inspection but what even I could keep up with them. Piloted by these indulgent guides we spent ten or twelve days in the Low Countries and looked at Rotterdam, The Hague, Delft, Haarlem, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges, and brought up at Ostend. To me it was all like a first bath, not much as washing, but worth while as an adventure in habits. What you want from travel is not so much knowledge as pictures in your mind. If you have the pictures you can supplement them with information out of books when you get around to it. Information abounds so that the great problem is how to store it, but there is no problem about storing mental pictures. If you have them, you have them always handy.

I got a few pictures of Holland into my gallery—cows in very damp, flat mead-

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ows; more cows; other and different cows; bulls; flower farms, truck gardens, tall Dutch houses with hoisting pulleys in their top gables, canals, boats, windmills. But the best pictures in Holland are the painted ones.

It was proposed at Amsterdam that we should go to a cheese-market in a near-by village, but it wasn't the right day, and we didn't go. I wondered why there should be this obligation to go off to see a cheese-market, but nobody explained beyond saying that the people and their costumes were interesting. I suppose the explanation is that the great Dutch factory that consumes almost everything that grows in Holland except what the people eat and what they sell as bulbs, and the gin, is the cow, and that the further manufacture and sale of the products of the cow get attention in proportion to their local importance.

This may not be a reliable explanation, but it fits in well with the cows in my mental picture.

As for the painted pictures, there are a great many good ones in Holland, as every one knows, and I looked at those that were offered wherever we went. Even while we were in London, in those crowded three days, Jane and I had walked through the National Gallery, and I had found it abundantly consoling, and wanted more of the same treatment, and from the admirable little gallery at The Hague to the Memlings at Bruges, I took pleasure in the pictures. The painters are editors of life, and life is a fairly rough composition, and is usually the better for skilful editing. I don't know how important the great painters have been as compared with other notables, but it is with them as it is with the writers, when you get to know them a little you find they have given form to many of the world's ideas. Our religion, especially, is a narrative of actions and sayings of people whom we see not as we ourselves imagined them, but as they were imagined and set forth by Leonardo, Raphael, and their brethren. Just as words, by some inexplicable magic, are able to transmit spirit, emotion, belief, from writer to reader, so the painters by their art contrive a like transmission. Their distinguished acquaintance is the better worth while the more you make it. Wandering through galleries is a process of getting acquainted with painters, and gradually absorbing what they have to say. There is a large family of them, but no two of them express themselves alike, nor does it take knowledge of art to recognize the pictures of a painter whom you know. Just as you recognize familiar handwriting, so you recognize the manner of a familiar painter. So the galleries, as you go from city to city, offer you this gentle excitement of meeting again the painters whom you know, and getting further discourse from them, and making or perfecting new acquaintances.

But it is a long step from knowing some of the painters and being able to recognize their manner in their pictures, to being able to discourse to edification about the qualities of their honorable work. A common-sense judge may usually make sound decisions, but it takes a real jurist to give sound reasons for them. Any of us may find happiness in pictures, but I suspect that only bonded experts with certificates should be permitted to talk about them. I suppose one can learn an art-critic patter which will pass for sense, and even imply intelligent discrimination. But that is little worth and too much trouble unless one is a showman. And since it is mortifying to say the wrong thing and immediately suspect that you have said it, as good a way as any for beginning art-sharps is to settle upon some general term of approbation, and stick to that. Thus, if you say that the "Night Watch" is a corker, that Rubens's achievements in Antwerp Cathedral are corkers, that Raphael's portrait of Castiliogne in the Louvre is a corker, that Leonardo's "St. Anne," and Reynolds's "Age of Innocence" are corkers, you have expressed your feeling without running any risk of putting your emphasis in the wrong place. The only thing you will miss will be correction, and that is valuable only when it proceeds from some one who knows more than you do. When you meet such a person it may pay to relieve your art-feelings in more detail, since nothing is more instructive than to say what is not so in the presence of some one competent and willing to set you right.

Perhaps it will not be too adventurous to suggest that the Dutch and Flemish

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painters, with due exceptions, leaned more to the concerns of the body and physical life, and the Italian painters to the soul and spiritual life. At any rate, the Italian painters seemed to me to be thinking a good deal about salvation, and the Dutchmen and Flemings about money and its derivatives. And yet at Antwerp, Rubens, whom I had previously associated a good deal with fat ladies, looms up very strong as a pious painter. But then, if I had a license I should be tempted to suggest, subject to correction, that Rubens was a great story-teller—Walter Scott and Dumas working with buckets of paint—and, out of his prodigious energy and abundance of everything pictorial, could paint anything that had a story in it.

Besides going to galleries we looked about, inspected The Hague and Scheveningen, motored in and out of the narrow canal-banks of Delft, voyaged on the canals of Amsterdam, and saw the wonderful, gloomy, red-haired, primeval-man monkey that had just joined its Zoo. At Antwerp we saw in our hotel an equally wonderful modern man at his dinner. He was a capacious man. He sat at a small table, alone except for the company of the head waiter, with whom from time to time he conversed. I could not see what he ate, and of course did not try to. I suppose he just ate down through the bill of fare, whatever it was, but I could not help noticing what he drank. Starting with sherry or some appetizer to an extent that I did not note, not realizing at first that he was a prodigy, he next had brought to him in a basket a dusty quart bottle of claret. That he drank up very leisurely, but in a copious sort of way out of tumblers, along with whatever he was eating, and then the waiter brought him what seemed to be beer in a decanter. Then we all began to be as interested as was consistent with deportment. It must have been at least a quart of beer, for this was not a man who did anything by pints. About that time we finished our dinner and left the dining-room, but not he. Half an hour later I made an errand for purposes of observation, and he was still complacently at dinner, and drinking champagne, and later still he was drinking brandy with his coffee. He was the greatest live artist we saw in the Low Countries, a descendant, no doubt, of the substantial men that Frans Hals has put into so many groups that hang in Haarlem. The tranquillity of his performance was as notable as its extent. His method of putting in beer between claret and champagne was edifying, and to me novel, but whether it was a detail personal to him, or a bit of strategy generally to be recommended in feats of ingurgitation, I do not know, and in these times drinking on the Gargantuan scale is so little practised by really thoughtful people that it is hard to get an opinion about that beer that would really carry weight.

At Brussels Jane disclosed her first faint response to the increasing propinquity of Paris by showing a little interest in the shops, and buying something to wear. At some previous period of her early life, loosely defined in our family as the Dawn of History, she had bought a successful frock in Brussels, and remembered it to the credit of the taste of that town.

Brussels seemed to be undergoing extensive improvements, which reminded us painfully of home, but we liked its park. And Jane and I motored out to Waterloo to the improvement both of our minds and spirits. All the places we had been to were scenes of so many occurrences that I had forgotten that I was glad to devote a whole afternoon to the scene of an occurrence that I remembered. I even climbed the great mound, which I discovered was a Belgian monument, and the lion that tops it off a Belgian lion, and not the rampageous and respected *Nemo me impune lacessit* (Do not fool with my tail) British lion, as I had always ignorantly supposed, though without any clear idea of how the British arranged for such a perch for their historic lion in Belgium.

I have never been to Gettysburg, but I understand that is now the pattern battle-field of the world, and I dare say that when the backward Europeans have got to know about it, and see what improvements a battle-field can sustain, they will fix up Waterloo with more embellishments. As it is, its most appealing adornment is the French wounded eagle. Of the Belgian lion no qualified critic seems to approve. It is spoken of as a wretched animal that ought to be in an infirmary.

I had instructions from a high authority

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in London to include Ostend in our itinerary. Jane was agreeable to that adventure, and the cousins accepted it as part of the plan. Cousin Althea had to go off and gone on to get a taste of modern life. But Cousin Felicia knew better than to do that. Thanks to her, I saw Bruges and its belfry and its Memlings. I did

So the galleries, as you go from city to city, offer you this gentle excitement of meeting again the painters whom you know.—Page 341.

to Paris from Brussels, but Cousin Felicia conducted us faithfully up the road to Ostend, with a flying taxicab inspection of Ghent, and a day and two nights at Bruges. I had nowhere near enough historical perspective to do justice to either of these cities, and was a little tired, anyhow, of churches and galleries and guildhalls, and would cheerfully have skipped through Bruges as fast as through Ghent, not like it, but it was good for me. My impression of Bruges is that it is a nice receiving vault for persons not yet quite dead. Charles the Bold and his daughter have distinguished tombs in a church there, but they are dead, and it is all right for them. If Charles were alive he would not be in Bruges, but at Ostend.

Ostend is entirely different. Our errand there, as by my instructions, was to

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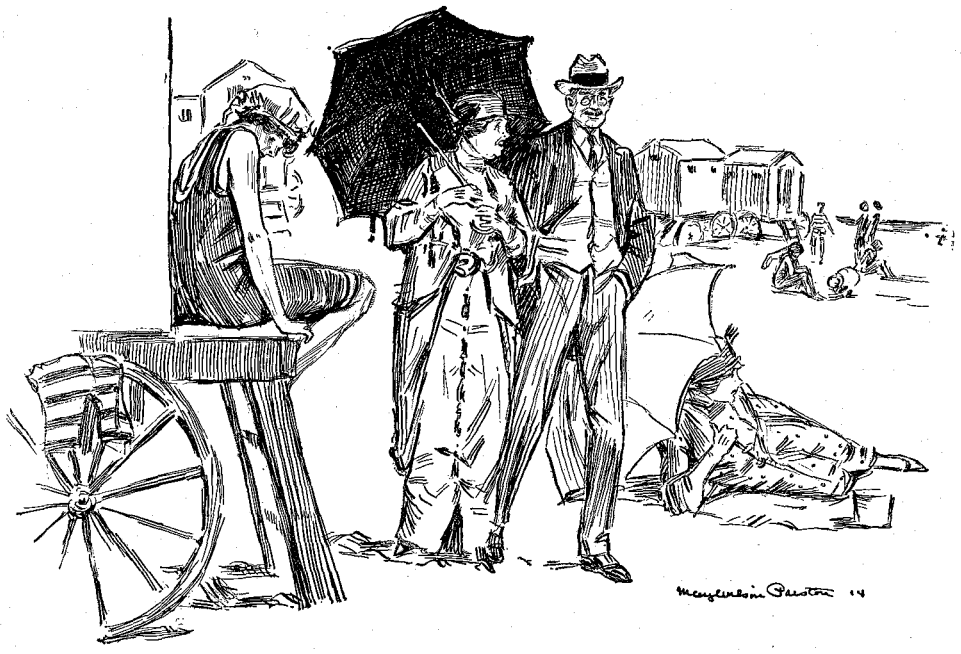

Jane thought seventy per cent. We went on, very much encouraged, to where the bathing was still active.

inspect the bathers. Cousin Felicia pretty much skipped the errand, but Jane and I were faithful to it. We walked down on the beach, and the first bather we noticed was sitting in the sun on the back steps of a bathing-machine, taking the air. She was a lady-bather, and it seemed to me that at least sixty per cent of her was handsome, bare, white legs. Jane thought seventy per cent. We went on, very much encouraged, to where the bathing was still active. It was just as you have so often read or seen in pictures. One very much abbreviated garment such as men bathers wear here, is what most of the women wear there. The effect is interesting and cheering. Jane and I both liked it very much, and hung about till lunch time, getting lessons in civilization. It was very improving. You can't tell what you admire until you have seen it. Here at home we have been working along up from pantalettes, and have come, after some generations, to a convention that lets men into water fairly free from excess of raiment, and has shortened the bathing-skirt of women. But it still prescribes the skirt and stockings for women. But at Ostend, and I guess all up and down that shore from Scheveningen to Gibraltar, the bathing girls and women are emancipated both from skirts and stockings. And they look very nice and quite proper, because propriety is all convention. A girl in tights in the water at Ostend was more conspicuous, and therefore seemed less modest, than her bare-legged sisters, and the women in skirts and stockings (there were a few) seemed conspicuously prudish, and less suitably clad than the rest. "Proper" really means suitable, and the single-piece suits the girls wore were certainly suitable, and therefore presumably proper. Jane was dubious about the propriety of the mothers who fastened their skirts up about their waists and went in wading with their children (and many others not mothers did the same), but I loved the emancipation of all of it, especially as the people seemed respectable, and not unduly gay, and all ages of women wore the same bathing garb. When I read in Paris a few days later that a woman in a slit bathing-skirt had been mobbed at Atlantic City, and chased from the beach, I blushed for the brutal barbarity of my countrymen.

After lunch I went back to the bathers,

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and by observing the habits of the people, contrived to get a bathing-machine and have a swim myself. It confirmed my impression that on the west coast of Europe they know a great deal more about the proper way to go in swimming than we do. Jane declined my invitation to go in. She approved, but was not to that manner born and was not ready to abandon the reservations of a lifetime.

The next morning I took another observation of the bathers, wondering how we could import their convention about costume, and whether it came down from Eden, or up from pantalettes, and toward noon we went along to Paris.

It was nice after the levels of the Low Countries to get sight again of rolling land and diversified husbandries. Cousin Felicia was for stopping off at Amiens and looking at the cathedral. I was not enlightened enough at that time to give her proper encouragement, and it rained, which went against her, and we were not sure, and could not learn, whether our train stopped at Amiens, anyway, so we didn't stop. I suppose it was no loss to me, because there is no use of overfeeding a small appetite for Norman-Gothic; but since then, and all as a consequence of these journeyings, I have developed good beginnings of an appetite for Amiens.

The Paris railway porters are not fatherly. I expected to be handled at the Paris station as though it had been London. Not so; no one offered, and I had to handle myself and four or five bags through a surging crowd. We do better, much better than that, even in New York.

Cousin Althea had awaiting us admirable rooms in a very nice little hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. I looked out on the Tuile-

I had to handle myself and four or five bags through a surging crowd.

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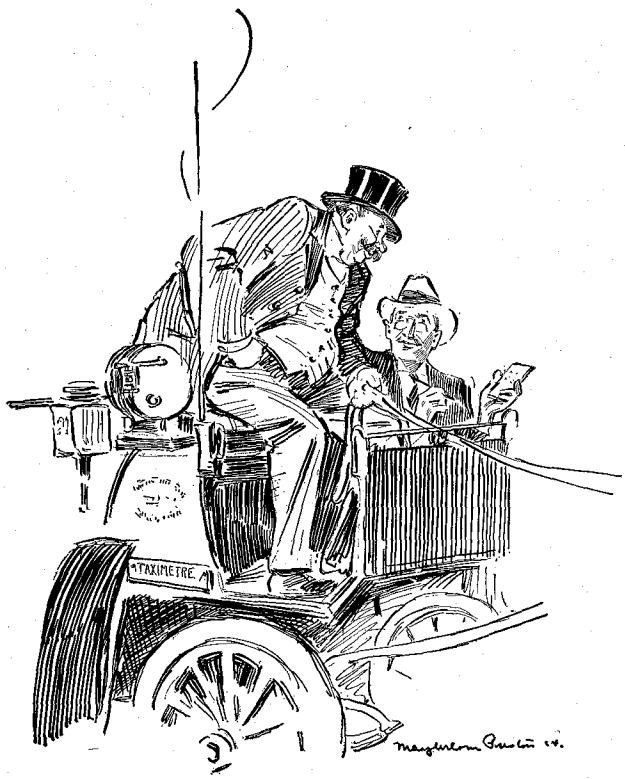
ries Gardens and sighed with satisfaction, then rambled in the rain up the Rue de Rivoli arcade, pleased, very much, with the thought of going loose again in a large city. For, of course, when you travel with a party and do appointed things with them, and lie down when they do to get necessary sleep, and rise when they do to catch trains, the bonds of interdependence are necessarily more appreciable than when with the same party you alight in Paris for ten days. We had Cousin Theodora, too, at our hotel in Paris, but, since it was Paris, Jane and all three cousins had plenty to do, and thankfully turned me loose in the world to follow the impulses of my own machinery.

I do not speak the language of France so that it meets with local recognition, but I found that franc-pieces not only had many of the delightful accomplishments which I had observed in shillings, but the particularly useful one to me that they spoke intelligibly the language of the country. The chauffeurs and *cochers* understand them, and will convey you anywhere you think you want to go if you can pronounce or write down the name of it. I found my writing usually went with the *cochers* even when my pronunciations failed to penetrate, so I could get about without any trouble, and with a joyful sense of recovered volition, and a proud confidence in my capacity to get back to the hotel.



I found my writing usually went with the *cochers*.

You can learn the geography of countries—all you need to know—out of atlases and do learn it at school; but for some reason it has not occurred, or appealed, to the directors of education to teach the geography of the important cities in that way. The geography of London or of Paris is more important to us Americans than that of most of the countries on the map, but the only way we seem ever to learn it is to visit those

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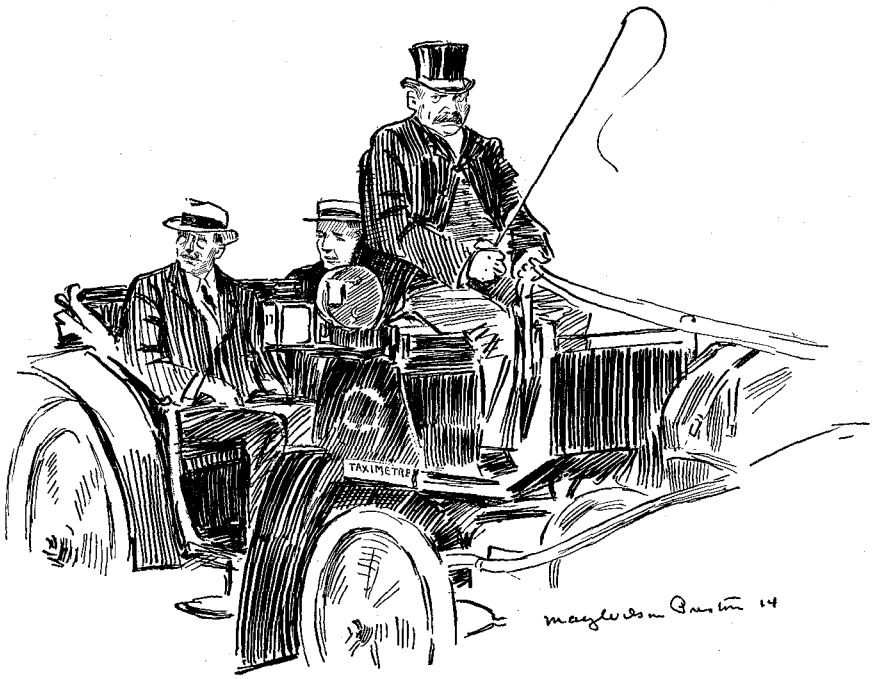

I felt an obligation, part geographical, part sociological, to inspect the boulevards in the evening.—Page 348.

cities and walk in their streets, with their maps in our hands. That is what I did in Paris, except that I found the fiacres a more satisfactory means of locomotion than my feet, and cheaper, and employed them freely.

There was talk of our being conducted to Tours and the chateaux by Cousin Theodora, but I could not see that anything could be more profitable to me for the little time we had than to stick to the Rue de Rivoli and nibble steadily at Paris. Going to Tours looked like leaving a promising meal at the soup course and skipping off somewhere to get a *demi-tasse*. So we stayed in Paris. I argued further that as there was no waste of time or opportunity in getting a notion of Paris before branching out into the provinces, so there would be no waste of time in inspecting the Louvre, since as Paris was concentrated France, the Louvre, in a way, was concentrated Paris. Moreover, it was near by, and I could get there and get back, so for five or six days I walked the Louvre for an hour or two every morning, till I had some idea of its content. That left the rest of the day for exercises in geography or discovery, or for the pursuit of pleasure or improvement with Jane and some of our cousins in motor-cars. One day we went to the Bois, to a delectable place where the company was amusing, and I got new and good ideas about what can be served with afternoon tea. Another afternoon we went to Barbizon and Fontainebleau, a wonderful ride, full of beauties and diversified with aeroplanes, to a palace fully furnished, with the clocks running and the beds made, waiting, apparently, for any one the Fates might have in store for France. On a Sunday afternoon we motored to St. Germain and Versailles, and saw the fountains play, and meditated—I did—a good deal on what had been, and what ailed it, and what was, and what might be.

Jane and I went together to the Luxembourg one morning, but for the most part Jane went her way in the mornings with, or without, our cousins, on errands connected with attire, and other errands, and I went mine, gaining every day a little more energy of adventure. Cousin Althea had Lucas's "Wanderer in Paris," and as my curiosity rose I consulted it to my advantage. And so in the course of

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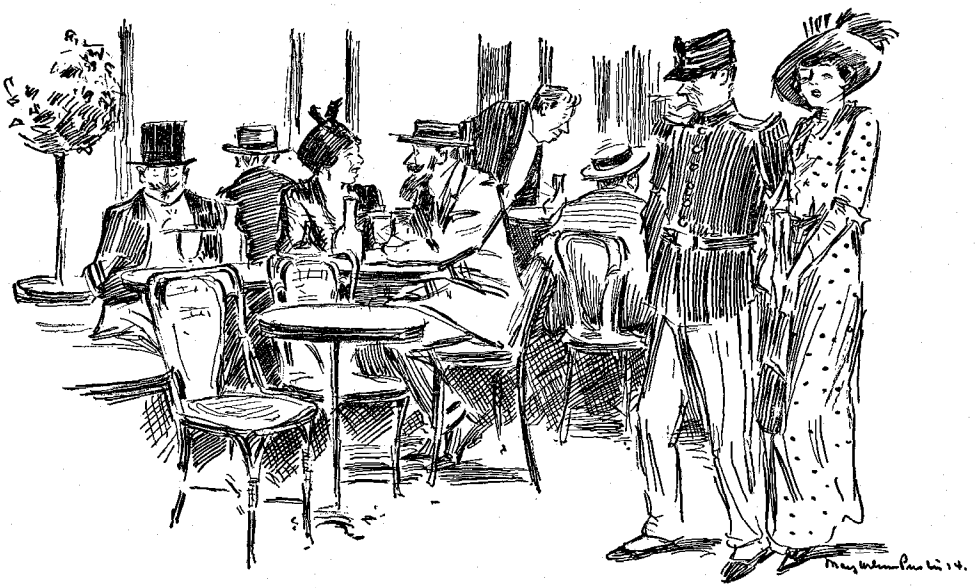

That is an attractive habit they have, and they are fortunate in having the sidewalk space and leisure to cultivate it.

ten days I got roughly the lay of the streets, and a general notion, pricked out with some bright particulars, of what was in the Louvre, incidentally discovering Italy and the Renaissance, and becoming gradually conscious of the existence of the Medici family, and their energy as patrons of art, and providers and collectors of good things.

Possibly if I had had a companion of just the right age and temperament, I would have examined again the nocturnal spectacles of Montmartre, and seen if there were any changes, and if the same girls were dancing there that I saw when I went with the young doctors in the year '92. But there is no joy in beating up a town by one's self, and twenty years is a long time, and Henry Hobson, Beaux Arts student, and coeval of Jonas, who was so friendly with us all, was too young for me to go with, and needed his sleep besides; so I only saw Montmartre by daylight on Sunday, when Cousin Felicia took us up there to see the churches and the view.

I did not care for the Montmartre churches, but the cemetery of Père Lachaise, which, as a suitable Sunday show, we went to see that same afternoon, was an excellent and instructive entertainment which I was loath to leave.

I felt an obligation, part geographical, part sociological, to inspect the boulevards in the evening, and Henry Hobson dutifully conducted me in a fiacre through the chief of them on both sides of the river, so that I could admire the population of Paris, sitting in and out of the cafés. That is an attractive habit they have, and they are fortunate in having the sidewalk space and leisure to cultivate it, though I don't know that it takes more time than baseball, and it comes mostly after working hours.

Another habit that I admired was one that found expression in the fiacres that came all through the later hours of the evening across the Place de la Concorde and up the Rue de Rivoli, each fiacre containing a lady and a gentleman, in a propinquity the most confidential. The Quaker-meeting fashion of association has never prospered to hurt in France. The brave and the fair become acquainted and remain so, in that country, and that is the main reason, I suspect, why its civilization is so hard to beat. Any one who has fears for the future of France has only to put his head out of a front window on the Rue de Rivoli, at midnight, and see the confidential fiacres alternating with the country produce carts on their way to the markets, and he cannot but be reassured.

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I suppose the Place de la Concorde was the kitchen-garden or hen-run of Clovis, or Pepin, or some other early French person—or was a jousting course, maybe. The splendid spaces of Paris, that seem so enviable to visitors from our penned-in, square-cut New York, seem all to have been saved up for the pleasure of great people, who knew what was what, and how to get it. I was constantly impressed in Paris (and I suppose it is even more noticeable in the chateaux country) with the great convenience of having kings and other rich and powerful people, to save parks and forests and open spaces, and build, and collect pictures, and develop taste in furniture and decoration, to make things handsome and edifying against the great incoming of democracy. In the end everything seems to get back to the people, as the rivers run into the sea. There is no other reservoir deep and strong enough to hold the accumulating works of man.

Jane, with the complicity of Mrs. Osborn (of the Middle Ages), had engaged lodgings for us in London, and one morning, after a look at the flower market, and a last visit on my part to the Louvre, we started off for Calais with Cousin Theodora, who was to be our fellow-lodger. The events of the journey were the memorable *omelette de la paysanne* on the train, and the girl on the boat in the summer dress, who sat out through the wind and what rain we had, without coat or cover, blued a little, but unflinching. As to the omelette, of all the food for which I was thankful in France, I was thankfullest for that, partly, no doubt, because I came to it hungry, but considerably, I am sure, for its great merit. Think of being fed on a train in a manner to be gratefully remembered!

It rained a little as we crossed, and the wind was fresh, and the storm-queen girl in the summer dress troubled Jane and me. But she would have nothing done, and possibly it was that, like Lord Ullin's daughter, she had fears of troubles worse than storm, and was following a method that had neither give nor take in it.

Tea and its belongings in a Pullman train, and we got to London and duly to our lodgings there, and to new and totally different experiments with contemporary life.

She had fears of troubles worse than storm.

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James Gallatin.
From a miniature by David.

A DIARY OF JAMES GALLATIN IN EUROPE

FROM THE AMERICAN PEACE THROUGH THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON AND THE FOLLOWING YEARS

[FROM THE MANUSCRIPT IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS GRANDSON, COUNT DE GALLATIN]

Fob seal of Gallatin.
Used in signing the Treaty of Ghent, 1814.

PREFACE

IN 1875 my grandfather, James Gallatin, handed me a large sealed packet, telling me it contained his diary from 1813 until 1827, also many important private documents.

I was not in any case to publish any part of it until 1900. He died the following year. It lay unopened and nearly forgotten until last year. On reading it I found it of the deepest interest. This decided me (after weeding out large portions and suppressing anything that might offend) to offer it to the public.

It throws a very clear light on the events leading up to the Treaty of Ghent and the actual conclusion of that treaty. James accompanied his father, Albert Gallatin, as private and confidential secretary. He was sixteen years of age.

Albert Gallatin held a unique position. Born at Geneva in 1761, of one of the most aristocratic families, he was left an orphan at an early age, and was brought up by his grandmother, Madame de Gallatin-Vaudenet. She was a woman of very strong character, and an intimate friend of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel; also of Voltaire.

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Albert Gallatin was much influenced by the latter's liberal theories; also he had imbibed the ideas of Rousseau and Condorcet. At the age of nineteen his grandmother informed him that she intended placing him in the army of the landgrave with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His answer was: "I will not serve a tyrant." A sharp box on the ears from her decided his future. Without the knowledge of any of his relations he suddenly disappeared. At that time he had but a small fortune. The next heard of him was in America. At this point it is interesting to record that Benjamin Franklin, writing on 24th May, 1780, to Richard Bache, postmaster-general of the United States, said:

"DEAR SON,

"Messieurs Gallatin and De Sorre, two young gentlemen of Geneva, of good Families and very Good Characters, having an inclination to see America, if they should arrive in your City [Philadelphia], I recommend them to your Civilities, Counsel, and Countenance.

"I am Son,

"Your affectionate Father

"B FRANKLIN."

At the age of forty Albert Gallatin held the position of secretary of the treasury of the United States. This post he held until 1814.

In 1813, an official offer having been made by the Russian minister, Count Dashkoff, of the mediation of Russia with a view to making peace between England and the United States, Mr. Madison, the President, sent for Mr. Gallatin and requested him to proceed at once to Saint Petersburg as head of a mission, appointing Mr. Adams (minister to Russia) and Mr. Bayard as the other two delegates.

On April 1, 1813, the treasury was empty, but, with the assistance of John Jacob Astor, Gallatin was enabled to make terms with the banking houses of Parish and Girard, and so saved the United States from bankruptcy.

It was a bitter pill for the Federalists to swallow that three foreigners (Parish was a Bohemian) should have achieved this; it also rather put American patriotism to shame. As the diary will show, the mission to Russia was futile. But Gallatin made every effort, and with the aid of his friends, Madame de Staël, Generals Lafayette and Moreau, and Baron Humboldt, he obtained a personal interview with the Emperor Alexander in London. There is no doubt that the latter's influence had great weight. That Albert Gallatin, under the greatest difficulties (particularly with his own colleagues), made the treaty of peace is now universally acknowledged. His being a foreigner was a great advantage to him as a negotiator in Europe, but placed him at a disadvantage in America.

Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington were glad to treat with him. In 1815 he practically completed the commercial treaty, though by his tact he allowed Mr. Adams to imagine that he had done so. He was minister in France from 1816 until 1823, and was the United States ambassador in England from 1826 to 1827. He was a man of the most simple tastes but of deep learning. Louis XVIII once laughingly said to him: "Your French is more perfect than mine, but my English is far better than yours."

John Jacob Astor made him the most generous offer of a share in his business; Alexander Baring did the same. He refused them both with the same answer: "A man holding the position I have must not die rich."

He was offered the treasury again in 1844. He did not answer the letter, but simply endorsed it: "Folly (!) of which I take no notice."

Albert Gallatin died in 1849, at the age of eighty-eight. It was always his wish that my father, his eldest grandson, should return to Geneva and that his children should not be brought up in America.

I was brought up by my grandfather, James Gallatin, the author of this diary. My father died at Geneva in 1859.

COUNT DE GALLATIN.

London, April, 1914.

DIARY OF JAMES GALLATIN

I

12th March 1813.—The Russian Minister Count Dashkoff offered mediation on the part of the Emperor Alexander to the

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Secretary of State—Father thinks this very important and of great weight.

14th March.—The President has decided to send a Commission to Russia without delay, and has requested Father to go. He feels that it is his duty. Father rarely talks to anybody now, his mind seems fully occupied with the grave situation—I think I am the only person he confides in—He has decided to take me with him as his Private Secretary.

17th March.—Mr. Madison told Father today that there was nobody compared to him as a negociator. It has pleased him greatly. Mr Bayard and J. Q. Adams our Minister at St Petersburg form the Commission.

9th May 1813.—We sailed today from Newcastle—a ship called the "*Neptune*" 300 tons—Captain Lloyd Jones. J. A. Bayard, G. H. Dallas, George Milligan, John Todd, Father and myself.

10th May.—Headwinds. I am a bad sailor—I share Father's cabin, He comes in now and then and looks at me gravely —He says he has no time to think of being sick.

20th June. Gottenburg.—We anchored in Quarantine grounds this morning. It being Sunday we only got our permission from Gottenburg to land in the evening— I was only too glad to jump into a boat and go on shore after having been more than 40 days at sea We were only allowed on the Quarantine Island—Wild roses in profusion. The Island is only a barren rock. Returned on board at 10.30.

21st June.—We hired two boats to take us to Gottenburg. We landed 5 miles from Gottenburg as the current was so strong. We fortunately found carriages to take us to the Town. While we waited for them we went into some of the houses, they are very dirty, horrible smells—all the women are ugly and blow their noses in their aprons. Such apologies for carriages —simply open carts, four of them, each drawn by half starved ponies—wooden springs to the carts. The river Gotha full of shipping We stopped at the house of a Mr Dixon a nice Scotchman who had been American Consul. Several Americans came to see Father.

22nd June.—Returned to our ship after breakfast—sailed in the evening. . . . Father found a courier going to England and intrusted him with a letter to Alexander Baring which I copied for him.

12th July. Monday.—Entered Gulf of Finland—We will soon be at the end of our voyage.

21st July Wednesday.—After a tedious journey with little to interest one—we arrived at St Petersburg—It is very beautiful—Weather very warm.

23rd July Friday.—Have been sight seeing all day—St Petersburg is very fine great width of the streets and the fine Palaces—In the evenings Father tells me much of Russian History—Mr Adams very civil—but has a disagreeable manner—He is from New England a "Yankee."

25th July Sunday.—Father is much disappointed that no steps have been taken by England beyond a note discouraging arbitration altogether—He fears the English Government resent the offer of Russian mediation and that the President was a little hasty in sending the Mission.

The Emperor is not at St Petersburg— but with his Army fighting Napoleon— He left Count Romanzoff in charge of foreign affairs and has taken Count Nesselrode with him—This Father greatly regrets as Count N. has great influence with the Emperor—and thinks it to be the interest of Russia to remain in close friendship with England—Count Romanzoff on the contrary was the instigator of the offer of mediation on the part of Russia as he disapproves of the overpowering dominion of England on the sea.

29th July Thursday.—Our position is a very embarrassing one—We plainly see we are not wanted—Romanzoff is pressing the Emperor to renew his offer of mediation to England—

St Petersburg. 6th August Friday.— Such weary waiting and all seems so hopeless—My Father's wonderful calm and patience surprises one and all—I, of course being so young find plenty of amusement here, all is so new to me Today after all correspondence was terminated Father began to talk to me—He warned me as to my future life—that is if I decided to remain in America—never above all things to forget my birth and the duties that birth brings—never to do anything to dishonour a name which for centuries had never borne a stain Always to remember

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that true nobility was simplicity—Always to be civil—particularly to those who were not my equal—To guard against the horde of adventurers who were certain to swarm to America—that the country was so vast—that the hidden wealth in minerals etc etc must be enormous—Adventurers would come with the lust of gold—men without scruples or conscience or education—that there would be terrible corruption—never to mix myself with any man who did not carry on his business or speculations in an honest manner—Far better to die poor and honoured than to sully my name—that the country would suffer for years from corruption—Immense fortunes would be made and lost and men of evil repute would on account of the power of their money keep corruption and dishonesty afloat—

9th August Monday.—I never saw people drink as the Russians do—A long buffet covered with bottles and glasses—and Caviare—they drink 7 or 8 glasses of "Vodka" (fire water) before going into dinner—I have never touched spirits of any kind—after dinner the young men are all drunk and disgusting.

11th August Wednesday.—Yesterday the Emperor's answer was communicated to Father and the other envoys—He authorises Romanzoff to renew offer of mediation to England—but to send it direct to London.

19th October Tuesday.—A thunderclap today—letters from Washington—one announcing officially that the Senate had rejected Father's nomination as head of the Commission by one vote.

22nd Oct. Friday.—Father had an interview with Count Romanzoff to-day—the latter begs him to remain in St Petersburg—but he thinks he ought perhaps to return at once to the Treasury—He feels now that he can act as he chooses as he is free—His Political enemies are gaining power—He is strongly impressed with the idea that he ought to rescue the negotiations.

24th Sunday.—After a stormy interview with Mr Adams (Adams was the storm), Father has decided to take his own course—He is sending Mr Dallas to London to see Lord Castlereagh, Count Lieven and Mr. Baring—with the object of being in direct communication with them.

12th Jan. 1814 *Tuesday.*—Father has decided to leave St Petersburg as there is not a word from the Emperor.

26th Jan. 1814 *Monday.*—We leave today—Mr Bayard accompanies us.

5th March Amsterdam Saturday.—After a terrible, cold and weary journey we arrived here last night.

6th March Amsterdam Sunday.—We learnt with great pleasure today that Lord Castlereagh's offer of direct negotiations has been met by the President by the appointment of a new Commission—Father's name was omitted It seems the President thinks he is on his way back to take up the Treasury—

20th March Amsterdam Sunday.—The President has discovered the mistake and appointed Mr W. G. Campbell Secretary of the Treasury—and appointed Father as one of the Commission—

22nd March Amsterdam 1814 *Tuesday.*—Father received today the necessary permission from Mr Baring to visit England—we are leaving immediately.

9th April London 1814 *Saturday.*—Arrived here today.

11th April London Monday.—Father wants to change the place for the negotiations—He thinks London would be far better—He would then be in direct touch with Lord Castlereagh—we are now comfortably settled in appartments in Seymour Street—I find London very dull in comparison to St Petersburg—our position is not a very pleasant one—we have many invitations, and I think all mean to be civil and kind—but there is always a feeling of constraint.

The only house where we seem to be really welcome is Mr Baring's.

13th April London Wednesday.—Father sees a great deal of his old friend Monsieur Dumont, He brought Jeremy Bentham to introduce him today—we dine with Mons. D. tomorrow.

14th April London 1814 *Thursday.*—. . . Dined with Lord Bathurst, stiff and formal.

15th April London Friday.—Oh! the horrors of Sunday in London—It is indeed a day of rest—

English women are not pretty—They are either coarse or very delicate—Complexions fine but too red—Dress so very badly—no taste—

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17*th April London* SUNDAY.—I have been nearly every day to the British Museum—Father wanted many works consulted and notes taken.

18*th April London Monday*.—I have seen the Prince Regent walking in the Mall—He is handsome—The Queen I have seen several times—she keeps great state.

26*th April London Tuesday*.—Still waiting to hear when the English commission think of starting for Ghent. Father would have much preferred carrying out the negotiation in London, but our other Commissioners refused point blank—They were either afraid or too proud to come to England—Of course they look upon Father as a foreigner—This has annoyed him very much. He will I fear have a very tough time of it in keeping his colleagues in unison—Although by the accident of his being appointed last on the Commission, he is practically the head of it—This position all the Commissioners acknowledge—with the exception of Mr Adams who is a firebrand.

10*th June London Friday*.—The Emperor [Alexander] arrived today—He is lodged at Leicester House Leicester Fields—This is the Palace that the eldest daughter of James the 1st occupied—she was known as the one year queen of Bohemia—Her daughter was the Electress Sophia Mother of George 1st.

14*th June London Tuesday*.—The Emperor's Aide-de-camp, called today—He said the Emperor had sent him to say that June 18th he would receive us privately at 11.30.

As it is a delicate matter there has not been any correspondence on the subject.

18*th June London Saturday*.—As arranged his Majesty received Father this morning—We went accompanied by Mr Levitt Harris a Secretary to the St Petersburg mission—Our Minister offered the loan of his coach This Father thought wise to refuse and hired a common hackney coach so as to attract as little attention as possible—The streets were crowded. It is the day of the Banquet given by the City of London to the Allied Sovereigns—Only Father and myself were admitted to His Majesty's presence—There were crowds waiting for audiences. We were passed in at once—Father was presented, and then presented me—then all withdrew except His Majesty—He is a splendid looking man—was in full uniform and covered with jewelled orders and stars—He was most gracious and said he had the most friendly feeling toward the United States—He added that he feared his intervention would be of little use—that he had made three attempts since he had been here but that "England will not admit a third party to interfere in her disputes with you" This he said on account of your former Colonial relations—which is not forgotten—He also expressed an opinion with regard to the conditions of peace—saying "the difficulty will be with England"—He also spoke of Madame de Staël as a woman of "great brain and courage"—He congratulated Father on being her cousin—Father expressed his deep gratitude to his Majesty for granting him an audience—and the gratitude of the United States for the interest and friendship he had shown—As we withdrew he patted me on the head—and said "you are rather young to be in diplomacy." I wore a suit of Chinese nankeen, white silk stockings, high white choker with a breast pin of seed pearls Mother gave me before I left Home—They call my hair auburn—I call it red. I am afraid I looked very young.

Poor Mr Levitt Harris was furious at not being present—but the Emperor's order was Monsieur Gallatin et son fils.

19*th June London Sunday*.—Copied note which the Emperor gave Father permission to send the latter does not think it will have any effect—

21*st June London Tuesday*.—We leave tomorrow for Ghent by way of Paris where we will remain for a week if possible.

7*th July Ghent* 1814 *Thursday*.—We arrived here today and are lodged very comfortably in the Hotel d'Alcantara corner of the Rue des Champs—Ghent looks clean and cheerful—The inhabitants speak only Flemish—all seem employed in commerce. There is an English garrison here; the uniforms make the streets very bright.

They call private residences "Hotels" in this country—The house is large and all the delegates are to lodge here.

9*th July Ghent* 1814.—No news of the English Mission.

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15th July 1814 *Ghent Saturday.*—Nothing to do—Mr Adams in a very bad temper—Mr Clay annoys him—Father pours oil on the troubled waters—I am now reading a history of the Low Countries—. . . . The women are so ugly here.

We had waffles for breakfast—it reminded me of home: It seems they are an old Flemish dish.

7th August Ghent 1814 *Sunday.*—At last!! The British Mission arrived this afternoon—We heard they were coming and I actually saw them arrive—They are lodged in a fine Carthusian Convent.

8th August Ghent 1814 *Monday.*—Today was the first meeting—The British Commissioners, as a base of discussion *re* the treaty, demanded that the Indian Tribes should have the whole of the North Western Territory. This comprises the States of Michigan — Wisconsin, and Illinois—four fifths of Indiana and a third of Ohio—That an Indian Sovereignty should be constituted under guarantee of Great Britain—This is to protect Canada. Father mildly suggested that there were more than a hundred thousand American Citizens settled in these States and Territories. The answer was "They must look after themselves." Father is not impressed with the British delegates. They are Lord Gambier, Henry Goulburn and William Adams, men who have not made any mark and have no influence or weight. He attaches but little importance to them as they are but the puppets of Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool—Father feels he is quite capable of dealing with them.

9th August Ghent Tuesday.—The other demands are of little importance—They consist of Sacketts Harbour and Fort Niagara, so as to have control of the Lakes—But all this means the dismemberment of the United States.

Father drafted the rejection of the British "Sine qua non."

10th August Ghent Wednesday.—Father finds greater difficulty with his own colleagues—The accident which placed him at the foot of the Commission placed Mr Adams at the head of it. Messrs Clay, Bayard, and Russell, let Mr Adams plainly know that though he might be the nominal mouth piece Gallatin was their leader. Clay uses strong language to Adams, and Adams returns the compliment. Father looks calmly on with a twinkle in his eye —Today there was a severe storm, and Father said "Gentlemen, Gentlemen, we must remain united or we will fail."

11th August Ghent Thursday.—Mr Adams insisted upon drafting the first despatch today and submitted it to the others for revision, Mr Bayard used it simply as a foundation for his own draft; after quarrelling they referred to Father. He put it into shape and after endless discusion all the Commissioners ended by adopting it. After this Father drafted all other dispatches. He wishes all despatches to be without any offence to the feeling of the English delegates.

12th August Ghent Friday.—He fears negotiations will soon come to an end and has but little hope; he does not think the British Government wish to make peace or they would have sent more powerful delegates.

20th August Ghent Saturday.—Today I copied a private note from him to Mr Monroe (extract) "we will not remain here long, the position is untenable, I am preparing for departure. Our negotiations may be considered at an end. Great Britain wants war in order to cripple us, she wants aggrandisement at our expense. I do not expect to be longer than three months in Europe."

Still lingering on and nothing arrived at. We are kept in absolute ignorance of the cause of the delay. It is most galling. It seems Mr Goulburn does everything to obstruct matters. This may be to gain time to receive his orders from Lord Castlereagh.

3rd September Ghent Saturday.—Father is much annoyed with Mr Goulbourn, he saw him today, the latter said "I don't think you have the slightest intention of making peace." Father answered "surely you cannot mean this. Why should I have taken the long journey to Russia in 1813 and given up everything else in the one hope of making peace?"

4th Sept Ghent Sunday.—We have given notice to our landlord and intend leaving on the 1st of October. Father is quite convinced that Mr Goulburn has made some serious mistakes and that he has been reprimanded.

15th Sept. Ghent Thursday.—There is a

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continual passing of notes and we still are no nearer solutions, Father is getting rather despondent but only shows this to me, keeping a cheerful and hopeful demeanour before the others. The Indian Territory question is a great difficulty. Father says if the Indians were included in the peace—and to be in the same position as they were—our Government would break off negotiations. He was of opinion that it would be folly to break up negotiations on that account.

England could not now retreat from the position she had taken up with regard to the Indian Territory with dignity.

20th Sept. Ghent. Tuesday.—Father has drafted a reply to the British note—It is to this end, that they were willing to recognize the Indians as an independent nation, they refused to allow them to be included in the treaty in any manner although they would be allowed their old rights and privileges.

26th Sept. Ghent. Monday.—The note was signed today and sent to Washington—Mr Goulbourn came to see Father—He was most gracious and informed him he relied on his tact and good sense that he could treat with him. In fact that he was not the least like an American—I do not know if Father was pleased or not—He says the only Americans are the Red Indians.

3rd Oct. Ghent. Monday.—It is now thought advisable to call for a "*projet*" of a treaty—Mr Clay has insisted upon drafting the American reply himself.

29th Oct. Ghent. Saturday.—We are all hard at work framing our *projet*—It is a most difficult task as both Mr. Adams and Mr Clay object to everything except what they suggest themselves—Father remains calm but firm—and does all he can to keep peace—The articles on impressment, blockade and indemnities are assigned to Mr Adams. The boundaries and fisheries to Father.

30th Oct. Ghent. Sunday.—Father today drew up an article *re* American rights to fish in British waters and British rights to navigate the Mississippi which were confirmed by the treaty of 1783—Mr Clay objected to them, a long and angry discussion ensued—One question was what were the fisheries worth? The other the value of the navigation of the Mississippi—Father wishes to save the fisheries—Mr. Clay would not assent to anything.

3rd November Ghent. Thursday.—This drafting still goes on—endless discussions and violent arguments which I can see Father thinks futile—but he never loses patience.

5th Nov. Ghent. Saturday.—A vote today on Father's proposed Articles—Mr Clay and Mr Russell opposed it—Father—Mr Adams and Mr Bayard approved. So the Articles were inserted in the *projet*. We are getting a little more into shape.

7th Nov. Ghent. Monday.—Father is doubtful if the question of the fisheries and the Mississippi were not made permanent by the treaty of 1783.

10th Nov Ghent. Thursday.—The *projet* signed today and sent—the fisheries and Mississippi Navigation left out.

12th Nov. Ghent Saturday.—We have to await patiently for an answer as all has to be submitted to the superiors in London.

26th Nov. Ghent.—The British counter *projet* sent today, no allusions to the fishery question—A clause claiming free navigation of the Mississippi.

28th Nov. Ghent.—A dreadful day—Angry disputes on the counter *projet*—Father wishes the clause *re* the Mississippi accepted—Mr Clay would not hear of it—Mr. Adams in opposition to Mr Clay. Nothing arrived at.

28th Nov. Ghent.—Today Father received a private despatch from the Duke of Wellington. I have only just seen it—It is marked "Strictly confidential" It is couched in the most friendly terms—assuring Father he has brought all his weight to bear to ensure peace—He goes on to say "as I gather Mr Madison as well as Mr Monroe gave you full power to act, without even consulting your colleagues on points you considered of importance, I now feel that peace is shortly in view—Mr Goulbourn has made grave errors and Lord Castlereagh has read him a sharp lesson."

Father burnt this despatch and does not even know that I have recorded it—I wanted to copy it, and was doing so when he took it off the table and burned it.

29th Nov. Ghent.—Father's proposition to accept the Mississippi clause, after prolonged discussion, was carried with a clause relating to the taking, drying and curing

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of fish as secured by the former treaty of peace.

7th December Ghent.—An answer refusing to accept this proposition received today, more discussion, everlasting bickering, and matters delayed. Father can no longer support Mr Adams he has tried his patience too far.

12th December Ghent.—Another private note from the Duke of Wellington assuring Father of his support, He says "Pray do not take offence at what I say. In you I have the greatest confidence—I hear on all sides that your moderation and sense of justice together with your good common sense places you above all the other delegates not excepting ours—The Emperor Alexander has assured me of this —He says we can place absolute reliance in your word—I have always had the greatest admiration for the country of your birth—You are a foreigner with all the traditions of one fighting for the peace and welfare of the country of your adoption"

Father I think was pleased—He is a foreigner and is proud of it.

22nd December Ghent.—An answer today. The fisheries and Mississippi clauses to be withdrawn and to be referred to further negotiations. It would be withdrawn so as not to be mentioned in the treaty.

Father now sees clearly the avowed wish of the English Government to make peace.

24th Dec. Ghent.—The treaty was signed today, in the refectory of the Convent. Later on there was a solemn service in the Cathedral it was most impressive. We all attended, as well as the Intendant, all the Officers and the high Officials of Ghent.

Christmas Day Ghent.—The British delegates very civilly asked us to dinner. The roast beef and plum pudding was from England, and everybody drank every bodies else's health. The band played first "God Save the King" to the toast of the King and "Yankee Doodle" to the toast of the President. Congratulations on all sides and a general atmosphere of serenity; it was a scene to be remembered. God grant there may always be peace between the two nations. I never saw Father so cheerful; he was in high spirits and his witty conversation was greatly appreciated.

27th Dec. Ghent.—We have now to wait for the ratification of the treaty. Indeed I find it was a great rest for me. I have copied all Father's letters as well as all the important ones that he has received. Although I am only seventeen years of age, I feel much older. Mr Adams has shown great kindness to me, at first I did not like him, but now will be sorry when we part.

8th Jan. Ghent 1815.—The ratification of the treaty completed today. A great Banquet offered by the Town of Ghent takes place tonight, poor Father is not looking forward to it.

9th Jan. Ghent.—The Banquet was very fine, lasting over five hours—speeches, nothing but speeches, and toasts. Father said but a few words, but they were carefully chosen and seemed to go to the hearts of all. He spoke in French and ended in a most witty strain.

10th Jan. Ghent.—We are leaving now as soon as possible for Geneva.

21st Jan. Geneva.—Crowds of visitors all day to welcome Father. Madame de Staël came from Coppet she is not handsome but such a great charm of manner, she was oddly dressed, seeming to have one or two skirts on top of the other, a great pelisse of green cloth lined with sable, on her head a high green calèche. She invited both Father and myself to pay her a visit at Coppet. She is not tall, rather fat and has coarse features but splendid eyes.

22nd Jan. Geneva.—This morning the Syndics came in a body to greet Father and to congratulate him on the successful termination of the Peace with England. Then Monsieur Sismondi made a *discours*, full of laudation of Father, much to the latter's annoyance; after they withdrew Benjamin Constant was announced, he rushed up to Father seized him in his arms, and kissed him on both cheeks; there was some excuse for him as he is a relation of ours.

Large dinner of 40 at 3 o'clock, nearly all relations, Navilles, Saladins, Sellons, Sarrasins, Humberts, Diodatis, de Budés, Pictets, Lullins, etc etc. I was much struck with their great simplicity and dignity of manner, it was all a revelation to me. The ladies were very plainly dressed

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with hardly any jewels. So odd, they never change your knife and fork after the fish is served, but have little silver rests by each plate for them. The dinner lasted two hours and a half.

After escorting the ladies to the drawing room—where all the women kissed their Hostess, then kissed each other, and we men kissed their hands. All this was done in a most solemn and dignified manner, then our host, knowing Father's habit, conducted him with some of the other guests to the Library to smoke.

Father smokes regularly eleven strong cigars a day. After about an hour we adjourned to the large gallery, all the ladies were seated stiffly around the room, only one person talked at a time, it is called a *salon*, it was interesting at first, but after three hours of it I wished myself in Paris. At nine oclock Supper was announced.

23rd Jan. Geneva.—All day paying visits, a quiet evening.

28th Jan. Geneva.—We leave here tomorrow and go to the Chateau d'Allaman.

29th Jan. Allaman.—Allaman on the Lake Leman belongs to Count Sellon (his Mother was a Gallatin) a beautiful Castle —filled with Gobelin Tapestry and furniture—One room all pink tapestry—We dined in the Chapel—60 feet long and 30 feet wide—stone floor.

30th Jan. Allaman.—The family are charming—4 daughters all young—The youngest is named Hortense—The Queen Hortense was her God mother—The latter has stopped for weeks at Allaman—They have an authentic ghost here—not in the house but in the park I hope to see it before I leave—It is in the form of a monk reading a book—He is to be seen in one of the alleys of the wood approaching, as you get quite close he vanishes—All the family have seen it, as well as hundreds of others—Monsieur de Sellon stations men with bill hooks at various places to cut down branches, as he thinks it but an optical illusion.

31st Jan Allaman.—I saw the ghost at 12.30. today, it is certainly extraordinary —They fired point blank at it without any effect.

1st February Allaman.—Too tired to write last night, a beautiful day, bright sunshine. We have been skating all day, our visit terminates tomorrow. Tonight a large supper in honour of Joseph Bonaparte the ex King of Spain the eldest brother of Napoleon. He lives at Prangins on the Lake. Monsieur de Sellon had a letter today from the Queen Hortense he read parts of it aloud to us—Evidently she is in great trouble.

2nd Feb. Allaman.—Joseph Bonaparte is handsome—acts as if he were still King of Spain—He arrived with a large suite—We were presented to him by the Count de Sellon before supper. He had a long conversation with Father on the state of Europe. He is very rich, he spoke with much feeling of Napoleon. He married Julie Clary the daughter of a Marseilles tallow chandler, she had some money. Father does not like the Bonapartes or their entourage, says that Joseph Bonaparte shows his middle class bringing up, both in speech and movements, and that Napoleon is better where he is. Although Father is representing a Republic and believes in Republics he has a strong affection for the house of Bourbon.

6th Feb. Sergy.—We left here this morning, in a most comfortable sleigh—for Coppet; we had three relays of horses, the last sent by Madame de Staël. This Chateau is charming—a wonderful view of the Lake and Mountains, the latter covered with snow. A great many people stopping here. We were very tired after our long cold drive. Madame de Staël most kind and seems so genuinely glad to welcome us. Mlle Albertine de Staël her daughter is very pretty and graceful, she is betrothed to the Duke de Broglie. He looks very untidy and dull, but very much in love. Auguste de Staël her son looked very serious. The other guests are Monsieur Benjamin Constant, Monsieur Sismondi, Duke and Duchess de Duras, Duke and Duchess de Clermont-Tonnerre (she a sister of Monsieur de Sellon) and Monsieur de Bonstetten are among the guests. Not such a long dinner. Some music, then the Duke de Broglie and Mlle de Staël the Duchess de Duras and Monsieur de Montmorency danced a minuet with great dignity and grace; as I was very tired Father asked permission for me to retire, so I went to bed early.

7th Feb. Coppet.—A delightful day, up early had my *café au lait;* when I met

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de Broglie, he kindly proposed to go with me, and show me what was to be seen at Coppet; he improves on acquaintance; dejeuner at 11.30. Madame de Staël's first appearance, she does all her correspondence and writing in bed, she was most animated, questioned Father about the proceedings at Ghent; congratulated him adding, "I had a letter from Milord Wellington this morning, he praises you, saying you had used great wisdom and tact. She told us some funny stories about Madame Patterson Bonaparte the American wife of King Jerome who's wit beauty and virtue she extolled. One story was very funny, she had given a dinner at her house in Geneva, to which Madame Bonaparte was invited; arriving very late she delayed serving the dinner for over half an hour—on one side of her was a Mr Dundas a great gourmand, who was much put out at having to wait. After the soup had been served he turned to Madame Bonaparte and asked her if she had read the book of Captain Basil Hall on America, she replied in the affirmative: "Well Madame did you notice that Hall said all Americans are vulgarians?" "Quite true," calmly answered Madame Bonaparte, "I am not in the least surprised; if the Americans had been the descendants of the Indians or the Esquimaux there might have been some reason to be astonished but as they are the direct descendants of the English it is perfectly natural that they should be vulgarians." After this Mr Dundas did not open his mouth again and left at the first opportunity.

This afternoon we went out in Russian sledges six of them.

The Marquis of Huntly arrived, and we dined at 5 o'clock.

A most interesting evening, our hostess most brilliant she told us many episodes of the Revolution, and the part she had taken in it, how she had helped so many of her friends to escape, having armed herself with passports of different nations, and how Napoleon had persecuted her; she also spoke most feelingly of her father with tears in her eyes; it seems she adored him.

8th Feb. Coppet.—The Marquis of Huntly gave Father a copy of a letter given to him by Mr Barry. It is an account of an interview with Napoleon at Elba, most interesting—He first read it aloud. Madame de Staël could hardly contain herself and continually interrupting exclaiming, "cet animal on devrait lui tordre le cou." Lord Huntly says, that one of the reasons she hates Bonaparte so heartily is, when she once asked him, who he considered the greatest women in history he replied "The women who had the most children" Madame de Staël had only two.

Letter from the Original copy which the Marquis of Huntly gave to Albert Gallatin:

Mr Douglas dined with Colonel Barry yesterday, he had just come from the Island of Elba where he had an audience of nearly two hours with Buonaparte his account of him is nearly as follows

On his arrival in the Island he went to General Bertrand (who is a sort of chamberlain) to state that he was a member of the English Parliament and to request permission to pay his respects to the Emperor. General Bertrand was ill but he received a very civil answer from General Drouet in the affirmative. He was accordingly introduced and was received with great courtesy. Buonaparte asked several questions about his journey, and then to the surprise of Mr D. [began] to talk in the most unreserved manner of the state of affairs in Europe. He said that he lamented that the present government had not given up the slave trade that had he remained in power he would have done so as it was a system of brigandage by which France was not benefitted. He had proposed a plan for the settlement of St Domingue [*sic*]. To give up the centre of the Island to the blacks and to establish factories upon the coast. That he had conceived it would be attended with advantage to allow polygamy amongst the blacks, but upon consulting a certain Bishop "un bon homme, cet Évêque m'a dit c'est contraire à la religion Chrétienne," he abused the Emperor Alexandre with great violence, said he was "faux et un fat: Vous ne pouvez pas avoir une idée de la fausseté de cet homme." We were right he said in supposing that there had been secret articles in the treaty of Tilsit, Alexander was bound by them to go to war with England. "Cela entra dans mon système"!! He said the Bourbons would repent it, if they gave up Belgique. That he would

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have given up anything else; but that he knew the French people would not allow him to remain on the throne except as a conqueror. France would not bear to be confined to her ancient limits. He compared her to air compressed within too small a compass, the explosion of which was like thunder. "Malheur aux Bourbons si jamais ils font le paix sans conserver aucune conquête; il y'a dans la France une jeunesse bouillante de 100,000 hommes accoutumés au métier de la guerre." He was here evidently carried away by his subject, and suddenly recollecting himself, said "mais ce n'est pas mon affaire je suis mort"

In the course of conversation Prince Metternich was mentioned and Mr D. said, "C'est un bon politique;" Bonaparte answered, "Non, c'est un homme très aimable et qui parle très bien en compagnie, mais qui ment toujours. On peut mentir une fois, deux fois, trois fois, mais on ne peut pas mentir toujours, ce n'est pas selon ma politique." England was he said at the height of power and glory, but that we must remember that when nations were arrived at that point it was said they were near a decline: That the Continental Powers were jealous of our maritime rights and in time of peace would be as much so as they had been of his territorial acquisitions. He laughed and joked a great deal about the Pope and the tricks he had played to get him in his power, constantly repeating "Moi qui suis le meilleur Catholique du monde; il n'y a pas dans le monde un meilleur Catholique que moi"; and sentences of this sort. He said he understood the world had expected that he would have put a pistol to his head, but no, he had been born a soldier. He had found the "Throne de France" vacant, circumstances had placed him on it, that he had remained there 14 years, and had been obliged to descend from it. Having borne this "ce serait un lache qui ne pourrait pas soutenir l'existence." He was sorry he said at the close of the last campaign, when he had advanced to Ville Juif, he had not pushed on to Paris, He had 40,000 of his guards with him who would have shed the last drop of blood for him, and he thinks his presence would have raised the people to defend the town; he wanted much to do so but was dissuaded by his Generals. He complained bitterly of Marmont; "could you have believed it that a man to whom I have actually given bread would have deserted me in that manner"; he said that we had not done justice to the Americans, that there had never been any treaty between him and Madison, and that they had held as high language to him as they had done to us. Mr D. had crossed the Alps by the passage of the Simplon, one of the most splendid works of Bonaparte's reign. When hearing it he made many enquiries about the state of the road and appeared minutely acquainted with it and interested on the subject. This is almost all I can recollect, nearly the whole of what Mr D. related to us. He says Bonaparte is in excellent health, not too fat, as he had been told; very dirty and vulgar in his manner of speaking and extremely poor. The French Government have not paid him his pension and in consequence he has been obliged to reduce his household one half. He had 1200 troops in his pay mostly veterans who had followed his fortunes from the Imperial Guards. Mr D. says his apparent want of feeling is beyond anything he could have conceived, he could not learn anything on the subject of the reports that he was to leave Elba. Some time ago a felucca landed in one of the most barren parts of the Island and a messenger was despatched to Bonaparte; he came down unattended by any servant and received a Lady whom he conducted to a country house of his. She remained there two days at the end of which time he reconducted her in the same manner. They embraced often at parting, the Elbans think it was Marie Louise, but it is generally supposed to have been a Polish lady to whom he was attached. Mr Douglas in the course of conversation two or three times mentioned the Empress whom he had seen in Switzerland, but Bonaparte took no notice of it and appeared anxious to avoid the subject.

8th Feb.—After dinner Albertine de Staël sang some charming chansonettes accompanying herself on a spinet. All the chairs were put in a circle and Madame de Staël held forth, she read some letters of Louis the 18th when he was in England.

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She also told us that it was a fact that the Duc de Berri had married in London the daughter of an English clergyman and had children. Then Monsieur Bonstetten gave a little *discours* on Voltaire and Byron, followed by Mons. Sigismonde, then Father gave a most amusing account of his early life in America and of his first meeting with General Washington in a log cabin. I saw Madame de S. taking notes on her tablets.

9th Feb. Coppet.—This morning Lord Huntly described the splendours of the ball at Versailles for the marriage of the Dauphin Louis XVI; that the King sent for him and commanded him to open the ball with Dauphine "Marie Antoinette". He saw how delighted I was and sent for me to come to his room. He gave me two of the invitation cards; they are beautifully engraved, one is in colour and in the top left hand corner there is, "Porte et gradin à gauche" in the centre of the coloured design is "Bal Paré à Versailles pour le marriage de Monsieur le Dauphin, Le Mercredi 24th Fevrier 1745." The card is signed in the right hand corner, "de Bonneral". The other one is beautifully engraved, is larger and has the same wording. It was most kind of him. A large dinner at 5 o'clock to be followed by a comedy written by our hostess, she takes a *rôle* as well as Monsieur de Montmorency. After breakfast Madame de Staël told Father she believed greatly in heredity, undoubtedly he had inherited his talent for finance from their common ancestor Jacques Coeur. More people arriving, I made my escape and had a good afternoon's skating. The Banquet is at 5 o'clock. We are leaving to-morrow much to my regret.

10th Feb. Coppet.—I was too tired last night to write. I can hardly describe last evening's festivities. Our hostess received her guests at the end of the large salon. The Duc and Duchesse de Clermont Tonnerre (she was née de Sellon) Count and Countess Cavour, Countess de Boigne—and a host of others. We dined 30—at 8 o'clock more arrivals. Prince Demidoff in a superb sleigh with 8 horses harnessed in Russian fashion, he brought the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin Princess Patiomkin, Princess Galitzin and Madame Bonaparte. The Grand Duke led in Madame Bonaparte; she is quite beautiful still, was wonderfully dressed and covered in fine jewels; she kissed me on both cheeks which made me very shy, but she has known me since I was a child

At 9 o'clock the Comedy was played in the long gallery. It was most witty, Madame de Staël was in white and gold draperies—with a turban with eight or ten white feathers—She really looked handsome—she always has a small branch of laurel in her hand. At the end of the performance with a courtesy she threw it to Father—Just the thing to annoy him. Madame Bonaparte gave me a broach of Turquoise for my choker. Supper was served at 10.30. and the guests did not leave until after 1.30. a.m. We leave at 2. o'clock for Sacconex (the de Budés), I watched Father carefully and tried to do exactly as he did—All the ladies curtseyed down to the ground to H.R.H. some of the older ones I thought would never get up again—Why will fat old ladies wear such low waists? I never kissed so many hands in my life and my neck is quite stiff with bowing.

10th Feb 11.30. *p. m.*—We left Coppet after *dêjeuner*—Prince Demidoff kindly offered to take us with him, as he was going back to Geneva and Sacconex is on his way—His sleigh is superb, all the rugs are of the finest Russian sable. All assembled in the hall to bid us farewell—Madame de Staël kissed me on both cheeks and gave me a beautifully bound copy of "Corinne" with the dedication—"A Cupidon de la part de l'auteur" I really must look like a baby. I will never forget my visit to Coppet—We had 8 horses harnessed Russian fashion 3 relays—Galloped all the way.

11th Feb. Sacconex.—This is a lovely house and all are so kind—Mr de Budé is a cousin of Father's there are two sons—Jules the younger full of life—we have been skating.

A large dinner rather dull.

For three mortal hours in the drawing room, footmen passed tray after tray of "*Sirops*" wine cakes etc etc—

People here never seem to stop eating.

Byron called Madame de Staël "old Mother Stale" but nevertheless he said

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of her "she is vain but who has a better right to be"

13*th Feb Geneva.*—We returned here today and are stopping at the Navilles'—

Father learned today that at one time it was the intention of the British Government to send the Duke of Wellington to America—during the Ghent negotiations, to terminate the war. It seemed he refused to go, giving his reason that he could not be spared—and at the same time expressing his displeasure at the way Lords Castlereagh, Liverpool and Bathurst were acting It seems it was mainly due to him that the English made the concessions they did and brought the matter to a speedy termination.

14*th Feb.*—Father takes me alone with him tomorrow to spend the day at Ferney —He calls it a pilgrimage—He was often taken to see Voltaire by his Grandmother when very young—This afternoon a deputation of Americans residing in Geneva and the Canton de Vaud presented Father with an address enclosed in a beautiful casket of enamel—We dined quietly *en famille.*

15*th Feb.*—Such an interesting day—sitting in Voltaire's favourite chair at Ferney I am writing this. We left Geneva early arriving here for *déjeuner* at 11.30. The owners of Ferney are away, but left orders we were to be entertained. The house is not large, but well situated and comfortable—During *déjeuner* Father told me how he used to be brought by his Grandmother to Ferney—That he often dined at the tables we were sitting at—with the friends of Voltaire—the Marquis de Condorcet who wrote the letters of Junius to William Pitt (he was arrested in April 1794 and found dead in his cell at Bourg-la-Reine on April 8th, poisoned by opium which he always carried in a ring so cheating the Guillotine)—The Abbé Galiani the great wit and raconteur —whose indecent stories even Madame Necker forgave—It was he who said that the death of Marie Theresa was "like an ink bottle spilt on the map of Europe"—Diderot the Atheist—and Grimm—He said, "I feel them hovering around us now, and can nearly hear their voices."

Then he told me of visits when Voltaire read some new play aloud, or rehearsed with the Duc de Villar and Madame Gallatin (his Grandmother) plays that were acted both at Ferney and Pregny—in fact he himself had taken the *rôle* of a negro boy in oriental dress when he was 12 years old—One Sunday Voltaire took him into the garden and pointing to the heavens said "that is the dome made by the great GOD—not the GOD created by man." There was a splendid sunset and as the sun sank behind the Vosges Mountains he said "can anything be grander than that —never to be imitated"—When I was older he impressed upon me always to be charitable in thought and action—to benefit my fellow creatures as much as was within my power; always to speak the truth and never to be afraid to give my opinion. The last time Father saw him he was ill—it was in 1778 the year before he died. He kissed Father on both cheeks—and said "Enfin DIEU m'appelle—mais quel Dieu? Je n'en sais rien—" Madame de la Vilette his niece gave Father a small bust of her Uncle—which I now have.

Before leaving Ferney I picked some myrtle leaves and pansies to send to my Mother.

After dining at 4 o'clock we returned to Geneva—A day never to be forgotten. I am afraid my description is very poor.

1*st March Paris.*—We started early and arrived for breakfast at Vaux Praslin a magnificent Palace belonging to the Duc de Choiseul. It was built by Fouquet, Marquis de Belle-Isle, Superintendent of Finances to Louis XIV. He entertained the King there in great splendour. . . . The Duc received us most kindly—He is a connection through the Birons and Marmiers—I never saw such wonderful furniture, tapestrys, pictures etc etc. The library superb, all the books bound in red morrocco with coat of arms in gold—Only the family, and a nice homely *déjeuner*—Then Father returned with the Duc to the Library to smoke and to get some political information from him—We left at 3 o'clock for Paris and arrived late.

Oh! beautiful Paris—I am glad to get back.

2*nd March Paris.*—The Duc de Choiseul Praslin called today and told Father His Majesty wished for an interview unofficial—It is a delicate matter as Father feels that until he has been to London his mouth is closed.

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We are lodged in a quiet little Hotel in the Rue de Monsieur.

Father will not spend any money unnecessarily—as his expenses are paid by his Government. His strong idea is that the representative of a Republic should not make any show or be ostentatious, saying "it is only the vulgar *nouveaux riches* that do that."

3rd March 1815.—We were received privately this morning by the King, only the Duchesse d'Angoulême was present. She looked very sad.

The King moved to the embrasure of a window, motioning to Father to follow him, they remained in conversation for a quarter of an hour. Amongst other things His Majesty intimated a wish that Father would be sent as Minister to Paris adding, "you must not forget that your family belonged to France, before you belonged to America." The Duchess talked to me most graciously, asked me about my Mother and said "You are too young to begin political life. I assured her I was 18; she exclaimed "Mais c'est un bébé."

Monsieur David the great Artist has requested Father to allow me to pose to him for Cupid, Father has consented and I sit tomorrow.

4th March 1815.—A day of great excitement, news has reached Paris that Napoleon had made his escape from Elba, and was at a little village called Cannes; that he had been received with acclamation.

The King and Royal family went to the Opera and had a great reception.

5th March.—Great consternation, Courier after Courier arriving, all news suppressed.

6th March 1815.—No news further than we had yesterday—They say the King is very calm—I saw him driving in State today.

Sat for my portrait—that is, like a model, I had to pose nude.

10th March.—The Emperor is marching on Paris—gathering men on his way—Some say he has already 100,000.

11th March.—All sorts of wild reports—One does not know what to believe.

14th March.—The Emperor was at Grenoble on the 7th with over 100,000 men.

16th March.—The Emperor marching steadily on to Paris—Acclaimed everywhere—Father says the Royal family will leave Paris in a few days—He has private information but has not told me any details—I walk about all day—bands of young men shouting "Vive L'Empereur"—it is very exciting.

19th March.—The King and Royal family leave Paris tonight—The Emperor with a huge Army is expected at Fontainebleau tomorrow—The people in the street look depressed and uncertain what to do—Father has told me to remain indoors.

20th March. Paris 11.30.—The Emperor arrived this evening, most of the Imperial family were at the Tuilleries to greet him—all day the greatest confusion. Officers and their staff, Couriers, messengers etc galloping wildly about the streets. Great carts of baggage and furniture. It is very amusing, most of the shops closed, the Cafés crammed, chairs even put out in the streets. Orators standing on tables making speeches, roars of "Vive l'Empereur" "Vive le petit Caporal," I dont know if it is genuine or not, the French are so excitable. The American Minister sent the Stars and Stripes for Father to hang on the balcony for protection in case of trouble. I saw the Emperor arrive, thousands and thousands cheering him; I got wedged in the crowd and carried along with it.

21st March.—People seem mad with joy, what turn coats the French are; dense crowds surrounding the Tuilleries all day. I saw several of the Imperial family driving.

22nd March.—There is to be a Gala performance at the Opera—the night not yet decided upon—The Emperor drove out today and was received with enthusiasm everywhere.

We are leaving shortly for London, Father fears there may be trouble, which might delay our journey.

23rd March.—The performance at the Opera tonight, I am going.

24th March.—The scene was superb—for fully 20 minutes the audience yelled when the Emperor appeared—I yelled too. He is fat, looks very dull tired and bored.

I had another sitting today for Mons. David.

25th March.—We see but few people, all our friends seemed to vanish like magic.

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A distracted letter from Madame de Staël today, she seems in great trouble about everything, particularly her fortune.

Father will answer her under cover to Monsieur Naville as he fears a letter addressed to her might not reach her.

26th March.—The people are settling down as far as one can see—Father through Monsieur David has bought one or two beautiful pictures at a very low sum. A fine Paolo Veronese, the subject —Queen Esther before Ahasuerus, a portrait of Mlle de Lafayette by Mignard, and a lovely head by Greuze. I don't think Father will approve of my picture Monsieur David is painting, it is "l'Amour et Psyche." I have not seen the model, but would like to. She must be very pretty, only 17, we are not to pose together.

28th March.—My last sitting as we leave for England in a few days.

29th March.—The Emperor sent an aide de camp, requesting an interview with Father purely on some financial matters. It places him in a most awkward position, he regrets he did not leave for England sooner.

30th March.—The audience at 10.30. this morning—I am not to go—

Father was not at all pleased with his interview—He says the Emperor was brusque—that his speech is most vulgar—Joseph Bonaparte was present—I had better quote Father's own words—"The Emperor first asked my advice on important financial matters to which I gave my frank opinion. He then began to question me about Canada, also the slave trade. I replied, 'Sire my position is such that on these subjects my lips are at present sealed' He abruptly said, 'then why did you come here?' Bowing, I answered, 'I obeyed your Majesty's command out of respect for the ruler of France, but as an Envoy from the United States to England I am not my own master.' The Emperor turning his back on me, walked to a window; I backed out of the room, so ended our interview."

31st March.—We are leaving tomorrow for London, Father thinks it is wiser.

12th April.—I am very busy now as I have all sorts of documents to copy and file—I also have to go with Father to take notes—All settling of negotiations are at present entirely carried out by him so the work is very heavy—Lord Castlereagh is most gracious—even friendly—Our position in London is quite different now—I think I will enjoy myself—Mr Clay arrives in a few days—The season has not yet commenced but people are returning to town. I have been specially enjoined not to record any gossip in my diary—to confine it as much as possible to interesting facts—He dislikes gossip and tittle-tattle saying it is only fit for idle women—I am having a fine dress made to be presented in May.

16th April London.—I went to St Paul's Cathedral and the Tower of London today—the latter is most interesting—

All we can do now is to go thoroughly into the following matters awaiting Mr Adams arrival. Colonial Policy—Regulating traffic with Canada—Opening the St Lawrence River to us—Impressment —and blockade in times of war—Trade with West Indies and Nova Scotia—Trade between India, Europe and the United States—Father wishes to have everything ready, so as to be able to put matters clearly before the other delegates when all have assembled—Of course he is anxious to go home as he has been absent over two years.

20th April London.—We are invited to pay a visit to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, also to Lord Saye and Sele at Broughton Castle—I went to see a cock fight yesterday and did not like it, I will not go again—We dine and sup out a great deal, I cannot stand the hours they sit at the table drinking Port and Madeira At some houses they have round shallow silver trays on wheels holding the bottles which are pushed round the table. I have never been accustomed to drink anything but claret and water so I have to sit quiet doing nothing and listening to subjects discussed which are far beyond me.

30th April Chatsworth.—There is a very large party stopping here—I cannot get hold of all the names—One very great lady the Marchioness of Stafford—She is Countess of Sutherland in her own right—Like all well born people I have met, she is most simple, gracious and charming—She seems to take an interest in every thing and is most kind to me—She took me all over the house pointing out the pictures

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and telling me their history—She was a great friend of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette—She has the greatest admiration for Madame de Staël and was much interested in my account of our visit to Coppet—She laughed at the dedication to "Cupidon" in my copy of Corinne and calls me "Cupid." I am going to dye my hair black—The ladies are very fine at night and wear wonderful jewels—

We visited some splendid places today —everything is done in such great state— Poor Father is so bored—I like it.

5th May London "Saturday."—We were received by the Regent at 12 o'clock— Carlton House is very fine but the furniture etc is too showy—The Regent and two of his brothers received us—The former is very handsome and dignified—but is fat—He was superbly dressed, his brothers as well—Father made such contrast in his black shorts white silk stockings and black coat with his white choker —The Prince has the most charming manners—He was most affable—I was in my new clothes, yellow breeches white stockings and a dark blue coat embroidered in gold—He patted me on the cheek and said with a laugh—"You will break some hearts"—Everything was done with the greatest tact—no mention of politics, simply a wish expressed that we should enjoy our sojourn in England. The audience lasted half an hour.

9th May "Thursday."—Very busy writing—I have been to two balls and a rout— What a funny thing the latter is. You crawl up the staircase bow to your hosts at the top and crawl down again with your clothes torn off your back—They call that pleasure—We dine tomorrow with the Duke of Wellington—

7th June London.—Father received a detailed account of the great ceremony in the Champs de Mars—There was first a solemn mass—then the Emperor swore fidelity to the New Constitution—He was dressed in the Imperial robes of State— His brothers wore Court dresses of white velvet—embroidered in gold—short capes of the same material, powdered with golden bees—and caps with masses of white ostrich feathers. The Emperor distributed the eagles to the different regiments— At that moment a terrific thunder storm broke and this together with the repeated salutes of Artillery made a most impressive, if not theatrical scene—In a box next to the throne were all the Imperial Princesses—with their children—I wish I had seen all this.

15th June.—Great news, Napoleon left Paris last Monday—they say he is marching on Brussels—

17th June.—News arrives only to be contradicted—but the fact remains the Emperor is sweeping all before him— Father only seems troubled about the financial crash which is sure to follow if Napoleon is victorious.

18th June.—Great anxiety—Consols have fallen terribly—I have never seen greater depression—everybody one sees, seems frightened—A rumour today that a battle had been fought and that the Duke of Wellington was crushed—tonight that is contradicted—One cannot believe anything—They say Monsieur Rothschild has mounted couriers from Brussels to Ostend and a fast clipper ready to sail the moment something is decisive one way or the other.

25th June 1815.—The last few days have been so intoxicating that I have not had a moment to write in my diary— When the news was confirmed of the great victory of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo London went mad and I with it —People I had never seen before rushed up to me in the streets and shook me violently by the hand—Father now says we will have a long lasting peace—that Napoleon will be obliged to abdicate—that his star has fallen. Many people have been ruined and others have made large fortunes—He is a little annoyed at the desertion of Messrs Bayard and Crawford who have sailed in the *Neptune* leaving us to get home as best we can.

26th June.—The Emperor has arrived in Paris—It seems he wanted to be killed but his Marshals forced him into a carriage as they feared he might be taken prisoner—

27th June.—We are nearing the completion of the treaty of commerce—and it is to be signed in a day or two.

28th June.—Father had a farewell audience with the Regent—I did not go—Mr Baring is most kind to us—

2nd July.—The Treaty signed today but not without difficulty—Mr Adams at

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the last moment wished to make all sorts of alterations—Father agreed to some of them—and Mr Robinson also. If it had been Mr Goulburn or Adams they would not have agreed so easily—Mr Robinson has been most charming in every way—We dine for the last time with Mr Baring.

3rd July.—We are actually off tomorrow—All the Barings were so kind—The dinner was delightful and we parted with them with deep regret—I will be glad to get home, after all it is my home and I love it—But I want to come back—"Homme propose mais Dieu dispose."

(To be continued.)

THE RAGING CHARIOT

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

THE Rev. Mr. Spink's sermon was prophetic. He preached from Nahum, second and fourth, and to drive the full purport of his discourse into the minds of his hearers, as he concluded, he leaned far over the pulpit and solemnly repeated the text: "The chariots rage in the streets: they rush to and fro in the broad ways; the appearance of them is like torches; they run like the lightnings."

With the last word there sounded through the open windows, from far down the road below the mill, a mysterious "Honk-honk!" The good people of Six Stars were startled. They raised themselves in the pews and listened for a repetition of the strange sound, but without the church the usual Sunday silence reigned, and thinking that their ears had deceived them, they settled down to the rare delight of hearing Miss Anna Belle Small sing "The Holy City."

It was, indeed, a rare delight to listen to Miss Small, for she was highly educated in music—was a graduate of the Airy Grove Seminary. To Willie Calker this was especially true. To him, from his mother's side, watching the slender figure by the melodeon, watching every graceful movement of the big picture-hat as the singer trilled the high notes, watching the soft, limpid play of her eyes as she floated easily through the lower ranges, she was quite the loveliest being he had ever seen, and under the magic spell he wandered blissfully into dreams of a few years hence when he would be old enough to lay his heart at her feet. He was picturing her at his mother's melodeon singing in this same way, but for him alone, picturing himself watching his lovely wife with all the pride of possession and listening to her melody, when he was rudely awakened to realities. The strange noise sounded again, this time by the mill; then nearer and louder, unearthly, dinning, at the very door of the church, and with an accompaniment of clattering machinery. Then there came silence, broken only by the squeaking of the melodeon, for Miss Small had stopped in the middle of a bar.

Old Mr. Killowill lifted himself on his hands, craned his neck, and peered out of a window. Then forgetting the scene and the service, he turned and whispered so loud that all could hear: "It's an ottymobile!"

The door creaked. Every eye in the church was bent on the entrance, to see there an uncanny figure, a tall man draped in a linen duster, with great black gauntlets hiding his hands, and his face made grotesque by a pair of goggles. He, too, had forgotten the scene and the service. He was staring straight at Miss Anna Belle Small, till, overcome by this unwelcome attention, she dropped into her chair and began to fumble with her music. To end this embarrassing interruption, Mr. Spink fairly leaped to the pulpit and called for a hymn, while the stranger, suddenly becoming aware of the trouble he was making, crumpled up in the end of the nearest pew.

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Now, Six Stars had never seen an automobile. But Six Stars was not going to display its ignorance by any show of unseemly haste. It walked out of church over the hood and running-boards with the awe of interest, as though they were feeling the muscles of a horse. Willie Calker alone lagged behind. Miss Small's

Willie Calker sat on the front porch, his chin in his hands, his eyes fixed vaguely on the mountains as he ruminated.—Page 369.

with more than its usual sedateness, but once past the door there was a rush to the curb to examine the strange machine. Small boys got down on their stomachs and peered up into its vitals; old men put on their spectacles and tried to pierce the mysteries within through the grating of the radiator; others passed their hands collapse in the middle of her solo told him that she needed help. In the stranger's sudden coming, in the terrible look which he had given her through the goggles, Willie scented danger, and it was as her protector that he fell in at her side as she was walking down the aisle. For him to do this was an act of heroism. He was

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the only boy of middle age in the village, and he knew that in thus advertising his new passion he would draw to himself insulting taunts, hurled from the protection of picket fences by Irving Killowill and his impish generation; that those like Parker Barefoot, who could boast three more years than he of experience in living, would make a rough jest of the most sacred emotion that ever stirred his heart; that his only friends, the old men of the store, his intimate enemies, would mock him and shake with unfeeling merriment. Yet he faced them all. She was in trouble. That was enough, and chivalrously he took her music-roll and defiantly he stepped forth at her side.

Undisturbed by the furor he had raised, the goggled man was standing at the door very evidently watching for the coming of Miss Small, but she affected not to see him, and, with head high, would have passed him unnoticed. But he was not to be slighted. Stepping directly in her path, he held out a black-gauntleted hand and said: "Don't you recognize me?"

"Oh, indeed!" returned Miss Small, carelessly. "It's Mr. Pettingbird." Then to Mrs. Calker: "Auntie, shake hands with Mr. Thompson Pettingbird."

Mrs. Calker did as she was bidden, and stood like a martinet studying the stranger and his strange attire.

"How did you happen to come here?" asked Miss Small, in a voice of displeasure.

"I'm touring," replied Mr. Petting-

"Yes, auntie, . . . I'm going to China."—Page 370.

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"I s'pose you are worryin' about the Chinese."—Page 372.

bird, fumbling nervously with his cap. "I happened to drop in at your Uncle William's over to Harmony, and they said you were visiting Mrs. Calker here, so says I, I might as well tour that way as any other, and as I was passing the church I heard you singing, so I thought I might as well stop in."

"Indeed!" said Miss Small, with a toss of her head, and she began to move away as though she had no further interest in him.

"Can't I run you home?" demanded Mr. Pettingbird, turning very red.

"I don't care for otta-mobiling, thank you," replied Miss Small, brusquely. "Come, auntie; come, Willie."

And guarded on either side from further intrusion, she walked down the street.

That afternoon Willie Calker sat on the front porch, his chin in his hands, his eyes fixed vaguely on the mountains as he ruminated. It must not be thought that he had no interest in the raging chariot that had come to Six Stars. On the contrary, after seeing his mother and Miss Small home, he had lost no time in hurrying to the Keystone Hotel, where Mr. Pettingbird had settled; he had studied the machine; he had ingratiated himself into the good graces of its owner, and had even been treated to a ride as far as the schoolhouse and back. It was not the machine, but Mr. Pettingbird, that held his thoughts now, for it was clear that in the stranger he had that most dangerous of all rivals, a man of wealth; it was clear, too, that Mr. Pettingbird was persistently pursuing Anna Belle Small around the country and so must be disposed of, if his own dreams were ever to become realities. Perhaps Willie Calker was looking rather far into the future, yet to his mind he was only slightly hampered by youth. He

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was fourteen. In a year his education would be completed, and he would be free to take up his career, in a store, or insurance, or a peach orchard, in any of the lines of commerce which led to wealth. In three years, surely, he would be able to lay a fortune at Anna Belle's feet and to offer her his hand. But for his own security in the meanwhile Mr. Pettingbird certainly must be driven away, and he was casting about in his mind for the means to accomplish this, when he heard sounds of weeping coming through the parlor window.

He lifted his head.

"Oh, auntie," Miss Small said between sobs," "I do wish he wouldn't pursue me. I've told him I never will marry him, but he won't give me any rest. Wherever I go, he follows me in that dreadful otta-mobile. When I was staying at Uncle John's, along he came. I moved to Harmony to Uncle William's, and it wasn't a day before he toured into town. It was the same when I went to visit Grandfather Small, but when I came away down here I thought that surely I'd be rid of him."

To Willie there was something very touching in this account of Miss Small's wanderings. She led, indeed, a nomadic life. She was passed from relative to relative. She supported herself by visiting. Even the welcome which she had received in his own home he knew to be dissembled, for he had heard his mother sigh when her coming was announced and make calculations as to how many months must pass before she could decently send her niece back to her relatives in Harmony. In his heart he had resented his mother's thrift and coldness, and now hearing her speak, he realized that the advice which she was giving was born not of a desire for Anna Belle's happiness, but of a wish to see her permanently settled at a husband's charge.

"You'd really better marry him," Mrs. Calker said. "Then you'll have a home of your own."

"I know, I know," returned Miss Small in a voice of wretchedness. "I s'pose many a girl would be glad to have my chance. He is rich, and there isn't a better family in Billings Falls than the Pettingbirds, but, auntie, I can't—I just can't. I have my call."

"Your call?" exclaimed Mrs. Calker in a voice of wonder.

"I'm going to be a missionary."

"Gracious alive!"

"Yes, auntie, I've made up my mind to give up my life to doing good. I can only be happy in helping others. I'm going to China."

"An-na Bel-l-le!"

"Yes, to China," returned Miss Small. "I know there are some worldly people who will wonder, but what would money be to me, and an otta-mobile, when all the time I'd be thinking of those five hundred millions of poor heathen who need me so? That's what I say to Thompson. At times he has almost broken me down, and I just had to tell him that he mustn't see me any more, and this is the way he answers—pursuing me even here. But if he comes here, I won't see him—tell him that—I can't see him."

"But, Anna Belle, dear." From the insinuating tone of his mother's voice, Willie knew that she must have put her arm about her niece with dissembled tenderness. "Think what it would mean to you to have a permanent home."

"My permanent home will be China," returned Miss Small, bravely. "And my love will only be for those suffering millions."

"Well, 'pon my word!" cried Mrs. Calker, and it was evident that she had withdrawn the insinuating arm. "I know this—if any gentleman with an otta-mobile asked *me* to marry him, I'd let those millions of Chinese wait."

His mother had made the way clear! Willie Calker rose suddenly and with exultation. If he had been stirred to the depths of his heart by the beauty of Anna Belle Small and by the charm of her voice, he was touched anew by this revelation of the nobility of her mind. He realized that he had now to combat not only Mr. Pettingbird, but five hundred millions of Chinese. Mr. Pettingbird was the present danger and must be met before the Chinese problem was taken up. He must marry Mrs. Calker! This was a delightful solution of a perplexing problem. Mrs. Calker would be made happy; Mr. Pettingbird's wealth and automobile would come into the Calker family; Miss Small would be relieved of troublesome atten-

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"We ran down to Pleasantville to get some gas and it was wonderful."—Page 374.

tions and free to answer her call, and rather than keep her from her duty, Willie was ready to accompany her on her mission. He was even wandering in fancy to the day when he would recline on a pile of cushions in the depths of a dark pagoda with a company of converts fanning him, when he was aroused from his dreaming to action.

Miss Small was sobbing again. "You must tell him I'll simply not see him," she said.

"Very well," retorted Mrs. Calker. "But I think you are very foolish. I'm sure he is a lovely looking man when he gets them goggles off, and if he proposed to *me*——"

Willie did not hear the rest. His mind was made up. He cleared the steps with a leap, vaulted the front gate, and darted away to the Keystone. Fortunately, Mr. Pettingbird was alone at that moment, for the Killowills' brindle bulldog had become engaged in a fight with Harvey Homer's coon-hound and the male population of the village had swept off toward

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the mill in an effort to separate the combatants. The stranger's head was hidden under the hood of the machine, but hearing an apologetic cough behind him he drew it out, and, seeing beside him a small boy with evidently something very grave on his mind, he asked good-naturedly: "Well, sonny, what is it?"

"Mother says she would like a ride in your otta-mobile," answered Willie, boldly.

"Huh!" roared Mr. Pettingbird, diving his head under the hood.

"Anna Belle says—" began Willie. Mr. Pettingbird's head came from its hiding, and for a moment he regarded his visitor inquiringly. "Your mother must be Mrs. Calker, eh?" he said more kindly.

"Of course," answered Willie, "and she's just crazy for an otta-mobile ride."

Mr. Pettingbird dropped the hood and fell to work gathering his scattered wrenches. "You tell her I'll be over in ten minutes," he said, giving the boy a friendly shove toward home.

"The impudence of the man!" cried Mrs. Calker, when her son had rushed in to announce Mr. Pettingbird's coming. "Why, I hardly know him, but if he gets here before I'm dressed, you tell him I'll be down in a minute." And she hurried up-stairs to make herself ready.

"I s'pose he knew I wouldn't go with him," said Miss Small sharply.

"Well, you needn't see him, dear," Mrs. Calker called down in the sweetest possible voice. "You can set in the room and Willie'll keep him outside."

Miss Small made it clear that she had no interest whatever in Mr. Pettingbird, and held to the seclusion of the parlor; but her presence there was made evident by the full voice in which she was singing "Last Night the Nightingale Waked Me," when the horn announced the approach of the raging chariot. Yet had Mr. Pettingbird planned to use Mrs. Calker as a bridge by which to reach the presence of Miss Small he was disappointed, for the elder woman was at the gate when he drew up, and before he could get out of the machine she had hopped in. He gave a longing look toward the window from which floated the sentimental strain; he sat like one entranced fingering the wheel until he was called to his senses by a sharp inquiry as to why they did not start.

"And, oh, the bird, my darling,
Was singing to me of you!"

Mr. Pettingbird gave one desperate glance toward the house, then threw in the gears, and the motor darted down the street beneath the inquiring eyes that peered from every window in the village.

There was silence in the parlor. Willie Calker watched until he could see the machine disappear, a rolling cloud of dust, over the crest of the hill, and smiling with great content he turned into the house. Miss Small had moved from the melodeon to the settee and was staring at the wall in a dazed way when he entered. When he spoke, she sighed. When he sat down at her side and in a voice of sympathy inquired as to her trouble, she bowed her head into her apron and broke into sobs.

"I s'pose you are worryin' about the Chinese," said Willie in the softest of tones. Now she rose, laid a hand on each of his shoulders, and lifted him to his feet. She held him in a firm grasp and looked down into his eyes, as though searching his brain for thoughts hostile to her happiness. Evidently she found them, for suddenly she spun him around like a top and left him sprawling on the floor. Before he could recover from his amazement, she was running up the stairs, and he heard the door of her room bang viciously.

What a temper the girl had! What a grip with those slender fingers! He had never dreamed that limpid eyes like hers could blaze so with anger. A great indignity had been put upon him and for his devotion he had received only contumely. As far as he was concerned, he said, as he strode from the house, all of his fond illusions had been wrecked. He was angry. But as he sat on the stoop with his chin in his hands and his eyes on the mountains, his anger ebbed away before the growing sense of the narrowness of his escape, and soon he was smiling with contentment, even laughing at himself for having been so foolish as to give her a thought. He fell to wondering if Mr. Pettingbird was aware of her true character, or if Mr. Pettingbird only knew her as he had, as a slender, tender girl who seemed to do nothing but speak and sing of noble things.

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He had nothing against Mr. Pettingbird, but if the stranger persisted in his infatuation he would put no stone in his way. Indeed, he would do all he could to help him, for through him alone could he see any relief from an intolerable situation—the continued stay of Miss Small in the Calker home. His mind now dwelling on Mr. Pettingbird, he recalled that but a few hours since he had been diligently plotting to win him for his mother, and he looked uneasily at the sun, to find it well down toward Gander Knob. He grew worried. They had started for just a spin, as Mr. Pettingbird had called it, and yet in the time they had been gone they could have circled the whole country in that chariot which ran like the lightnings. Never before could he remember his mother being away so long except in his own company. The possibility of losing her awakened him suddenly to a realization of her rare value. He recalled all her care of him, the long years of their

He at last dared to break the silence with some trivial remark.—Page 375.

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companionship, the happy evenings when she had read and sung to him. And all this, in a moment of infatuation, he had been ready to throw away to a stranger! He went down to the gate that he might better watch for her return, and when at last she came, he saw with fright how dangerous was the train that he had lighted, for he was hardly noticed as his mother was bidding good-night to Mr. Pettingbird, and as the machine went away, she stood on the stoop looking after it.

"What kept you so long?" demanded Willie, as Mrs. Calker was unwinding her veil in the hall.

"We ran down to Pleasantville to get some gas," she replied. And then with enthusiasm, "and it was wonderful—just wonderful." To Anna Belle Small, now standing on the stairs, she added, "and I must say your friend is a delightful man—most companionable."

"I hope you asked him to supper, auntie," said Miss Small feebly.

"Indeed, no," returned Mrs. Calker. "How could I, with you here? I told him so frankly—that you had made up your mind not to see him on account of the Chinese."

"Oh!" gasped Miss Small, sinking down on the bottom step.

His heart sank as he felt her clinging weight.—Page 376.

"He quite agrees with me that it is best," Mrs. Calker went on cheerfully; "so to-morrow we are going up to Sister Jane's, at Rocking Hill, in the bubble. We'll be away all day—have dinner there—and come home by moonlight."

Willie sat down on the hat-rack. Anna Belle Small did not rise to allow Mrs. Calker to pass her, but just squeezed to one side.

"And to-morrow," Mrs. Calker went on, speaking from the head of the stairs, "you'll find plenty of cold things for dinner in the house, Anna Belle, so you needn't bother cooking anything for Willie."

And home next day was to Willie Calker a place of cold things, for his mother went away early, fluttering out to the waiting Mr. Pettingbird with hardly a word of good-by to those she was leaving behind. Miss Small seemed to shun the sunlight, and never even put up the shades in the parlor, but sat there in the gloom, silent, with a pile of mission papers unread, on her knees. When Willie spoke to her, drawn to her again by a sense of mutual distress, she answered him so sharply that he fled in despair to the creek, seeking in the excitement of catching suckers with his hands to forget for a time the disasters that overshadowed his life.

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On the next day Mrs. Calker took Mr. Pettingbird down to the river to see her father. To Willie there was something terribly ominous in this. Evidently Grandfather Simmons was to meet and inspect his future son-in-law, for there could be no other meaning in such a flagrant flaunting of Mr. Pettingbird before all the relatives. When the precious opportunity came to him to see his mother alone, he found that her whole attitude toward him had undergone a change. From having been all to her, he had become nothing. This was in the one day of all that week when, as she announced at breakfast, she was to be at home, and he crept up to her room, not to find her engaged as usual in working over his clothes, but sitting before a mirror and holding a hand-glass while she tried the effect of a newly trimmed hat fixed at various angles on her head.

"Mother," he said.

The single word was a plea for her love and sympathy, but it fell on deaf ears. Mrs. Calker did not even trouble to remove the hat-pin from her mouth, but spoke through it in a muffled voice of irritation.

"Now go along—can't you see I'm busy? I'm getting ready to go over to Billings Falls. We're to have dinner with Mr. Pettingbird's family and I've hardly a thing fit to wear."

Willie fled in despair. He sought the solace of the meadow and running waters again, but the solitude could not quiet the troubled flow of his thoughts and he turned to the store, hoping in the stir of its life to forget the evils of the present and the forebodings for the future. It was only as a matter of formality that he asked for mail, for the stage would not arrive for hours, but by presenting himself at the post-office end of the counter he gave a reason for his presence at a time of day when there was work for him in the garden. To his surprise, Ned Smith pushed a letter to him through the tiny window.

It happened that as his thumb fell across the front of the envelope he saw to his astonishment that it was apparently addressed to William Calker. Why should any one be writing to him? He turned the letter and inspected the back curiously for nearly a minute, and finding no clue to the mystery decided at last to open it. Now he was fairly frightened, for he read:

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From behind the counter Ned Smith watched the boy. He at last dared to break the silence with some trivial remark, but so black was the frown given in reply that he retired behind the post-office and covertly peered at him through the smutted glass of the boxes. He saw Willie rise and leave the store. He saw him enter again some minutes later and drop a letter in the box. To the postmaster, who examined it critically, it looked like the original letter. It certainly bore on the envelope the name of the Keystone Hotel, but it was now addressed to "Miss Anna Belle Small, care of Mrs. William Calker." Mr. Smith stamped it officially. He was sure that he was being made an accessory to a

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"What are you up to now, young man?" he demanded, eying Willie over the top of his glasses.

The boy did not answer. He tore the letter from the reluctant grasp and shot out of the door. At the home gate he slackened his pace to a careless dignity. When in the hall he felt a twinge of compunction for what he was about to do, and hesitated, but all question as to the right or wrong of his action was answered when from the room up-stairs his mother's voice floated down as she sang, "I have brought poppies for thee, weary heart."

The idea was his. She would not be singing so sentimentally but for him. And he had made a mistake.

He opened the parlor door and confronted Miss Small, holding out the letter to her. She was sitting as usual in the gloom of drawn shades with her mission papers on her lap, and she took the proffer without a word of thanks. But the reading of it changed her whole expression. The mission tracts were scattered over the floor. The envelope fluttered within reach of Willie's ready hands. Her arms were about Willie's neck, and she embraced him.

"You dear, good boy!" she cried. Then she kissed him.

Never had she looked lovelier than at that moment. Willie Calker felt a pang of regret that she was going out of his life, forgetting the brusqueness of her treatment in the days just past, and the cold meals she had given him in his mother's absences. Perhaps he had acted hastily. He would almost have dragged her back from the road to which he had set her feet, but she broke from him.

"Run over to the Keystone and ask Mr. Pettingbird to come here," she said in her most insinuating tones. "There's a dear boy." And she kissed him again.

He went with reluctance. In the hall he even hesitated. Then his mother's song came down to warn him. It seemed that she was putting more feeling in "Douglas, tender and true" than ever she had done for him, and with a suddenly revived rage of jealousy he flung out of the house and ran panting to Mr. Pettingbird.

"She wants to see you!" he cried.

Mr. Pettingbird jerked his head from under the hood of the raging chariot, and extended two very black and very trembling hands.

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"Oh, I am so glad!" she cried.

"Well, I'm glad you are," he stammered. "I didn't know just how you'd take it."

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THE ART OF WINSLOW HOMER

By Kenyon Cox

SO far as we can judge by his effect upon us, his contemporaries, and without waiting for the verdict of posterity, Winslow Homer was unquestionably a great artist. He has given us pleasures and sensations different in kind from those which we have received from other artists of his time and, perhaps, superior to them in degree. He has shown us things which, without his eyes, we should not have seen, and impressed us with truths which, but for him, we should not have felt. He has stirred us with tragic emotion or, in the representation of common every-day incidents, has revealed to us the innate nobility of the simple and hardy lives of hunters, fishers, and seafarers. Finally, he has realized for us, as no other artist of any time has done, the power and the grandeur of the elemental forces of nature, and has dramatized for us the conflict of water, earth, and air. His genius has been felt alike by artist, by critic, and by layman, and it has been acknowledged almost as fully by that contemporary posterity, intelligent foreign opinion, as by the universal assent of his countrymen. No other American painter of his generation has been so widely recognized except that one who was, in temper and accomplishments, almost his exact antithesis, James McNeill Whistler.

For, surely, no greatly successful artist ever had less care than Homer for those decorative and æsthetic qualities which Whistler proclaimed, in theory and by his practice, the whole of art. There is nothing gracious or insinuating, hardly, even, anything reticent or mysterious, about the art of Homer. His pictures will not hang comfortably on a wall or invite you discreetly to the contemplation of gradually unfolding beauties. They speak with the voice of a trumpet and, whether they exhilarate or annoy you, you cannot neglect them. They have none of the amenities of the drawing-room, and you might almost as well let the sea itself into your house as one of Homer's transcripts of it. Even in a great gallery they often seem too strident, too unmitigated, too crude. If they do not conquer you they surprise and disconcert you.

But this asperity has no kinship with the vulgar noisiness of those painters who, thinking of the conflict of the exhibitions, determine to outshout their fellows that they may be heard. Homer is not thinking of exhibitions, to which he seldom cared to send, any more than he is thinking of the final destination of his picture on some one's walls. He is not thinking of an audience at all, but only of the thing he has seen and of his effort to render it truthfully. He places himself in direct competition with nature, and if his work seems harsh or violent it has become so in the effort to match nature's strength with his own. He painted directly from the object whenever that was possible, and it was often possible to him when it might not be so to another. He painted his "All's Well" entirely by moonlight, never touching it by day or working over it in the studio. He had a portable painting house constructed, that he might work from nature in the bitterest weather, and he used to hang a canvas on the balcony of his studio, in the open air, and study it from a distance "with reference solely," as he said, "to its simple and absolute truth." This habit of fighting nature on her own terms he carried into work that must necessarily be done from memory, and his studio pictures show the same pitting of his powers against those of nature as do his direct transcripts from the thing before him. He knew quite well that pictures so painted could not be properly seen on the walls of a house or gallery, and he once advised a friend to look at one of his canvases, then in a dealer's window, from the opposite corner, diagonally across the street.

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Being such an observer, he was always making the most unexpected observations, and painting things that were not only unpainted till then but, apparently, unseen by any one else. His water-color sketches, in which he set down with astonishing succinctness and rapidity the things he saw, are a vast repertory of such surprises; but even in his more deeply considered and long-wrought pictures he is constantly doing things of a disturbing originality—painting aspects of nature which another, if he had seen them, would consider unpaintable. For Homer is afraid of nothing, and trusts his own perceptions absolutely, having no notion of traditions that must not be violated or of limits that cannot be overstepped. That he has seen a thing and that it interested him is reason enough for trying to paint it. Whether he fails or succeeds is hardly his affair—whether the result is pleasing or the reverse is nothing to him. "I saw it so; there it is." The next time it will be a new observation, and until there is a new observation he will paint no more.

Many men have sat by a camp-fire at night and have enjoyed, in a dreamy way, watching the long curves of light cut into the blue darkness by the ascending sparks. Who but Homer would have made them, not an accessory, but the principal subject of a picture? Who but Homer has seen or painted such a thing as that flock of ravenous crows, starved by the long winter, hunting a live fox through the heavy snow which retards his superior speed—one of the most superb animal pictures in the world, yet produced by an artist who has painted no other? He wishes to paint the sea by night, the foam of breakers dark against the glittering wake of the moon. Who else would not have feared to disturb the serenity of nature by the presence of figures, or would have dared more, at most, than the black, almost formless, groups of silent watchers on the rocks? Homer cuts his foreground with the long, straight line of the platform of a summer cottage or hotel, and places on it, illumined by artificial light, and so large as to become almost the principal subject of the picture, two girls waltzing together. They were there; he saw them and painted them so; and he triumphs. The girls and the sea dance together, and the very spirit of "A Summer Night" is fixed upon the canvas. Every one has seen the moon rise at sunset, and many men must have seen the figures in a boat when the boat itself was hidden in the trough of the sea. If any painter saw it before Homer painted his "Kissing the Moon," he assuredly thought the subject impossible. Homer admits no impossibilities, and having seen it he painted it, the three heads red against the gray-green sea and the moon like a fourth in the group, only a touch and a sweep of light on the shaft of an oar to indicate that there is anything to support these solid figures in their strange position. You gasp, once, at the unexpectedness of the impression, and then accept it as obvious truth.

These surprise pictures are not always, or necessarily, Homer's best; some of his greatest successes are attained when dealing with subjects that any one might have chosen. But in his treatment of such subjects there is always the sense of new and personal vision; the things have not been painted by him because others had painted them, but rather in spite of that fact. He has seen them afresh for himself, and he does not choose to be deterred from painting them because others have seen them also. In a hundred little things you will have the evidence of the lucidity, the acuity, and the originality of his observation. The unexpectedness is merely transferred from the whole to the details.

Such being the observer, the recorder of observations spares no pains to make his record as truthful as possible. He will not trust his memory or his notes any far-

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ness's passion or of Homer Martin's revery. Compared to such men, he is quite impersonal. He has no lyrical fervor; makes no attempt to express his own emotion or his own mood. His is the objective attitude of the dramatist, and, however much nature may stimulate or excite him, it is her passion and her mood that he is trying to render, not his own. He is too obviously capable of such excitement, and too dependent upon it for his best results, to be called a cool observer—let us rather call him an exalted observer; but an observer and a recorder of things observed he essentially is. He is a kind of flaming realist—a burning devotee of the actual.

Being such an observer, he was always making the most unexpected observations, and painting things that were not only unpainted till then but, apparently, unseen by any one else. His water-color sketches, in which he set down with astonishing succinctness and rapidity the things he saw, are a vast repertory of such surprises; but even in his more deeply considered and long-wrought pictures he is constantly doing things of a disturbing originality—painting aspects of nature which another, if he had seen them, would consider unpaintable. For Homer is afraid of nothing, and trusts his own perceptions absolutely, having no notion of traditions that must not be violated or of limits that cannot be overstepped. That he has seen a thing and that it interested him is reason enough for trying to paint it. Whether he fails or succeeds is hardly his affair—whether the result is pleasing or the reverse is nothing to him. "I saw it so; there it is." The next time it will be a new observation, and until there is a new observation he will paint no more.

Many men have sat by a camp-fire at night and have enjoyed, in a dreamy way, watching the long curves of light cut into the blue darkness by the ascending sparks. Who but Homer would have made them, not an accessory, but the principal subject of a picture? Who but Homer has seen or painted such a thing as that flock of ravenous crows, starved by the long winter, hunting a live fox through the heavy snow which retards his superior speed—one of the most superb animal pictures in the world, yet produced by an artist who has painted no other? He wishes to paint the sea by night, the foam of breakers dark against the glittering wake of the moon. Who else would not have feared to disturb the serenity of nature by the presence of figures, or would have dared more, at most, than the black, almost formless, groups of silent watchers on the rocks? Homer cuts his foreground with the long, straight line of the platform of a summer cottage or hotel, and places on it, illumined by artificial light, and so large as to become almost the principal subject of the picture, two girls waltzing together. They were there; he saw them and painted them so; and he triumphs. The girls and the sea dance together, and the very spirit of "A Summer Night" is fixed upon the canvas. Every one has seen the moon rise at sunset, and many men must have seen the figures in a boat when the boat itself was hidden in the trough of the sea. If any painter saw it before Homer painted his "Kissing the Moon," he assuredly thought the subject impossible. Homer admits no impossibilities, and having seen it he painted it, the three heads red against the gray-green sea and the moon like a fourth in the group, only a touch and a sweep of light on the shaft of an oar to indicate that there is anything to support these solid figures in their strange position. You gasp, once, at the unexpectedness of the impression, and then accept it as obvious truth.

These surprise pictures are not always, or necessarily, Homer's best; some of his greatest successes are attained when dealing with subjects that any one might have chosen. But in his treatment of such subjects there is always the sense of new and personal vision; the things have not been painted by him because others had painted them, but rather in spite of that fact. He has seen them afresh for himself, and he does not choose to be deterred from painting them because others have seen them also. In a hundred little things you will have the evidence of the lucidity, the acuity, and the originality of his observation. The unexpectedness is merely transferred from the whole to the details.

Such being the observer, the recorder of observations spares no pains to make his record as truthful as possible. He will not trust his memory or his notes any far-

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ther than he must. He will reproduce as nearly as possible the conditions of his original observation, that the details may be filled in with his eye upon the object; and he will do this not because his memory is weak, but rather because it is so strong that he is sure not to lose sight of his original impression while verifying the details by renewed experiment. The studio in the old University Building in Washington Square, which he occupied from 1861 to 1884, was a room in the tower with a door opening upon the flat roof of the main building where he could pose his models beneath the sky. Most artists of his time painted, as most artists still do, direct from the model; and many of them would have been glad of his opportunity to paint in the open air. Not many, perhaps, would have pushed the love of exactitude so far as he did when he painted the figures of his "Undertow" from mod-

All's Well.

Property of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

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els kept wet by continual dousing with buckets of water kept at hand for the purpose. This reminds one of some of Meissonier's expedients for securing accuracy; the result was different because Homer had a far firmer grasp of the total effect than Meissonier ever possessed, and did not allow his pursuit of minor facts to obscure his vision of the essential ones.

There are other tales of his scrupulousness, such as his propping up the dory of "The Fog Warning," at the necessary angle, against a sand-dune on the beach and posing his fisherman model in it; or his modelling in clay the ship's bell of "All's Well" when he could not find one to his mind in the junk-shops of Boston; but more impressive are the evidences of another kind of scruple, an anxiety for exactitude of effect which reminds one more of Monet than of Meissonier. He often waited weeks and months for just the effect he wanted, and seemed to his intimates unreasonably idle, because he could not go on with the picture he was interested in and could paint nothing else until that was completed. "Shooting the Rapids," now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, was begun in 1904, and Homer expected to complete it easily, as he had made many studies for it; but he could not satisfy himself without another trip to the Upper Saguenay to restudy it from nature, and it remained unfinished at the time of his death. The "Early Morning after Storm at Sea" was two years on his easel and, during that time, was the subject of a rather voluminous correspondence with the dealers who had ordered it. Homer's excuse for delay is always that he must "have a crack at it out of doors," as he is not satisfied to work from his original study. In March of 1902 he writes: "After waiting a full year, looking out every day for it . . . I got the light and the sea that I wanted; but as it was very cold I had to paint out of my window, and I was a little too far away . . . it is not good enough yet, and I must have another painting from nature on it." Finally, seven months later, he writes again: "The long-looked-for day arrived, and from 6 to 8 o'clock A. M. I painted from nature . . . finishing it, . . . making the fourth painting on this canvas of two hours each."

To Homer's own consciousness this acuteness of perception and this thorough and painstaking realization were all there was to his art. He had no patience with theories and would seldom talk about painting at all. A fellow artist, since distinguished as a mural painter, once tried to express his admiration for the composition of line and space in Homer's pictures, but he found the master blankly unresponsive and inclined to deny the existence of any such qualities either in his own work or elsewhere—professing, indeed, not to know what was meant by the language employed. This can hardly have been affectation in him—one cannot conceive Homer as affected in anything. He seems honestly to have believed that it is only necessary to know how to see and, above all, to know a good thing when one sees it, and then to copy the thing seen as accurately as possible. He believed that he altered nothing, and said to Mr. John W. Beatty: "When I have selected a thing carefully, I paint it exactly as it appears." It is an illusion shared by other painters of our day, and one can see how Homer might have cherished it with regard to his marines—how, having chosen well, he might not consciously change so much as the line of a rock crest or the color of the shadow under the top of a wave. It is more difficult to see how he could have been unaware of the powers of arrangement and interpretation implied in the creation of his figure pictures, but he seems to have been so. He was not averse, upon occasion, from mentioning the merits of his work, but it is always accuracy of observation and of record that he praises; and if we accept his own estimate of himself it is as a gifted reporter that we shall think of him, hardly as a creator.

It is, of course, quite impossible to accept such an estimate as final. Extraordinary as are Homer's powers of observation and of record, such powers will not alone account for the effects he produced. A veracious reporter he undoubtedly was, but he must have been something more and other than a reporter, however veracious. His great pictures are either intensely dramatic or grandly epic, and neither dramatic intensity nor epic serenity were ever attained by veracity alone. They are attainable, in pictorial as in literary art, only by style. If the effects

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The Fox Hunt.

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are great the art must be great in proportion; if the effects are vivid the style must be keen and clear; if they are noble the style must be elevated. Consciously or unconsciously, Winslow Homer was an artist, and it becomes a matter of interest to examine the elements of his pictorial style, to test their weakness or strength, to determine, if possible, by what means his results are attained. Beginning with the least important of these elements, let us study his technical handling of his material, his employment of the medium of oil painting; then his treatment of light and color; then his draughtsmanship, his knowledge of and feeling for, significant form; finally, reaching the most fundamental of artistic qualities, let us consider his composition and the nature of the basic design to which the other elements of his pictures are added, or out of which they grow.

While felicity in the handling of material is the least important of artistic qualities, it is by no means without importance. Without his extraordinary virtuosity Frans Hals would be a nearly negligible painter, and the loss of his exquisite treatment of material would considerably diminish the rank of even so great a master as Titian. Or, to take a more modern instance, think how much of Corot we should lose with the loss of his lovely surfaces and his admirably flowing touch. Homer's technical handling of oil paint is entirely without charm, and it is abundantly evident that he triumphs not through but in spite of it. Mr. Beatty has said, meaning it for praise: "No one, I think, was ever heard to talk about Homer's manner of painting, or about his technical skill, as of special importance." He is so far right that no one has found Homer's technic, in the limited sense of the word, a reason for liking or admiring his paintings, but many have found it a reason for disliking them; and to some of the artist's most sincere admirers his technical limitations remain a stumbling-block in the way of their free enjoyment of his great qualities. In his early work his handling is hard, dry, and timid. Later

A Summer Night.
In the Luxembourg Museum.

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The West Wind.
In the collection of Samuel Untermyer.

it attains to force and directness, and sometimes to great skill, but never to beauty. It is, perhaps, at its best in such a picture as "The West Wind," where the sureness of touch and economy of means are striking and, to some degree, enjoyable. The picture looks as if it had been painted in a few hours, without a wasted stroke of the brush; and its workmanlike directness communicates a certain exhilaration. But this impression of spontaneity, which is the highest pleasure Homer's handling is capable of giving, vanishes with further labor, and there is nothing to take its place. His surfaces become wooden or woolly, his handling grows labored or harsh and unpleasing. At best his method is a serviceable tool; at less than its best it is a hindrance to his expression, like a bad handwriting, which one must become accustomed to and forget before one can enjoy the thing written.

If Homer's color is not, like his workmanship, a positive injury to his expression, it seldom reaches the point of being a positive aid to it, at least in those great paintings which are the most profound expressions of his genius. In both color and handling his slighter sketches in watercolor reach a standard of excellence he was unable to attain in the more difficult medium. Many of his marines are little more than black and white in essential construction, and are almost as effective in a good photograph as in the original. In "The West Wind," for instance, the whole of the land and the figure that stands upon it are of a nearly uniform brown, while the sky is an opaque gray, of very little quality, brought down to the edge of the earth in one painting. Across this the white of the breakers is struck with a few frank, strong touches. The contrast of brown and gray, of transparent and opaque, is pleasant; but the whole expression of the picture is in its shapes and its values; its color, as color, is nearly negligible. This is an extreme case, yet in most of the coast scenes the color is really of little more importance, though the perfect notation of degrees of dark and light often gives an illusion of color which is not actually present. In some of the figure pictures color is carried further. In "The Herring Net" and "Eight Bells" the grays of sky and water are much more

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subtly modulated, the dull yellows of the sailors' oilskins are very true and delicate, and in the former picture the rainbow gleams of the fish in the net are a fascinating element in the total effect. Once or twice, where the lowered key of moonlight has helped him—in "All's Well" for example—Homer comes near that unification of all the separate notes of a picture by one prevailing hue, which we know as tone, and at least once, in "The Gulf Stream," he reaches toward a fully orchestrated harmony, the blues, especially, in that picture, being superbly rich and varied.

But to understand how far Homer's color, even in these examples, is from that of the true colorists, we have only to compare his work with that of such contemporaries and compatriots as Inness and Martin. Inness's harmonies are full, vibrant, rich, including, on occasion, both extremities of the scale. Martin plays a more delicate flute music, full of tender modulations and tremulous sweetness. But in both the color is the very texture of the work which could not exist without it. With Homer the color, at its best, is an agreeable ornament which he can very well dispense with.

And if Homer was never extraordinarily sensitive to color, there is some evidence that in his later days he became partially color-blind. This evidence first appears, curiously enough, in the richest piece of full color he produced in oils, "The Gulf Stream." That picture was a long time in his studio, and he may well have added the unexplained and unrelated touch of pure scarlet on the stern of the boat at a time when his sight was beginning to fail. Certainly the scarlet is so vivid, and so without visible reason or connection with other things, as to suggest that he did not see it as we do, and that his eye was growing insensitive to red. In his latest work this scarlet spot recurs more than once, and is the more startling from its appearance in connection with a coldness and harshness of general tone that would of itself suggest a state akin to color-blindness.

There can, on the other hand, be no doubt whatever of the strength of Homer's native gift for form and for expressive line. Almost from his childhood he made drawings which have the incisive truth, in attitude and expression, of the sketches of a Charles Keene, and, after his

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Undertow.

In the collection of Edward D. Adams.

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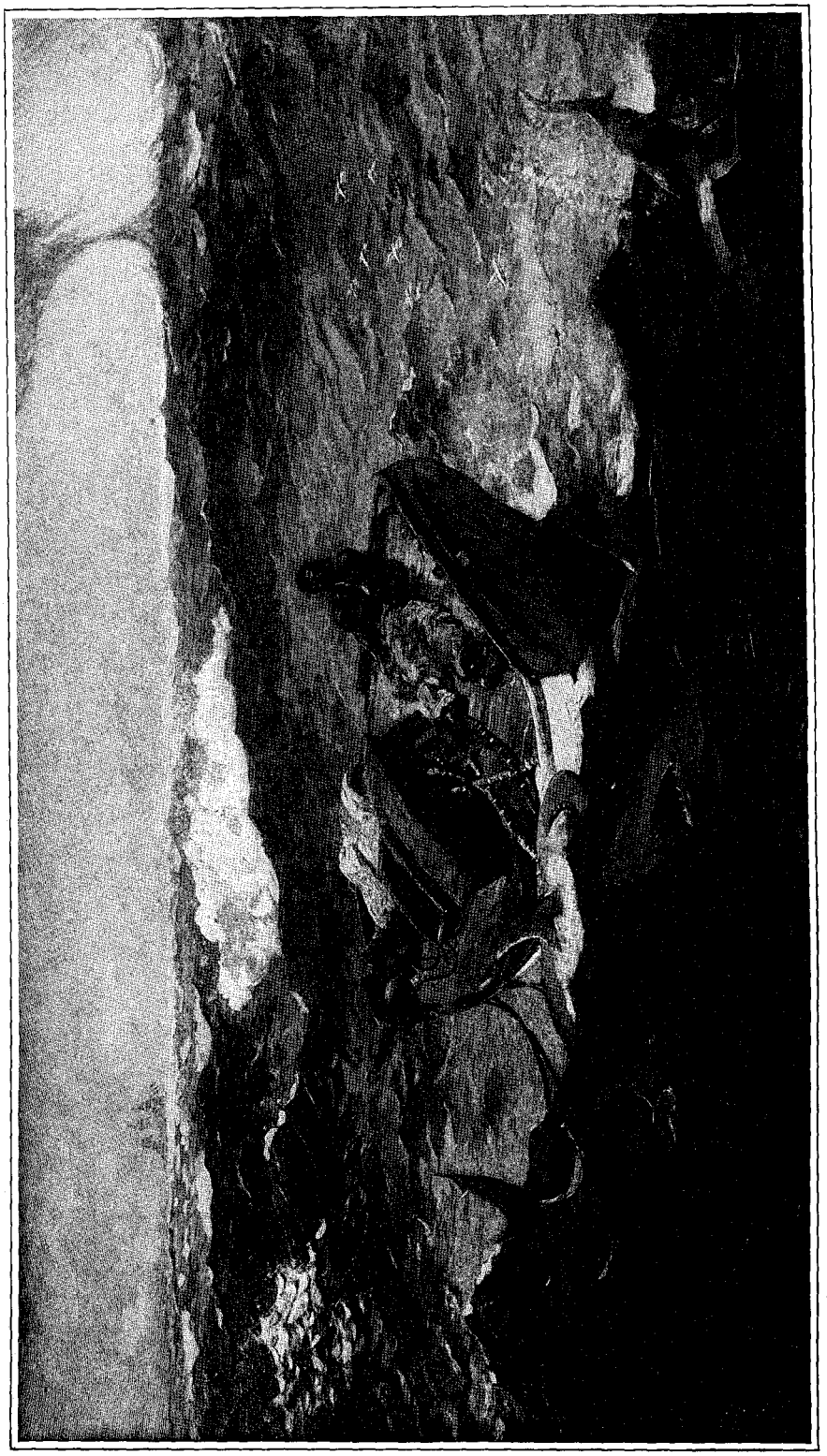

The Gulf Stream.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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Tynemouth studies, his figures, especially of women, attain a grandeur and nobility of type which makes them almost worthy to be compared with the majestic figures of Millet. In no other part of his art does he show so much sense of beauty as in some of these grave and simple figures with their ample forms, their slow gesture, their quiet and unforced dignity of bearing. At its highest level his drawing of the male figure is, if less beautiful, almost equally impressive; and his grasp of attitude is almost infallible. Whatever his people are doing they do rightly and naturally, with the exact amount of effort necessary, neither more nor less, and with an entire absence of artificial posing. Infallible, also, is his sense of bulk and weight. His figures are always three-dimensional, and always firmly planted on their feet—they occupy a definite amount of space, and yield to or resist a definite amount of gravitation or of external force.

These are among the greatest gifts of the figure-draughtsman, and there can be little doubt that Homer had the natural qualifications for a draughtsman of the first order. But no man, whatever his natural gifts, ever mastered the structure of the human figure without a prolonged investigation of that figure disembarrassed from the disguise of clothing. A profound and intense study of the nude is indispensable to the mastery of its secrets, and for such study Homer had little opportunity and less inclination. He received no training from others and, in the confidence of his strength, failed to appreciate the necessity of giving it to himself; and his figures, though right in bulk and attitude, are often almost structureless. This lack of structure is seldom so painfully apparent as in the rounded pudginess, like that of an inflated bladder, of the woman in "The Life Line," but even in his best figures there are regrettable lapses and passages of emptiness. The arms of the three girls in "A Voice from the Cliffs" are beautifully and naturally arranged, but they are not what a trained draughtsman could call arms—there are no bones or muscles under the skin—and even the figures in "Undertow," his most strenuous and most successful piece of figure-drawing, are not impeccable, not without regions of woodenness or puffiness.

Perhaps wisely, he never again made such an effort—for at fifty, if ever, it is time to use the acquirements one has rather than to strive for new ones—and his figure-drawing relapses, in his later work, into summary indications, sufficient for his purpose but slighter and slighter in structure.

But if Homer had neither the right kind nor the right amount of training for the figure-draughtsman, he had the only right and true training for the draughtsman of rocks and waves, and no one has ever drawn them better. Constant observation had taught him all that it is needful to know of their forms, and had fully supplemented his natural gifts. No one has so felt and expressed the solid resistance of rock, the vast bulk and hammering weight of water, the rush and movement of wave and wind. It is the suggestion of weight and movement that makes his figure-drawing impressive in spite of its lapses—it is in the suggestion of weight and movement that his drawing of land and sea is unmatched and unsurpassable.

A sense of weight and of movement is, however, much more a matter of design—of the composition of line—than of drawing, in the usual meaning of that word. Indeed, the sense of movement can be conveyed by nothing else but composition. The most accurately drawn figure of man or horse or bird will refuse to move unless its lines, and the lines of surrounding objects, are so arranged as to compel the eye of the spectator to follow the direction of the desired movement. It is by composition, therefore, that Homer obtains his effects of movement, and it is by composition that he obtains all his great effects. From the very first he shows some of the qualities of a master designer; he always places his subject rightly within the rectangle of his border; he always balances felicitously his filled and empty spaces; and as his power of observation becomes more and more acute his power of design keeps pace with it, his most original observations being infallibly embodied in equally original designs.

An admirable instance of the expressiveness of Homer's composition, at a comparatively early date, is the little water-color of "Berry Pickers" of 1873. At

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A Voice from the Cliffs.
By courtesy of *Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys.*

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first sight it is a simple transcript from nature, with little style in either the drawing or the color, yet it is full of a charm difficult to account for. And then one notices that the lines of all the subordinate figures lead straight to the head of the taller girl, standing alone on the left, and that she has a blowing ribbon on her hat. The line of that ribbon takes possession of the eye, which is carried by it, and by the clouds in the sky, straight across the picture to the other end where, so small as to be otherwise unnoticeable, a singing bird sits upon the branch of a bare shrub. By that subtle bit of arrangement the air has been filled not only with sun and breeze but with music, and the expression of the summer morning is complete. That Homer himself may have been unaware of what he had done is suggested by the fact that when he reproduced this composition, reversed by the engraver, in *Harper's Weekly*, he utterly spoiled it by the introduction of another figure, at what has become the left, which disturbs the balance and attracts the eye away from the bird. Whether the change was made to please the publishers, or for some other reason, the music has gone and the picture is dead.

Now look at a quite late picture, "The Search Light" of 1899. It is almost totally without color, and has not even that approach to unity of tone which moonlight sometimes enabled Homer to attain. In handling, it is poor and harsh, and there are no objects in it which require more of the draughtsman than a fairly correct eye for the sizes and shapes of things. Yet the picture is grandly impressive. How is this impressiveness secured? It can be by nothing but composition, and by composition at its simplest. The perfect balancing of two or three masses, the perfect co-ordination of a few straight lines and a few segments of circles, and the thing is done—a great picture is created out of nothing and with almost no aid from any other element of the art of painting than this all-important one of design.

It is always so with Homer. The gravity, the sense of serious import, the feeling that the action in hand is one of great and permanent interest, not a trivial occupation of the moment, is given to "Eight Bells" by the masterly use of a few verticals and horizontals. The rush and swoop of "The West Wind" is a matter of a few sweeping and reduplicating curves. The patterns of "The Fox Hunt" and "All's Well" are as astonishingly fresh and unexpected as the observations they contain and control.

Perhaps the greatest test of a designer is his use of little things to produce unexpectedly great effects, and a remarkable instance of this is to be found in "The Gulf Stream." Remove the trailing ropes from the bow of the tubby boat and its helpless sliding into the trough of the sea will be checked, the ghastly gliding of the sharks will be arrested, and the fine wave-drawing will not avail to keep the picture alive and moving.

In Homer's mastery of design we have a quality which is, if not precisely decorative, pre-eminently monumental; a quality which explains the desire, once expressed to me by La Farge, that Homer might be given a commission for a great mural painting; a quality which makes one regret the loss of the mural decorations he actually undertook for Harper and Brothers. In this mastery of design we have, undoubtedly, that which gives Homer his authoritative and magisterial utterance; that which constitutes him a creator; that which transforms him from an acute observer and a brilliant reporter into a great and original artist. A poor technician, an unequal colorist, a powerful but untrained draughtsman, his faults might almost overbear his merits were he not a designer of the first rank. Because he is a designer of the first rank he is fairly certain to be permanently reckoned a master.

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ACHILLES THE BUTLER

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustrations by Philip R. Goodwin

By Jove, when I laid eyes on him and heard his name I almost snorted in his face. It was this way: I am Bob Morgan; and my brother and I, and sometimes my sister-in-law, go up into Canada, into a shooting and fishing club north of Quebec, every summer. For a dozen years we've had the same set of French Canadian guides, till last summer the poor lunatics took it into their childish heads that it would be thrifty to do us. So they wrote that yes, they'd come with bells on, but that they'd charge two-fifty a day this year instead of two dollars. Walter, my brother, simply moaned and was going to submit, when it struck my great brain that it sounded queer. Why didn't we write the club secretary and see if guides were really coming high? We did write. And, not at all, said Colonel Storm, the secretary: the guide market was as usual; two dollars a day was all that was bid; we must have spoiled ours rather badly, he threw in. So Walter got sore and sent each of the old chaps what he described as a "perfectly polite" note. Being slapped in the face would strike me as a delicate compliment compared to getting one.

Well, so, anyhow, that's why, when we got off at the little Tartan Club station in the depths of the forest on the Lake St. John Railway, on the eleventh day of July, we saw a bunch of new faces on the platform instead of the old familiar ones we'd met there year after year. We braced ourselves to expect about anything, for guides can be distinctly poor; and we'd known of people getting badly stung, and there wasn't any reason we shouldn't. But the second we looked at the six men huddled together waiting for us with their poor old clothes, not so very dirty, and their nice, wistful faces, shy and anxious to see what they were to draw in the line of "messieurs," that first second we felt friendly to the outfit. Margaret, my sister-in-law, who's a woodsman of long standing, started right in, shaking hands and asking their names, and I followed up close behind her, while Walter was seeing to the luggage.

"Alexandre Lizotte," said a big fellow

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with a blond mustache and a heavy-dragoon build, and the bluest eyes I ever saw. "Josef Dumont"—he was a slim, alert, Indian-looking chap, half Huron, we knew later. "Josef Denis, madame," said a gentle-voiced nondescript little man who looked as if he'd never had quite enough to eat or been quite warm enough, and had been made out of cheap human material to begin with.

Three others, and then there was still one more; as we came to him Margaret hesitated and I knew she was staggered as to whether this exhibit could be meant for a guide. He was short and slender; he had a fresh, baby face, aquiline like a pretty wax doll, with a shock of bright black hair an inch thick, and huge, wondering gray eyes and a small round mouth wide open and scared. He looked fifteen and young for his age. He stared at us solemnly and Margaret repeated tentatively in her friendliest tone: "*Et comment vous appellez-vous?*"

You felt as if drinking tea was an initiation into a secret society.—Page 391.

And suddenly a large, heavy voice came out of that infant mug—"Achille Le Grand, madame."

I almost fell over. I felt Margaret stiffen as she slumped up against my shoulder, and I knew she had nearly gone to pieces before that child's face. But she didn't and no more did I. We bore up like perfect ladies and by the time we had got to the club-house in the canoes, and had done a little talking with all of them, we were a bit used to it. He wasn't very young after all—eighteen—and when you looked him over you saw that he had a bully build, broad-shouldered and deep-chested. Only, while he wasn't a runt, he escaped it rather narrowly, and the pink-and-white waxy look and the button of a mouth, always open, and the enormous, startled gray eyes and slim little figure made his general air that of an extremely youthful doll.

Of course, we translated him into "Achilles the Great" in the family circle, and when we got to camp and found that Josef Dumont, who was chief executive, had detailed the child to wait on the table, then he became "Achilles the Butler." He didn't know a word of English, not even his own name anglicized, so we could refer to him as the invulnerable hero and make remarks about his heels, and be as funny as we wanted. But we found out rather soon what was the vulnerable heel of the invulnerable Achilles. Jam. He was willing and quick and strong as a little horse, and did the chores for everybody, but he had a sweet tooth beyond humanity and the jam went like

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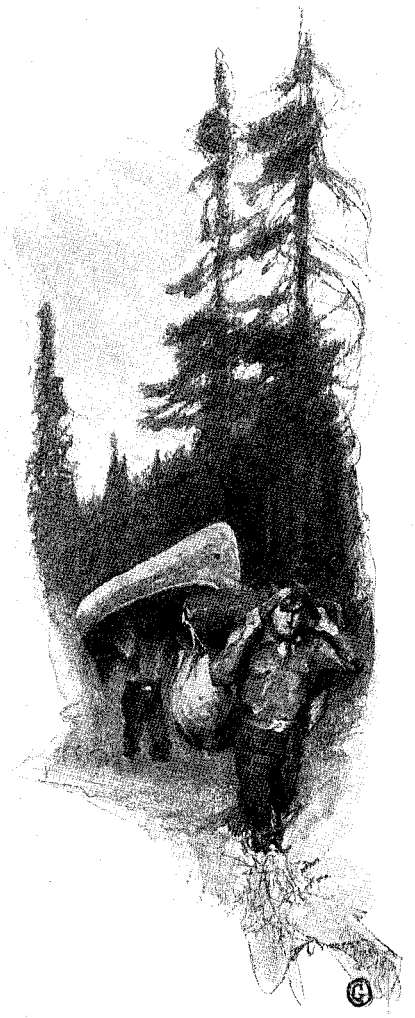
the snow in springtime. We couldn't keep any in camp, so when Margaret found out the trouble she set to work to educate and chasten that kid and teach him self-control. He listened, with his shiny black head bent respectfully and his big eyes watching her cornerwise, while she talked strenuous Canadian French. When she had got good and through, he said, "*Oui, madame,*" brightly, with the deepest reverence, in that unexpected booming voice, and the jam went exactly the same.

Otherwise she trained him to buttle not so badly. He had a strange manner at first—of coming extremely close to one and breathing extremely hard, from fright I think, as he served. He would advance upon you mysteriously till he was sitting about on your ear and then demand in prophetic tones: "Do you wish to drink tea—*voulez-vous boire du thé?*" You felt as if drinking tea was an initiation into a secret society.



Carrying the boat by turns, deeper and deeper into the alive stillness of the woods.—Page 393.

Margaret got him to stop that, but the next phase was to lean his elbow on the table to brace himself, while he offered viands. She discouraged that, too, gently but firmly. One thing she couldn't get him to do was to bring things around a second time without being told, and that was awkward, for a third and fourth time in camp is none too much for me. But our Achilles couldn't grasp why a person wouldn't say so if a person wanted more. So, finally, she hit on a scheme. She narrated to Achilles how at home she had a buzzer on the table, and when she wanted the man and he wasn't there she pressed the buzzer and he came flying. After that one had the spectacle of Margaret pressing her thumb on the innocent planks of the camp-table and Achilles the Butler, watching eagerly for his play in the game, responding on a run. Josef told us that Achille explained how madame had a "*petite clochette*" which called him. Josef had been head waiter in the Château Frontenac café at Quebec, and knew a thing or two. He also tried to instil buttling into the young idea. He told Achille variegated things about serving, and finished up by saying:

"There's much more than that; and there's more yet that I don't know."

"Is there more than that?" gasped Achille. "*Eh bien*, if there is more than you know, Josef, there must be a great deal to learn."

Margaret refused to enjoin him from whistling as he waited at the table. "For one thing, you hardly ever hear double-tongued whistling like that, and it is beau-

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tiful," she stated. "And nobody I know has a butler who whistles on the job. It's original, and all the same as an orchestra in the gallery."

So Achilles the Butler continued to trot about briskly with his bacon and flapjacks to an undertone of perfectly nice music. He nearly had a *crise de nerfs* the first time we had three courses. He became resigned early to changing the plates once, though one could see that he thought it wasteful extravagance when one already had a good old plate before one, warmed to the business and scraped fairly clean. Yet he gave us two rounds very pleasantly, slinging on number two and its knife and fork with a dash and a rattle and cheerful soft whistling. Then one day we sprang three courses on him, and when at dessert Margaret remarked, "*Des autres assiettes, Achille,*" he was staggered. He stopped whistling and his mouth opened wider and he stared, confounded, rooted to the ground. She said it two or three times, and finally Josef Denis, who was proceeding around the table with a smudge-kettle—*de boucanne*—to smoke away the black flies, waving it back and forth like an incense arrangement in a church—Denis snapped at Achilles the Great.

"*Une assiette, une assiette,*" he yapped, like a lively little dog, and Achilles came to. We were a revelation in high living to that child.

Our dining-room in camp is out of doors on a point which runs into the lake and has water on two sides. The table,

Till my throat went back on me I howled my prettiest.—Page 396.

with a wide roof over it, stands in a bunch of spruce-trees and the whole knoll is deep in moss. That's all there is of the dining-room, the table with a roof and all out of doors. We have cracking good mural decorations, a lake always changing, and mountains against a sky—that's the scheme of them. The kitchen is twenty feet away, and up the slope from it Achilles came flying in fair or foul weather with *crêpe,* which is flapjacks, or corn-bread, or sizzling trout in the frying-pan, or moose venison, or partridge in the broiler, when Margaret pressed her thumb on the table.

One day I had an evil inspiration. The jam had been going uncommon swift and Walter had got a bad grouch and said if Margaret couldn't stop Achilles he'd have to be sent out; it was ridiculous to buy dozens of jars of jam at forty cents a jar to feed to that dapper French doll; and other remarks of that ilk. When Walter gets economical it's always on jam or matches; he's perfectly lordly where the question is a few hundred dollars on a motor-car.

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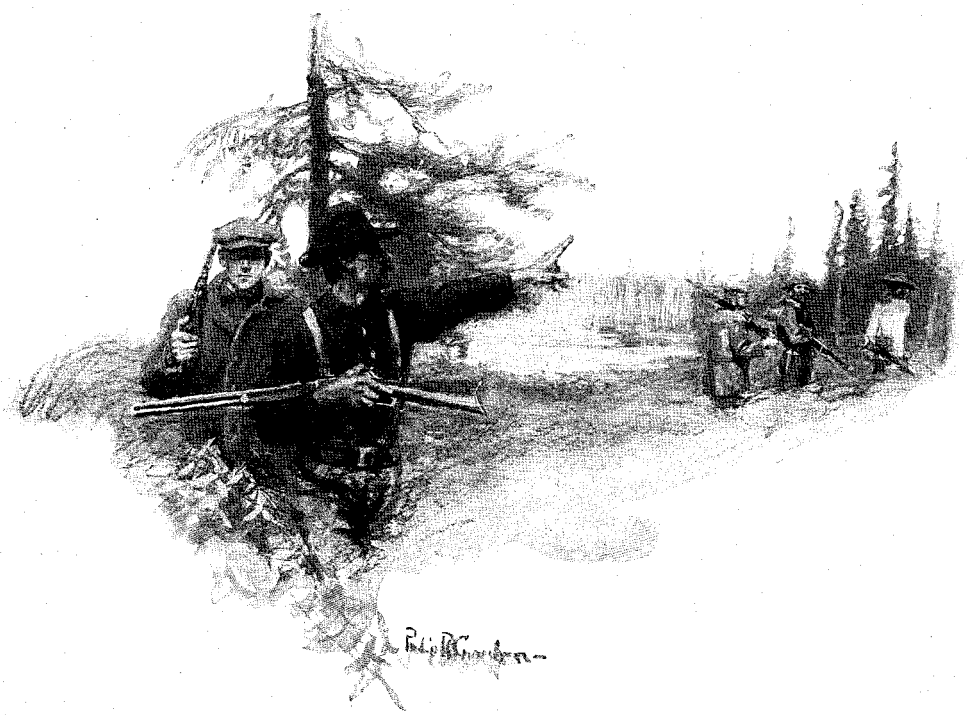
"*S'il faut, qu'il mange de jam par le bucket*" (pronounced *bouquet*), remarked Walter to Josef, "*alors il faut qu'il nous laissons.*" Josef looked solemn but dazed, and I wopped into a chair and squealed when I made out *bouquet.*

So then I said I'd take the hungry warrior on a little trip I was planning to find a lake, and talk to him as man to man and see if I couldn't de-jam him. The poor little beggar was dotty with excitement over going, for mostly he had to stay around camp, and the others got the fun. So I showed him the map I was making and explained how I thought there must be a good-sized lake at the head of the little river that ran into Lac à la Poêle, because the stream was large and the water in it was warm. You see if a stream comes just from a spring the water is cold; if it comes out of a lake it is always warm. The kid appeared to take an intelligent interest, and as it was only an overnight voyage I wasn't risking much, anyhow, I thought. So we made preparations, with much skedaddling of Achilles from the guides' camp to ours and many staccato questions in that ponderous young voice. And finally we were off. The two hours' stretch to Lac à la Poêle went all right; we paddled up the river in a canoe and walked around the rapids on the portages, Achille and I carrying the boat by turns, deeper and deeper into the alive stillness of the woods. Then we made camp leisurely, for it was early afternoon yet, on a bank of Lac à la Poêle, where a cold stream tumbled into the lake over rocks, making a cheerful rumpus in its undertone of hurrying water. When we'd got the tent up and pegged out and had cut lots of balsam with a princely smell to it, for the beds, and had spread out the blankets and unpacked the kit and started a roaring young camp-fire, then I left Achilles the Great getting dinner and went fishing.

I strung my rod in camp, and I put on a Reuben Wood for the hand-fly and a Scarlet Ibis, because that's a good one in unfished waters, and a Silver Doctor for the tail-fly, which seems to be stylish under the English flag. Then I was at once sorry I'd strung it, for I had to walk



We all had guns, and we arranged signals.—Page 397.

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through a little jungle and carry that ten-foot rod and line and catchy flies to get to the stream, and I might as well have put the thing together on the rocks. However, I arrived at the water, with some wiggling, and holy Mike! how those fish rose. They were simply mad for the fly; I never in all my experience saw prettier fishing. They weren't large, but yet fair-sized, averaging about half a pound, and so strong that each time I thought, "Now I *have* got a whale!" They fought like devils, and there wasn't any let-up either. The minute I'd landed one and taken him off and cast back, almost the second the flies went dancing again down the swift water, there was a rush and a tug at the line, or sometimes a flash of pink and silver that shot clear into the air, or sometimes only a swirling while the line went taut, but in any case here was another trout on, bang off. I could have taken a hundred, maybe two hundred, but I had to stop at twenty-four, for I didn't see how Achille and I could hold more than that for dinner and breakfast. We did handle that bunch though; not one wasted.

I wriggled back painfully through the jungle with my string on a forked crotch of alder. And, behold, to my astonishment, no Achilles. I thought maybe he'd gone up the stream a bit to get water, so I waited discreetly five minutes. And then, behold some more, and continuously, no Achilles. I began to get annoyed at my wax doll. I banged about and called him, but I hate to make a row in the woods, so I once more sat down and went on waiting. And in about fifteen minutes, lo! Achilles, rustling through the underbrush as busy a little housewife as ever you saw.

Achilles, his big eyes staring and his button mouth wide open.—Page 397.

"What the dickens?" I asked and then forebore, for I can't swear much in French and Achilles doesn't recognize even a cuss word in English. He murmured sweet nothings about looking for a cold spring, and I, being anxious to show somebody my catch, let it go at that.

Then he trotted down to the lake-edge and cleaned the fish, and when he brought them back I had the frying-pan over the fire with a large hunk of salt pork melting in it, and we rolled the troutlings in corn-meal and threw them into the hot fat and they curled up their tails and cooked with one of the pleasantest sounds to which I have ever listened. What with coffee and flapjacks and maple sugar and bacon and six half-pound trout apiece and fried potatoes—they have an agree-

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able melody when cooking also—what with this menu Achilles the Great and I rose from the table—a log chopped flat a bit—distinctly "*rempli*," as Walter puts it. I personally was submerged in the loveliest bestial torpor I ever experienced. I had planned my lecture on jam for this evening, but it seemed so futile compared to torping that I balked. I decided that lunch-time to-morrow, when we'd found the lake maybe and were wide-awake, would be better. So we made not too elaborate an evening toilet and with deep sighs of contentment crawled into our blankets.

For a limited time I lay and watched the firelight, and the red-and-brown shadows leaping in long leaps up and down the tent walls, and I listened to the crackling of the camp-fire and the stream tumbling away over the rocks; and I smelled the wood-smoke and the squashed balsam under me, and I moved about a little to feel how comfortable it was, and —and—that's all.

That's absolutely all till I heard birds singing and it was morning. I lay in luxury for a while and grinned to think how cosey it was to be alone in miles of forest and have all this nice morning, birds singing, trees blowing, stream running, and lake sparkling—the whole blamed show turned on just for Achille and me. With that I got energy to look at my watch and it was six-thirty, so I bounced Achille and beat it to the lake for a swim. The water was great and I felt pretty prosperous when I got into my togs and came out of the tent-door as hungry as a hunter. And, behold, where was Achille? Not a hide nor hair of him in sight.

I waited a few minutes like a lamb, for I thought he'd just gone for water, and then I yelled bloody murder, for I wanted my breakfast. I think it was all of fifteen minutes again before that little devil turned up, and then he just muttered things in a scared way, like the night before, about a spring, a "*source*" and "*l'eau frette*," which is the Canadian for cold water. But he hustled like mad to get breakfast, and I was that famished that I turned to and helped and didn't go into whys and wherefores, and afterward, in getting started, I plain forgot the whole business.

We left the camp as it was, intending to get back for the night, and paddled down Lac à la Poêle—Frying-Pan Lake—to the little warm river I spoke of and, turning the canoe over by the mouth of the stream, we started out to follow it up. The going was unfitted for a decent planet. We struck a windfall, a *tombée*, the first thing, and no respectable Christian ought to be able to imagine what it was like. Sometimes I thought we were plain stumped and couldn't get through. But we kept on crawling and did win out. Then we went up a mountain on hands and knees, as steep a proposition in mountains as ever I met. Achille was game for all that. He ploughed through the windfall, springing from bough to bough like the poet's "sportive cow," and crept like a cat up the precipice, and when I asked him if it wasn't "*apic*," he said, "*Non, pas trop, m'sieur*," in profound tones, most cheerfully. He had worked in lumber-camps winters, and I think had met hills and *tombées* before.

All the way we were tagging that little river. Sometimes we were near and wound around its curves close by, crashing through alders and sinking in mudholes covered so they looked nice and pretty with green moss; sometimes we walked up it for a while, jumping from one rock to another, or splashing into the pebbly bottom; sometimes, when it got steep, we were some distance off, and merely kept an eye peeled for the white water down a slide of rocks, and an ear open for the booming, so we wouldn't lose the clew. Of course I kept track of the direction with my compass, and marked down the turns on a sort of note-book map in my pocket. After a while the thing petered out suddenly and most uncommonly.

"Where's the stream, Achille? Got it in your pocket?" said I. And Achille looked worried and stared anxiously and finally laughed and shrugged his shoulders. Not up to him, I gathered. We'd been following that blessed trickle up to two minutes ago, and here it wasn't anywhere. We were in a sort of *savane*, a beaver meadow thick with spruces, and it made me clean sick to think that maybe that was all there was of it, for a warm stream quite often comes out of a marsh. All

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our work for nothing: no lake; no point to the trip; it was disgusting. Should I give it up and go back to camp? That seemed the sensible thing, for the sky had clouded over and the weather seemed to be up to wickedness, and we were a long way from our little tent.

However, over beyond the spruces there was a sort of opening to be seen; it might be just more beaver meadow, but there was a chance that it might be a lake, so we trotted along. And pig-headedness had its own reward, for suddenly, through the high coarse grass, there was a glimmer of our old friend the stream again, winding in and out, black and quicksilverish, and with that the spruces spread out with a sort of "Look, who's here!" and through them, gray and glittering, stretched for half a mile the clear water of as pretty a little lake as any one would need.

It's quite a good feeling to find a lake that's not on any map and which no white man ever saw before. It gives you a sensation that, while God undoubtedly made the world, he let you make one lake. And you look at your lake, that you made, as thrilled as a kindergarten baby with braided papers. Likely Sir John Franklin or Roald Amundsen might express the feeling better.

Well, I gloated awhile over my find, and took stock of the grassy places that showed it good for hunting, and of the two or three little *charges* or inlets that should make it good for fishing, and noted that there were no beaver, and snapped a photograph or two, and then we had lunch. High time, for it was after two o'clock and we found that we could manage a bite quite nicely. By that the sky was overclouded, and I give you my word I clean forgot all about the jam lecture, and we simply beat it for camp, getting there in much less time than it took us to come.

The little white tent looked pretty comfortable as a haven of refuge, and Achille started the fire promptly and there we were at home. I sat down on a log in the tent-door facing the fire, with a fine mist already beginning to sift through the trees, and got out my note-book and my big map that I'd left in camp, and forgot all about everything. When I came to I was sort of hit in the head with an aggressive silence. The fire was nearly out, the mist had grown into a soft but cold young rain, and there was no Achilles the Great bustling about as was fitting. I looked at my watch: it was six o'clock.

"The devil!" I remarked, and then yelled, "Achille! Hi—Achille!"

Nothing doing. Then I made the welkin ring. Again and again I rang that welkin, for by then I was plumb indignant. What was dolly boy after? I wanted my supper; I wanted fire-wood; I wanted the comforts of home such as I could get in a six-foot A-tent in a forest in the rain. And I didn't want to do the job alone with a whole guide—if he was a baby—whose job it was to work for me. So I howled for Achilles and pranced and howled more for a good half-hour, and with that I got frightened. The young slob had managed to get lost—that was clear. The boat was there; he had got lost by land—also clear. It wasn't funny to get lost at nightfall in the rain in a full-sized Canadian forest.

I thought it over for ten minutes, and then knew I couldn't do a thing that night. It wouldn't help for me to also get lost, therefore I'd better stay in camp; I had no revolver or shooting-irons of any description, so I was dependent solely on my howling powers to signal him. Therefore I howled to the four winds of heaven, going into the woods from different directions, always carefully within sight of the tent. Till my throat went back on me I howled my prettiest. Then, feeling distinctly uncomfortable, I returned to my widowed hearth and built a fire and cooked supper.

But it didn't taste like supper the night before. And I didn't put in my usual "nine-hours-for-a-fool" of sleeping. I awoke again and again and listened to the night sounds and tried to make out Achilles's voice in them, and once I had him nearly in camp, but he turned into a hoot-owl. Then I arose and stood by the fire and howled some more—I reckon I downed that owl. By gray daylight I was up and getting a frugal meal, and at four-thirty, with a few parting howls again, as a forlorn hope, I started across the lake and down the river to the home camp to get help.

A very small crop of grass grew under my hunting-boots that trip, and I lit into

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camp before they were up, with my plans ready. Eight of us were on the back trail in fifteen minutes after I landed and up at Lac à la Poêle in ninety minutes more. We were all pretty serious, for while Achilles was a fair woodsman, yet older heads than his, being lost, go plumb crazy, and do absolutely unaccountable things.

If he had the sense to sit down and stay set, we'd find him, but he might be beating it at top speed exactly away from us; he might be doing anything. I've been with a lost man once, and his reason not only tottered on its throne but fell clean off, and it wasn't cheering. If it hadn't been that Divine Providence on that occasion somehow screwed the thing I call my brain tight to the one idea I had left—that southwest was our way home—why, we'd have been mouldering bones all right by now. So I was scared blue about poor little Achilles.

We all had guns, and we arranged signals, and when we got to the desolate tent we scattered two and two so as to cover the country as well as possible. And I, with my side-partner Denis, hadn't been ploughing across country through that blessed old windfall for more than three quarters of an hour before we heard a shot over the valley, not so very far away. We froze in our tracks and listened. Two shots was the signal for "found traces"; four shots was the signal for "found the boy." Bang the rifle-shot rang out, and reverberated deliberately through the hills; I thought it would never get through. Then bang again, and reverberations once more; we didn't breathe as we waited, every nerve stretched, to see if there would be a third shot. There it was, and we gasped and grinned at each other and yet stood stock still and didn't stir, till we heard the fourth shot, hardly daring to believe the good news. The boy was found—hooray; nobody who hasn't been in such a hole can know what an enormous weight that third shot lifted from our shoulders. We started in to abuse him for making us all this trouble, before we'd gone ten steps. But we hustled down into that valley and up the other side in a different frame of mind from ten minutes before, and pretty soon Walter yelled to us from the top of the next hill, and we plugged along over rocks and logs and arrived, breathless, in a pretty little open spruce woods, with a green velvet spring tinkling along by it, and there stood Achilles the Great, backed up against a tree, tearful and alarmed, with his big eyes staring and his button mouth wide open still. Walter was adjuring him in a style of French that appeared to deprive him of speech, and I can't wonder.

"*Voulez-vous dites moi où vous va*," thundered Walter; and Achille blinked at him in terror. "*Racontez-moi pourquoi vous allez devenir perdrix*," Walter adjured again.

And at that Achille regarded him with astonishment. He didn't know why he was going to become a partridge. I think the transformation even was news to him, and it evidently "gave him pause," as Shakespeare says.

"He won't say a word; I can't get a thing out of him," complained Walter.

"No wonder. He's nearly out of his head being lost, and you've got him scared stiff, coming down on him in that judicial style," said I. And I turned on my most winning way, and says I to Achille in French: "Son, tell me all about it."

With that Achilles stumbled over something, which, to my surprise, appeared to be two or three empty jam-bottles, and flopped in a heap by my boots and began blubbering and hugging my legs, to my great inconvenience. I headed him off on the hugging, but he continued to weep off and on for a while, and in the calmer intervals he told his tale of woe. That demon, jam! As with many a towering intellect his tummy had led him to his fall. But mostly the leading-string is something less kindergartenish than jam, pink jam. Yet each according to his gifts, and Achilles wasn't gifted with that always open red mouth for nothing, I reckon. Anyhow, it was this way: when I told him I was going to take him off with me exploring, a new lot of provisions had just been brought in from the club, and among them was, as Achilles explained to me, "jam *en masse*." It struck him, as he told me in other words, that an All-wise Providence had arranged food and opportunity to fit into each other, and both to fit into him. He thought he would, as

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he delicately put it, "*amasser du* jam," for our trip, and have a blow-out. So he packed five jars, ostensibly under my orders, and the first afternoon we got there he skipped out, while I was fishing, and hid four of them a discreet distance off in the woods, solacing himself with half a bottle on account. The next morning, when I missed him, he was up to the same game, and that night, after we came back from the new lake, and while I was deep in the mapping business, off he went to his jammery, once too often, as it turned out.

For, as I said, the sky was clouded over, and Achilles had no compass, so he got turned around, and when he tried to get back to camp, bringing his sheaves with him—two bottles untouched—he must have walked in exactly the opposite direction, and pretty soon he knew that he was lost. He wasn't green in the woods, young as he was, and he hadn't enough imagination to lose his head, so, like a steady little *habitant*, he didn't do any of the crazy things I was afraid of, but pretty soon, only not quite soon enough to be within earshot of my protracted howlings, he planted himself and decided to wait till called for. He had matches and a knife, and he made a fire, and for dinner and breakfast he had jam. I don't think he had a very bad time till Walter plumped in on his elysium, but there he was suddenly aware that something awful was the matter and that he was the goat.

"*M'sieur est faché; m'sieur va me chasser—ah, mon père, mon père,*" he howled.

And I recollected that Walter's old guide, Alexandre, was his father, and that if m'sieur "chassed" him he would certainly be *persona non grata* with his father. M'sieur was rip-snorting at the fuss, and at the purloinment of his sacred and holy jam, and at being dragged on the chase before breakfast. So he was in a rotten temper, I'll say that, and inclined to the *chasse* of Achilles. But I pleaded with him pitifully and also put things in a jesting light, so that finally he decided to retain our family butler, and told him so.

"*Vous pouvez reposer avec moi,*" he told him, and Achilles looked awfully surprised at this extent of kindness. "*Je vais vous tenir,*" he remarked further, "*si vous êtes bonne. Si vous ne mangez pas jamais de jam. Je ne veux pas que le jam serait mangé comme vous le mangez; vous le mangez comme—comme—comme un cocher,*" remarked Walter earnestly.

Achille, with enormous eyes still full of tears, drank in his words as the words of Heaven, busting himself to understand them.

"*Si vous faire cela encore; si vous mangez de jam comme un petit cocher, si vous faire de choses mauvaises de tout de tout de tout,*" concluded Walter sweepingly, "*il faut que je vous chasserais.*"

And Achilles the Butler, our lost sheep that was found, broken and tearful, promised never to do anything wrong in his entire life again.

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"IF YOU SHOULD CEASE TO LOVE ME"

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

I

If you should cease to love me, tell me so—
I could not bear to feel your ardent hand,
That waked the chords of life to understand,
Hold mine less closely. No, Belovèd, no;
If you should cease to love me, tell me so!

II

If you should cease to love me, do not dare
To meet me with a masque of tenderness,—
I could not stoop to suffer one caress
That any other had the right to share,—
If you should cease to love me, do not dare!

III

If you should cease to love me, do not fear,—
I would not have you think I made one claim.
If your great love should pass, there is no blame.
For love grown cold, I would not shed a tear;
If you should cease to love me, do not fear!

IV

If you should cease to love me, let us part
As friends who part for all eternity,
Let us make grave and reverent obsequy
For what was once our very soul and heart,—
If you should cease to love me, let us part!

V

But while you love me, keep our hearts' deep Faith
As some High Priest would guard the Holy Place,
Let me not see the shame upon your face
Of one unworthy of Love's vital breath,—
So while you love me, keep our hearts' high Faith!

VI

Thus, if you cease to love me, save my soul
By having held our love so pure and high,
That if the time must come when it shall die,
I can retain my treasure fair and whole,—
If you should cease to love me, save my soul!

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ANTON ZABRINSKI

THE STUDY OF A PRISONER

By Winifred Louise Taylor

MR. WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, in "Art for America," says to us, "Let us learn to look upon every child face that comes before us as a possible Shakespeare or Michael Angelo or Beethoven." "The artistic world is rejoicing over the discovery in Greece of some beautiful fragments of sculpture hidden far beneath the *débris* of centuries; shall we not rejoice more richly when we are able to dig down beneath the surface of the commonest child that comes to us from our great cities, and discover and develop that faculty in him which is to make him fit to live in usefulness with his fellow men? Seeking for these qualities in the child, we shall best conserve, as is done in physical nature, the highest type, until we have raised all human life to a higher level."

I hope that some day Mr. Partridge will write a plea for elementary art classes in our prisons. For in every prison there are gifted men and boys, whose special talents might be so trained and developed as to change the channel of their lives. What chances our prisons have with these wards of the State, to discover and develop the individual powers that might make their owners self-respecting and self-supporting men!

We are doing this in our institutions for the feeble-minded, and with interesting results; but in our prisons the genius of a Michael Angelo would be stifled—the musical gift of a Chopin doomed to eternal silence.

Mr. Partridge's belief in the latent possibilities in our common children went to my heart, because I had known Anton Zabrinski; and yet I can never think of Anton Zabrinski as a common child.

The story of his life is brief; but his few years enclosed the circle of childhood, youth, aspiration, hope, horror, tragedy, pain, and death; and all the beautiful possibilities of his outward life were blighted.

Anton's home was in the west side of Chicago, in that region where successive unpronounceable names above doors and across windows assure one that Poland is not lost, but scattered.

In back rooms in the third story of the house lived the Zabrinski family, the father and mother, with Anton and his sister, two years younger. The mother was terribly crippled from an accident in childhood, and was practically a prisoner in her home: Anton, her only son, was the idol of her heart.

When scarcely more than a child Anton began work tailoring. He learned rapidly, and when sixteen years old was so skilful a worker that he earned twelve dollars a week. This energy and skill, accuracy of perception, and sureness of touch gave evidence of a fine organization. His was an elastic, joyous nature, but his growth was stunted, his whole physique frail; sensitive and shy, he shrank with nervous timidity from contact with the stronger, rougher, coarser-fibred boys of the neighborhood. Naturally this served only to make Anton a more tempting target for their jokes.

Two of these boys in particular played upon his fears until they became an actual terror in his existence, though the boys doubtless never imagined the torture they were inflicting, nor dreamed that he really believed they intended to injure him. It happened one evening that Anton was going home alone from an entertainment, when these two boys suddenly jumped out from some hiding-place and seized him, probably intending only to frighten him. Frighten him they did, out of all bounds and reason. In his frantic efforts to get away from them Anton opened his pocket-knife and struck out blindly. But in this act of self-defence he mortally wounded one of the boys.

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Anton Zabrinski did not go back to his mother that night; this gentle, industrious boy, doing the work and earning the wages of a man, had become, in the eye of the law, a murderer. I have written "in the eye of the law"; a more accurate statement would be, in the eye of the court; for under fair construction of the law this could only have been a case of manslaughter; but——

I once asked one of Chicago's most eminent judges why, in clear cases of manslaughter, so many times men were charged with murder and tried for murder. The judge replied: "Because it is customary, in bringing an indictment, to make the largest possible net in which to catch the criminal."

Anton Zabrinski had struck out with his knife in the mere animal instinct of self-defence. The real moving force of evil in the tragedy was the love of cruel sport actuating the larger boys—a passion leading to innumerable crimes. Were the moral origin of many of our crimes laid bare, we should clearly see that the final act of violence was but a result—the rebound of an evil force set in motion from an opposite direction. It sometimes happens that it is the slayer who is the victim of the slain. But to the dead, who have passed beyond the need of our mercy, we are always merciful.

Had an able lawyer defended Anton he never would have been convicted on the charge of murder; but the family were poor and, having had no experience with the courts, ignorantly expected fairness and justice. Anton was advised to plead guilty to the charge of murder, and was given to understand that if he did so the sentence would be light. Throwing himself upon "the mercy of the court," the boy pleaded "guilty." He was informed that "the mercy of the court" would inflict the sentence of imprisonment for life. It chanced that in the court-room another judge was present, whose sense of justice as well as of mercy was outraged by this severity; moved with compassion for the undefended victim, he protested against the impending sentence and induced the presiding judge to reduce it to thirty years. Thirty years! a lifetime indeed to the imagination of a boy of seventeen! The crippled mother, with her heart torn asunder, was left in the little back room where she lived, while Anton was taken to Joliet penitentiary.

It did not seem so dreadful when first it came in sight—that great gray stone building, with its broad, hospitable entrance through the warden house; but when the grated doors closed behind him with relentless metallic clang, in that sound Anton realized the death-knell of freedom and happiness. And later when, for the first night, the boy found himself alone in a silent, solitary cell, then came the agonizing homesickness of a loving young heart torn from every natural tie. Actually but two hours distant was home, the little back room transfigured to a heaven through love and the yearning cry of his heart—but the actual two hours had become thirty years of prison in the future. The prison life itself was but a dumb, unshapen dread in his imagination. And the unmeaning mystery and cruelty and horror of his fate! Why, his whole life covered but seventeen years, of which memory could recall not more than twelve; he knew they were years of innocence, and then years of faithful work and honest aims until that one night of horror when, frightened out of his senses, he struck wildly for dear life. And then he had become that awful thing, a murderer; and yet without one thought of murder in his heart. If God knew or cared, how could he have let it all happen? And now he must repent or he never could be forgiven. And yet how could he repent, when he had meant to do no wrong; when his own quivering agony was surging through heart and mind and soul; when he was overwhelmed with the black irrevocableness of it all, and the sense of the dark, untrodden future? One night like that—it holds the sufferings of an ordinary lifetime.

We who have reached our meridian know that life means trial and disappointment, but to youth the bubble glows with prismatic color; and to Anton it had all been blotted into blackness through one moment of deadly fear.

When young convicts were received at this penitentiary it was customary for the warden to give them some chance for life and for development physically and mentally. They were usually given light

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work, either as runners for the shops or helpers in the kitchens or dining-rooms, where they had exercise, fresh air, and some variety in employment. Anton came to the prison when there was a temporary change of wardens, and it happened when he was taken from the solitary cell where he passed the first night, that he was put to work in the marble-shop, a hard place for a full-grown man. He was given, also, a companion in his cell when working hours were over.

As Anton became fully adjusted to prison life he learned a curious thing: on the outside crime had been the exception, a criminal was looked upon as one apart from the community; but in this strange, unnatural prison world it was crime which formed the common basis of equality, the tie of brotherhood.

And again, the tragedy of his own fate, which had seemed to him to fill the universe, lost its horrible immensity in his imagination as he came to realize that every man wearing that convict suit bore in his heart the wound or the scar of tragedy, or of wrong inflicted or experienced. He had believed that nothing could be so terrible as to be separated from home and loved ones; but learned to wonder if it were not more terrible never to have known loved ones or home.

When his cell-mate estimated the "good time" allowance on a sentence of thirty years, Anton found that by good behavior he could reduce this sentence to seventeen years. That really meant something to live for. He thought he should be almost an old man if he lived to be thirty-three—something like poor old Peter Zowar, who had been in prison twenty-five years; but no prisoner had ever lived there thirty years; and this reduction to seventeen years meant to Anton the difference between life and death. Even the seventeen years' distance from home began to be bridged when his sister Nina came to see him, bringing him the oranges and bananas indelibly associated with the streets of Chicago, or cakes made by his own mother's hands and baked in the oven at home.

Life in prison became more endurable, too, when he learned that individual skill in every department of work was recognized, and that sincerity and faithfulness counted for something even in a community of criminals. Praise was rare, communication in words was limited to the necessities of work; but in some indefinable way character was recognized, and a friendly attitude made itself felt and warmed the heart; and the nature so sensitive to harshness was quick to perceive and to respond to kindness.

It is hard to be in prison when a boy, but the older convicts regard these boys with compassion, touched by something in them akin to their own lost youth or perhaps to children of their own. Little Anton looked no older and was no larger than the average boy of fourteen, and to the older men he seemed a child.

Human nature is human nature, and youth is youth in spite of bolts and bars. The springtime of life was repressed in Anton, but it was working silently within him, and silently there was unfolding a power not given to all of us. His work in the marble-shop was readily learned, for the apprenticeship at tailoring had trained his eye and hand; and steadfast application had become habitual. As his ability was recognized, ornamental work on marble was assigned him. At first he followed the patterns as did the ordinary workmen; these designs suggested to him others; then he obtained permission to work out the beautiful lines that seemed always waiting to form themselves under his hand, and the patterns were finally set aside altogether. The art impulse within him was astir and finding expression, and as time passed he was frankly recognized as the best workman in the shop.

He was homesick still, always homesick, but fresh interest had come into his existence, for unawares the spirit of beauty had come to be the companion of his working hours. He did not recognize her. He had never heard of art impulses. But he found solid human pleasure and took simple boyish pride in the individuality and excellence of his work.

The first year and the second year of his imprisonment passed, the days dawning, darkening, and melting away as like to one another as beads upon a string, each one counted into the past at night as meaning one day less of imprisonment. But toward the end of the second year the

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hours began to drag interminably, and Anton's interest in his work flagged. He became restless; the marble dust irritated his lungs, and a cough, at first unnoticed, increased until it constantly annoyed him. Then his rest at night was broken by pain in his side, and at last the doctor ordered him to be removed from the marble-shop. It was a frail body at best, and the confinement, the unremitting work, the total lack of air and exercise, had done their worst, and all resisting physical power was undermined.

No longer able to work, Anton was relegated to the "idle room." Under the wise rule of recent wardens the "idle room" has happily become a thing of the past, but for years it was a feature of the institution, owing partly to limited hospital accommodations. By the prisoners generally this idle room, called by them the "dreary room," was looked upon as the half-way station between the shops and the grave. Most cheerless and melancholy was this place where men too far gone in disease to work, men worn out in body and broken in spirit, waited together day after day, until their maladies developed sufficiently for them to be considered fit subjects for hospital care. Usually no reading matter was allowed, and free social intercourse was, of course, forbidden; although the inmates occasionally indulged in the luxury of comparing diseases. Under the strain of that deadening monotony courage failed, and to many a man indifferent to his own fate the sight of the hopelessness of others was heart-breaking. The influence of the idle room was not quite so depressing when Anton came within its circle, for a light industry had just been introduced there and some of the inmates were employed. And Anton was beginning to live in a day-dream. His cell-mate, a young man serving a twenty years' sentence, was confidently expecting a pardon—pardons became the constant theme of talk between the two when the day was over, and Anton's faith in his own possible release kindled and glowed with the brightening prospects of his friend. Hope, that strange characteristic of tuberculosis, flamed the higher as disease progressed; with the hectic flush there came into his eyes a more brilliant light, and a stronger power to look beyond the prison to dear liberty and home. Even the shadow of the idle room could not dim the light of his imagination. No longer able to carve his fancies on stone, he wove them into beautiful patterns for life in freedom. The hope of a pardon is in the air in every prison. Anton wrote to his family and talked with his sister about it, and, though he made no definite beginning, every day his faith grew stronger.

It was at this time that I met Anton. I was visiting at the penitentiary, and during a conversation with a young English convict, a semi-protégé of Mary Anderson, the actress, this young man said to me: "I wish you knew my cell-mate." I replied that I already knew too many men in that prison. "But if you would only see little Anton I know *you would be mashed in a minute*," the Englishman confidently asserted. As to that probability I was sceptical, but I was impressed by the earnestness of the young man as he sketched the outline of Anton's story and urged me to see him. I remember that he made a point of this: "The boy is so happy thinking that he will get a pardon some time, but he will die here if somebody doesn't help him soon." To gratify the Englishman I consented to see the happy boy who was in danger of dying.

An attractive or interesting face is rare among the inmates of our prisons. The striped convict suit, which our so-called Christian civilization so long inflicted upon fellow men, in itself gave an air of degradation,* and the repression of all animation tends to produce an expression of almost uniform dulness. Notwithstanding his cell-mate's enthusiasm I was thrilled with surprise, and something deeper than surprise, when I saw Anton Zabrinski. The beauty of that young Polish prisoner shone like a star above the degrading convict suit. It was the face of a Raphael, with the broad brow and the large, luminous, far-apart eyes of darkest blue, suggesting in their depths all the beautiful repressed possibilities—eyes radiant with hope and with childlike innocence and trust. My heart was instantly vibrant with sympathy, and we were friends with the first hand-clasp. The

*The striped convict suit was practically abolished at Joliet the following year.

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artistic temperament was as evident in the slender, highly developed hands as in his face.

At a glance I saw that his fate was sealed, but his spirit of hope was irresistible, and carried me on in its own current for the hour. Anton was like a happy child, frankly and joyfully opening his heart to a friend whom he seemed always to have known. That bright hour was unclouded by any dark forebodings in regard to illness or an obdurate governor; we talked of pardon and freedom and home and happiness. I did not speak to him of repentance or preparation for death. I felt that when the summons came to that guileless spirit it could only be a summons to a fuller life.

During our interview the son of the new warden came in, and I called his attention to Anton. It was charming to see the cordial, friendly fashion in which this young man talked to the prisoner,* asking where he could be found, and promising to do what he could for him, while Anton felt that at last he was touching the hand of Providence. The new authorities had not been there long enough to know many of the convicts individually; but at dinner that day the warden's son interested his father in Anton by recounting their conversation that morning. The warden's always ready sympathy was touched. "Take the boy out of that idle room," he said; "take him around the yard with you to see the dogs and horses." This may not have been discipline, but it was delightfully human —and humanizing.

When I left the prison I was assured that I could depend upon the warden's influence in furthering my purpose of realizing Anton's dream—his faith and hope of pardon. The following Sunday in Chicago I found the Zabrinski family—father, mother, and the young sister—in their third-story-back rooms. On the wall hung a framed photograph of Anton as a little child. The mother did not speak very clear English, but she managed to repeat, over and again: "Anton was so good; always he was such a good boy." The young sister, a tailoress, very trim in her dark-blue Sunday gown, discussed intelligently ways and means of obtaining her brother's release.

Our plans worked smoothly, and a few weeks later, when all Chicago was given over to the World's Fair, the desire of Anton's heart came true, and he was restored to home and freedom. Or, as the newspapers would have put it, "Our anarchist governor let loose another murderer to prey upon society." Poor little murderer! In all that great city there was no child more helpless or harmless than he.

The image of little Anton Zabrinski, as of the prison itself, grew faint in my heart for the time, under the spell of the long enchanting summer days and magical evenings at the White City.

The interest and the beauty of that fusion of all times and all countries was so absorbing and irresistible that I had stayed on and on until one day in July, when I braced myself for the wrench of departure next morning. But the evening mail brought me letters from home, and among them one forwarded from Anton, entreating me to come and see him. I had not counted on being remembered by Anton except as a milestone on his path toward freedom—I might have counted on it, however, after my many experiences of the gratitude of prisoners—but his longing to see me was unmistakable, and as I had broken my word so many times about going home that my reputation for unreliability in that direction could not be lowered, I sent a final telegram of delay.—Oh, the luxury of having no character to lose!

The next morning I took an early start for the home of the Zabrinskis. In a little back yard—a mere patch of bare ground, without the possibility of a blade of grass, with no chance of even looking at the sky unless one lay on one's back, with uniform surroundings of back doors and back stairs—what a contrast to that dream of beauty at Jackson Park!—here it was that I found Anton, listlessly sitting on a bench with a little dog as companion. All hope and animation seemed to have died out within him. Even the lights in his deep blue eyes had given way to shadows; strength and courage had ebbed away, and he had yielded at last to weariness and depression. He had left

*This young man, Edmund M. Allen, is now himself warden of this same prison, and has so developed the humanizing methods of his father as to bring Joliet penitentiary into the front rank of progressive prison reform.

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the prison indeed, but only to face death; he had come back to his home, only to be carried away from it forever. Even his mother's loving care could not stop that racking cough, nor free him from pain. And how limited the longed-for freedom proved! It had reached out from his home only to the hospital dispensary. Weakness and poverty formed impassable barriers beyond which he could not go.

As I realized all this I resolved to give him the most lovely vision in the world to think of and to dream of. "Anton," I said, "how would you like to take a steamer and go on the lake with me to see the World's Fair from the water?"—for him to attempt going on the grounds was not to be thought of.

For a moment he shrank from the effort of getting to the steamer, but, after considering it for a while in silence, he announced: "When I make up my mind that I will do a thing, I do it; I will go with you." Then we unfolded our plan for adventure to the mother. Rather wild she thought it, but our persuasive eloquence won the day, and she consented, insisting only that we should partake of refreshments before starting on our expedition. With the connivance of a neighbor on the next floor Mrs. Zabrinski obtained a delicious green-apple pie from a bakery near by, and served it for our delectation.

I find that already the noble lines with their beautiful lights and shadows in the Court of Honor of the White City are blending into an indistinct memory; but the picture of Anton Zabrinski, as he leaned back in his chair on the steamer, breathing the delicious, pure, fresh air, sweeping his glance across the boundless plain of undulating blue, will be with me forever. Here at last was freedom! And how eagerly the boy's perishing being drank it in!

There was everything going on around us to divert and amuse: crowds of people, of course, and a noisy band of musicians; but it all made no impression upon Anton. We two were practically alone with the infinite sky and the far-stretching waters. It was easy then for Anton to tell me of his deeper thoughts, and to speak of the change that he knew was coming soon. Life had been so hard, only fruitless effort and a losing battle, and now he longed only for rest. He had felt the desire to give expression to beautiful form, he had felt the stirring of undeveloped creative power. We spoke of the future, not as death, but as the coming of new life and as the opportunity for the fair unfolding of all the higher possibilities of his nature—as freedom from all fetters. His faith, simple but serious, rested upon his consciousness of having, in his inmost soul, loved and sought the good. His outward life was hopelessly wrecked; but he was going away from that, and it was his soul, his true inner life, that would appear before God. It was all a mystery, and he was helpless; but he was not afraid. *He had forgiven life.*

As we talked together the steamer neared the pier at Jackson Park. "And now, Anton, you must go to the other side of the boat and see the beautiful White City," I said. It was like alabaster in its clear loveliness that radiant morning, and all alive with the lilting colors of innumerable flags. It was Swedish day, and a most gorgeous procession in national costume thronged the dock as our steamer approached, for we had on board some important delegation. A dozen bands were playing, and the grand crash of sound and the brilliant massing of color thrilled me to my finger-tips. But Anton only looked at it for a moment with unseeing eyes—it was too limited; it was the stir and sound and crowd of the city. He turned again eagerly to the great sweep of sky and water. "You don't know what this lake and this fresh air are to me," he said quietly; and he looked no more toward the land until we had returned to Van Buren Street.

After we left the steamer Anton threw off the spell of the water. He insisted on my taking a glass of soda with him from one of the fountains on the dock; it was his turn to be entertainer now. I drank the soda and live to tell the tale. By that time we had caught the bohemian spirit of the World's Fair. Anton was revived and excited by the hour on the water, and as we crossed over to Michigan Avenue the brilliant life of the street attracted and charmed him, and I proposed walking slowly down to the Auditorium. Every step of the way was a delight to Anton;

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and when we reached the great hotel I waited in the ladies' reception-room while Anton strolled through the entrances and office, looking at the richly blended tones of the marbles and the decoration in white and gold. I knew that it would be one more fresh and lovely memory for him to carry back to the little rooms where the brief remnant of his life was to be spent.

At an adjoining flower-stand we found sweet peas for his mother; I saw him safely on board the car that would take him to his home. Then, with a parting wave of his hand and a bright, happy smile of farewell, little Anton Zabrinski passed out of my sight.

Through the kindness of a friend I had the very great happiness of sending Anton a pass, "For bearer and one," that gave him, with an escort, the freedom of the World's Fair steamers for the summer—the greatest possible boon to the boy, for even when too weak to go to the steamer he could still cherish the expectation of that delight.

Anton's strength failed rapidly. He wrote me one letter, saying: "I can die happy now that I am with my mother. I thank you a thousand times over and over for your kind feeling toward me, and the kind words in your letters, and the charming rose you sent. I cannot write a long letter on account of my pains through my whole chest. I can't turn during the night from one side to another. Dear friend, I don't like to tell my misery and sorrows to persons, but I can't help telling you."

Another letter soon followed, but not from Anton. It was the sister who wrote:

"Dear Friend—

"With deep sorrow I inform you of my dear brother's death. He died at four o'clock in the morning. He had a great desire to see you before he died. We should be glad to see you at the funeral if convenient, Wednesday morning.

"Pardon this poor letter

from your loving friend

Miss Nina Zabrinski."

THE SWIMMER AT ELSINORE

(SUNRISE)

By Maurice Francis Egan

Above the Swedish shore a bar of gold
  Shows in the gray,—the colored torches light
  Among the clouds—rose, azure, chrysolite
Flame, glow and flicker in the young Hours' hold.

Obsidian-tinted waves me swift enfold
  With glittering sprays of pearls; to where the night
  Has left a biting coldness I take flight,
This warms my blood and makes my heart more bold!

Am I in sky, in water, or in air?
  For all seem one,—I glide through lucent green,
  Through turquoise blue, through changing hues of red,—
Vermilion, scarlet, wild-rose, and the glare
  Of ruby fire,—on golden stars I lean,
  Then float 'mid tangled rainbows in an emerald bed.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

The Muse in Town

POETS may have usually been city-dwellers, but they have for the most part babbled of green fields. I remember reading a philistine editorial in the Thunderer asserting that Wordsworth was the only one of them who ever "preferred and lived, of free choice, the simple country life." Have poets of old chosen Nature as priestess rather than as pal? Nowadays, at any rate, they are not only living in the city—they are writing verses about the city they inhabit. They have discovered the beauty of lamp-posts and hurdy-gurdies—or else have read the essay in the London *Spectator* to the effect that the poet "who would really fix the public attention" must cut loose from the "exhausted past" and choose subjects "of present import and therefore both of interest and novelty." To be sure, Matthew Arnold (who preserves this sermon for us by embedding it in one of his essays) did not by any means give it his pontifical approbation. He annotates—ponderously correct:

> The modernness or antiquity of an action has nothing to do with its fitness for poetical representation; this depends upon its inherent qualities. . . . Poetical works belong to the domain of our permanent passions: let them interest these and the voice of all subordinate claims upon them is at once silenced.

The preoccupation of contemporary poets with city life is, I take it, natural enough. In the first place, they do live in the city, for the most part; and the life of our great cities is, not only unprecedentedly rich in contrast and antithesis, but, thanks to Time's whirligig, a spectacle of considerable freshness. Here in America the cities are themselves new. Moreover, ours is a time of exceptional social fermentation, and one is most conscious of this in city streets. Finally, many a poet must feel, with Mr. Edmund Gosse, that we moderns are hampered by past triumphs in the ancient art. Every one—for more than a century at least—has written about the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la. Therefore it only remains for Mrs. Gilman to write of the flowers that wilt in the shop-window:

> "I hear, in raw, unwelcome dawns,
> The sordid sparrows sing,
> And in the florist's windows watch
> The forced and purchased spring."

It is, however, in a spirit of mockery that Mr. W. P. Eaton rejoins antiphonally:

> "It is spring to-day; I know the sight—
> The smell of asphalt fills the air,
> The gas-pipe men are mending lines,
> And digging ditches in the square."

Mr. Eaton has a sense of humor—but not all the city poets are with him in that.

The realistic, the naturalistic novel has, of course, been a notable fact of the last two generations. From Flaubert and Maupassant down to George Moore and Arnold Bennett is not only a long but a much-read story. What wonder if the poets that live in the square, and sometimes find time to read novels, can't help noticing that some of the novelists they used to dine with at the table d'hôte ride in motors now, and subscribe to bond issues? Not that the poets are mercenary—yet the influence does count. And if the realistic spirit expresses itself in much of our verse nowadays, the fact is equally striking that the two most read British poets of the day, John Masefield and Alfred Noyes, stick pretty closely to narrative. The tale's the thing.

Matthew Arnold is right as rain when he protests that time-spirit considerations should not guide us far in evaluating verse—since our honest enjoyment of poetry does not really depend on either time or place. So far as local color goes, all the world loves a pedler, as George Moore wrote one time, with a sarcastic eye fixed upon M. Loti and Mr. Kipling; but if the pedler's pack contains naught but glad rags we soon weary of looking at them, and send him pedler-packing. The poet has more delicate perceptions than the rest of us, and more subtle intuitions. He points to beauties that we have walked by without

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seeing; he kindles the sense of "impassioned recollection" that has always been a large part of romance. He offers refreshment, repose, and exaltation. He has seen a vision or dreamed a dream—and shares it with us. But surely Matthew Arnold would agree that the poet has a right to lodge his muse in the square—if he (and she) prefer town lodgings to country. And I can't see that it is a question of political or economic principles; for myself, I can admire standpat melody or Socialist without prejudice.

Mr. Laurence Binyon in "London Visions" hears an uneven thunder in the city when, "through darkened street," the dray rolls by:

> "A shadowy force
> Through misery triumphant; flushed, on high,
> Guiding his easy course,
> A giant sits, with indolent soft eye . . .
> Calm as some conqueror."

But the American poet goes underground for his thunder and lightning—as Mr. Chester Firkins does when he takes the Subway:

> "A figment in the crowded dark,
> Where men sit muted by the roar,
> I ride upon the whirring Spark
> Beneath the city's floor."

Still another young poet, Mr. Joyce Kilmer, sings of the Subway's freight of

> "Tired clerks, pale girls, street-cleaners, businessmen,
> Boys, priests, and harlots, drunkards, students, thieves:"

a passenger list that would have appealed, indifferently, to François Villon and Walt Whitman. Yes, our junior choir is acting literally upon Zola's dictum that the city street (above ground or below) is both pathetic and worthy of depiction; its mingled beauty and horror "enough for any poet." One recalls Stedman's "Pan in Wall Street," written almost fifty years ago, with its address to "the heart of Nature, beating still":

> "With throbs her vernal passion taught her—
> Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
> Or by the Arethusan water!
> New forms may fold the speech, new lands
> Arise within these ocean portals,
> But Music waves eternal wands—
> Enchantress of the souls of mortals!"

And, only yesterday, I read a poem by Mr. John Myers O'Hara, entitled "*A Faun* in Wall Street."

What impresses me most of all in reading the newer poetry of our city life is the fact that already the cult of the foul for the foul's sake is waning—and the cult of the distressing just because it *is* distressing. Perhaps at best—or worst—it was only an affectation. Baudelaire and Verlaine were, in their little way, great poets; yet I know of no great poets among their imitators, conscious or innocent; and here in America we have no sufferers from Baudelirium who measure up to Arthur Symons, even. But what may be more important than all this is the fact that the country and its images are always lurking in the background of your city poet and his verses. Nature poetry wears a new yet somewhat torn mask—through which her ruddy face now and again shows. Bees hum, and sometimes their humming puts the man-made machinery out of running order, and drowns all the urban cacophony. One, at least, of the young innovators is conscious of the truth about the city—since Mr. John Hall Wheelock has, in "Love in the City," written these stanzas that I do not weary of:

> "Within the modern world deformed and vast
> Lurks everlastingly—though all men deny—
> The awful Force that in the ages past
> Walked on the waves and cried on Calvary.
>
> "I feel it in the crowded city street,
> 'Mid iron walls and wheels and clanging cars,
> I feel it in my pulses as they beat—
> The monstrous Secret that propels the stars."

Emerson foresaw all that has happened in our poetry since his own time. That ascents in aeroplanes and rides in automobiles and crowded passages in cars that race through the city's entrails—that all these matters should furnish inspiration to the twentieth-century poet would in no wise have shocked him. "Readers of poetry see the factory village," wrote Emerson, "and the railway, and fancy that the poetry of the landscape is broken up by these, for these works of art are not yet consecrated in their reading; but the poet sees them fall within the great Order not less than the bee-hive or the spider's geometrical web. Nature adopts them very fast into her vital Circles, and the gliding train of cars she loves like her own." The poet, who is the seer, the namer, reattaches things to Nature—to paraphrase the essayist. Even the monstrosities of our cities form a part of the whole. Now

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that city poetry is losing somewhat of its blatant novelty and self-consciousness, one is more than ever conscious of this truth. Let our poets forget, however, their *Fleurs de Mal*—for not so are all the *Fleurs du Pavé* that are theirs for the picking.

"The Next Ruin"

NEW YORK is as a very mirror of America in that its state is always one of *becoming*. So that New York's sky-scrapers express, not symmetry—but New York. The architecture is assimilative—like the national genius. The sky-line is confused—like America's destiny. The style is mixed—like the people on the sidewalk. "The city is too vast," a French visitor recently lamented; "a collection of towns—English, Greek, Italian, Jewish, Chinese—and towns of a kind as yet untried: amorphous and unbalanced, modern towns which have not yet found their type of beauty." And in the mingling of the architectural schools and types within the same block or even the same structure is mirrored the mingling of races and colors and creeds within the melting-pot of men and women.

M. Lanson, the French professor I have quoted, finds New York's down-town streets too narrow for the height of the sky-scrapers: "It is as if you set down the Arch of Triumph and the Eiffel Tower in the rue Quincampoix." And then he likens the sky-line to a dentillated jawbone—as M. Gorky did before him. It is a good image: that of dog-teeth that tear human flesh and sometimes destroy human nature, shadowed for us in soulless agglomerations of brick and steel and stone. Yet something too is missed. There is, in the line of the Metropolitan Tower, freely adapted from the Campanile of Venice, and in the Alpine pinnacles of the Woolworth Building, an element of aspiration. Mr. Dana Burnett has written in a daily newspaper verses in praise of that building:

> "You are God in a sermon of stone,
> The dim God that we search at your feet;
> You are faith lifted unto the stars—
> But we do not look up from the street."

The poetry is not faultless, any more than the architecture—but it too aspires. The Gothic cathedral is not alone in raising arms toward the blue heaven. But one needs distance to appreciate these aspects of the sky-scraper; one must view them from banal Brooklyn or from the St. George ferry—bound for one of New York's constituent but outmoded *banlieux*. And in seeing the shining towers of Manhattan rising above the narrow island and the lower buildings of the side streets, one asks one's self if the real wonder (granting the confusion of New York's peoples and traditions and interests) isn't the fact that the narrow little island has even as orderly an architecture as it has.

The height of New York's buildings has become something of a legend. And yet the proportion of really towering structures is much smaller than men realize—even in New York. For the most part, the sky-scrapers are confined to, or near, one street, in one part of the city. Up-town there are some tall hotels. That is all. Out of over ninety thousand buildings on Manhattan Island, only a thousand exceed ten stories. There are but fifty over twenty stories; but nine (with the tenth just contracted for) over thirty. But the tradition persists. Back in the nineties, when Lafcadio Hearn was frightened by the "cascading thunder" of these streets, he described "the houses eleven stories high" as "trying to climb into the moon." Eleven stories frighten no one to-day—not even though he be a timid outcast of exotic tastes and myopic vision; yet only two decades have gone by. Will men smile at the thought of fifty stories being wonderful—in twenty years?

No—they will not smile. Unless unforeseen conditions arise, the tendency must, in the future, move toward lateral expansion. Æsthetic objections are likely to gain in their force—and they are already being buttressed by the argument of the almighty dollar. Sky-scrapers do not pay. They do not, speaking generally, pay either owner or community. Boston has from the start severely limited the height of buildings, and Boston realty men are sure that this limitation has tended to maintain values instead of holding them down. Chicago real-estate interests oppose the digging of subways, on the ground that this would tend toward the development of one central sky-scraper section and the abandonment of other districts by "big business." In New York sky-scrapers it is found increasingly difficult to rent the lower floors. Also, once a cer-

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tain size is reached, their elevators eat up too much floor space—and on every floor; the competition between the rival sky-scrapers is costly, too; and as the buildings grow larger and larger, so do their expenses of upkeep and service grow out of all proportion. Two and a half per cent on the investment is what sky-scrapers average in earning power—if you deduct depreciation. Nor are they economically any great asset for the community. They entail the installation of high-pressure water-mains, for fire protection; their torrents burst the city sewers, and new ones must be digged. And not only do these vaster structures dwarf more modest buildings—they rob them of all sunlight. Worst of all, the terror of fire and panic hangs like a cloud over the Towers of Mammon, that seem from a little distance so faëry-like in their dresses of frozen lace.

The romance of the cities of Europe lies in their past—its memories and monuments. The romance of New York is present—and future. A turbaned prince who came to the city of towers some years since was led to one of the tallest at noon, and shot to the top of it in a steel car that travelled an upright track. On that great platform above the toiling, trailing city, with its vista of chasms and needle-like steeples and line-broken housetops and rivers and islands and sea, the Oriental sank to his knees, and, facing the East, made his prayer to Allah. He professed to be greatly moved by the sight of New York—it impressed him more than Rome or Paris or London. "But what will you do when these high houses fall?" he asked; "for surely they are not for alway."

"I was coming out of New York harbor a month ago, and looking at the sky-scrapers," says some one in a modern novel; "and suddenly it hit me in the mind: 'That's just the next ruin.'"

"Just the next ruin." . . . And what then?

THE FIELD OF ART

ORIGINALS BY GREAT MASTERS FOR SHORT PURSES

IN these days of admirable photographic facsimiles lovers of art who are not also wealthy will generally and sensibly content themselves with their favorite artists in reproduction. But there is a class of amateur who must have for full enjoyment the very touch of the master's hand, and cannot accept permanently any form of transcription however skilful. At first sight the case of an impecunious amateur of this type seems tragic enough. Originals by the great masters apparently do not fall at small prices, while contemporary painting and sculpture of merit is properly paid for in figures out of question for those of small income—a class which comprises the great majority of well-informed art-lovers. But this impression of the inaccessibility of fine originals to persons of small means, is erroneous. Whoever can devote a hundred dollars a year to the decoration of his walls or the enrichment of his cabinets may gradually accumulate important original works by great masters. Whoever is limited to an annual expenditure of ten dollars need not despair of adding every year to his collection some meritorious example from a master's hand.

Naturally here is no question of the major works of noted artists. But happily the great artists have not insisted monotonously on leaving only major works. Many of them have adventured in the field of etching, engraving, or lithography, and frequently such recreations, with all the savor of the artist's personality, combine the ease and freshness proper to the sketch. From the sixteenth century to the present day many painters and sculptors have thus multiplied their authentic designs, and the owner of a print from a plate which Dürer engraved has in every sense an original Dürer. Let us test the matter in the case of recent artists. Few of us could hope to obtain the smallest fragment that Corot's or Delacroix's brush had touched, but at a trifling expense one may buy an etching by Corot himself instinct with his idyllic naturalism, or an original lithograph full of the peculiar nervous energy of Delacroix. Or if

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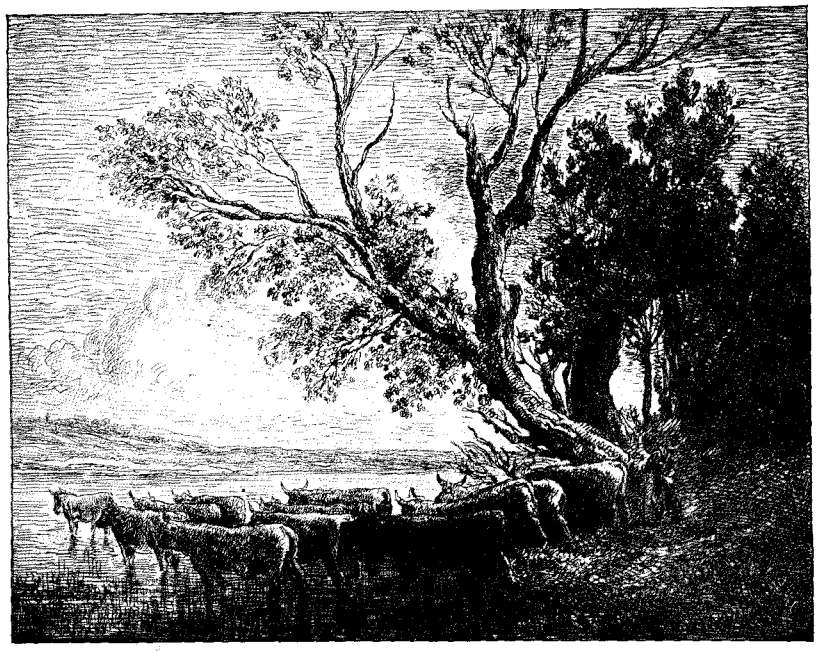
one prefer the just and placid note of Jacque or Daubigny, there are scores of characteristic etchings by these painters to be had at very moderate prices. The great stylist and thinker, François Millet, is more difficult, but even here one of his finest lithographs, joy of life. More reflective and self-hampered souls may rather prefer the austere profiles and compositions of Legros. Zest again is the characteristic of the prints of Fortuny. Or, turning to American painters, if one hankered after the precise and studied



The Ford, by Daubigny.
From the Avery collection in the New York Public Library.

"The Sower," and one or two etchings are to be had at what the Italians call mild prices. If one's taste be still more modern, a number of the Whistler etchings, including some of the best, are within the reach of all but the poorest amateur. Manet has left etchings; Pisarro, Rafaelli, and Renoir also. The admirer of Fantin-Latour's discreet and lovely design may have it quite at its best in lithographs costing perhaps two evenings away from the theatre. One could hardly hope to own a Rodin bronze or marble, but there are dry-points which reveal admirably the powerful ease of his draughtsmanship. If one's gusto be for the monumental, Puvis may serve with his rare, but not dear, lithographs. If wholesome brio be preferred, the etched portraits and nudes of Anders Zorn can be had by the collector who will fund his allowance for a couple of years or more. Frank Brangwyn's big etchings offer opportunities for those who love swing, speed, and art of Alden Weir, one might by taking thought procure one of his dry-points, and unless I am mistaken, the lamented Twachtman left an etching or two. Unhappily our strongest landscape men, Homer Martin, Wyant, and Inness, did not work on the stone or copper, nor did La Farge, while Winslow Homer's big etched versions of his own pictures go far to justify Whistler's prejudice against the large plate. It is impracticable to catalogue the American artists who have occasionally etched, but I may mention with regretful admiration one who has at the point of success eschewed both etching and painting, the architect C. A. Platt.

Already I see the scornful look of the impecunious amateur whose tastes are of antiquarian sort. What has he to do with these mere contemporaneities, what magic shall draw from his lean pocketbook the veritable originals of the great masters of

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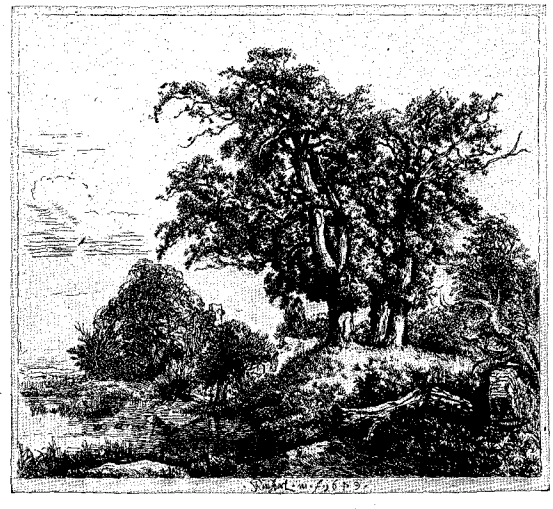
olden time? His case is the easier one. There are many more prints by the old masters, more that are good, and more that are cheap. Suppose our sceptical friend to be a devout nature-worshipper. Then

The Dance under the Trees, by Claude Lorrain.
From the Avery collection in the New York Public Library.

the luminous plates from Turner's "Liber Studiorum" beckon to him, or he may prefer Turner's bugbear, and incidentally exemplar, Claude Lorrain, who has left a handful of splendid prints. If, on the contrary, our nature-lover is no Wordsworthian but a stickler for the values, then the Canaletto etchings of the Venetian lagoons will be his affair. If one wants his landscape neither with glamour nor values, but rugged, honest, and tragic, the greatest of all landscapists, Jacob Ruysdael, drew on the copper a few landscapes of matchless power. Rembrandt only surpassed them, but his landscape etchings will hardly fall to our poor collector unless he be born lucky.

Our amateur's concern may be rather with the human spectacle and the humors of ordinary life. To him such richness is freely offered that I can merely suggest it. Charles Keene, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, John Leech; Daumier—in lithographs, a round dozen of the most delightful French book-illustrators of the eighteenth century, Hogarth, Hollar—I pause for breath—may be his showmen. Or if he must have his human nature with the fullest Dutch flavor, as it were kippered, Adriaen Ostade and a dozen other Dutch and Flemish masters have treated the life of roadside, doorway, and tavern with consummate skill. On the side of high life a most aristocratic Van Dyck portrait is attainable enough—in etched form.

Of course, Rembrandt is a world, a searcher of souls and meanings whether in portraiture, in mere anecdote, in character studies, or in sacred story. Probably two hundred of his original etchings are possible for the amateur whose allowance is near the larger limit mentioned early in this article. Some are obtainable for a few dollars apiece. Albrecht Dürer offers almost as rich a world if a more rigid one. Many of his hundreds of prints are obtainable at prices well within a hundred dollars. The same is true of the more archaic and quaint and wholly delightful Martin Schongauer, while Lucas van Leyden, a master whom I happen personally to de-



The Three Oaks, by Ruysdael.
From the Avery collection in the New York Public Library.

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test, has his attractions for the antiquarian collector. Better yet, one might land an engraving or woodcut by that romantic born out of due time, Hans Baldung Grien, something with skeleton death gently clutching from behind a fair and plump maiden, or of wild horses hinnying ominously in a forest. But I am wandering from the high road and the great artist. My theme allures to such excursions, and the amateur who at first resolutely promises himself to seek only the companionship of the great, will doubtless have his moments when he will consort gladly with artists of lesser degree who have the gift of being instructive or diverting. It will be noted that nothing has been said about Italian artists, and for good reason, since few of them made prints. The reader will hardly be lucky enough to pick up that magnificently ferocious design of fighting nudes by Antonio Pollaiuolo, nor anything by the various engravers who so nearly resemble Andrea Mantegna that the difference doesn't matter, nor a Montagna nor a Campagnola, nor even one of those little Florentine engravers who aped Sandro Botticelli. All these are reserved for the fairly wealthy or very lucky. In Italy, in fact, the originals were usually made on plaster and panel and not on copper. Whoever wishes to own a Titian or a Raphael must content himself with the strong flavor of the time and somewhat remote flavor of the artist which may be had from contemporary copies on the wood block or copper plate. Such clever aftercomers as the Caracci and Salvator Rosa made excellent prints, so did the savage Ribera, but I suspect that few readers will be tempted in these directions.

A Souvenir of Italy, by Corot.
From the Avery collection in the New York Public Library.

The nightmarish side of art I have neglected. The legitimate nightmare of history one may read in drastic transcription in those memories of the Thirty Years' War which JacquesCallot committed to the copper. The unchartered nightmares of a powerful and singularly unclean mind may be studied in Goya's "Caprices" and "Evils of War." And since Blake's high imaginings are no longer for the poor collector, though luck might conceivably bring one of the "Prophetic Books" his way, the more ecstatic and irresponsible form of revery may best be enjoyed in the prints of Odilon Redon. Modern German and Scandinavian art would afford a plethora of material mildly or strongly nightmarish, but the way is easy to find, and my theme is great masters.

The question will naturally be asked, Where are these bargains to be found? The collector who tells precisely where his best finds are made is either a fool or an angel, or both, and personally I aspire to neither distinction. Yet a partial answer may be given. A busy person will best get such prints from the great dealers, merely making clear what he wishes to pay. The print-

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sellers inevitably get many prints which are below collector condition, hence cheap in price. It is in this range of technically inferior goods that our impecunious amateur finds his opportunities. He must simply be content to buy not like a collector but like an art-lover. Far be it from me to depreciate those refinements and mysteries that constitute an immaculate impression. And let me add that in a drypoint or other delicately worked plate all but the early impressions are sorry ghosts of the artist's intention, and worthless at any price. But there is a large class of strongly worked plates which yield good impressions long after the technically fine prints have been pulled. For examples, the restrikes, despised of collectors, which were made from about seventy of Rembrandt's plates in the eighteenth century are in about half the cases acceptable to one who considers not ultimate refinements of impression but merely the art involved. That is, nothing has been added or taken away of Rembrandt's work, and the slight paling of all the lines through wear of the plate is infinitesimal. But the amateur may even indulge a modest fastidiousness as to impression and condition if he means only the condition of the print itself and not that of the paper on which it is printed. For instance, if an impression of Dürer's famous "Melancholia" happened to be cropped down to the picture, thus shearing off the plate-mark, and to have as well a slight and invisible tear in the impression itself, not the slightest damage would have been done, æsthetically speaking. Yet an otherwise magnificent impression with these negligible blemishes would fall within the limit of our frugal art-lover. In short, he must once for all decide to pay for prints and not for old paper and fair margins—or else make money.

The Departure for Work, by Millet.
From the Avery collection in the New York Public Library.

To begin with the great dealers is usually the part of wisdom for the amateur, for then one is sure of getting originals. At the stalls and little shops one may find, with occasional originals, the oddest confusion of old copies and new, not to mention carefully aged photographic facsimiles. Next, perhaps, the auctions will claim him. They have many advantages. The better class guarantee authenticity; the preliminary survey and elimination may be made conveniently by catalogue. The low-priced prints of the dealers constantly seek this outlet, naturally at smaller prices than are charged in the shops. Finally, many of the French, German, and English art magazines have published fine modern etchings and lithographs. The impressions usually run from fair to execrable, but occasionally chance will produce a really fine print among these commercial restrikes. The thing is to know it when you see it. On a down-town stall I once bought ten copies of a well-known Whistler lithograph for fifty cents—in what magazine I will not say. The print is of no rarity, costing about three dollars at the dealers', but the copies I have kept and given away have given pleasure. There are also albums and annuals which, containing mostly ephemeral works, conceal from all but the informed a few fine prints. From such a hiding-place I drew a Cazin etching and my Puvis lithographs. The mere hint of such possibilities is quite enough for the kind of art-lover I am addressing. My aim is attained if I have clearly shown that mere poverty excuses no self-styled amateur from the possession and intimate enjoyment of fine originals by the great masters.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

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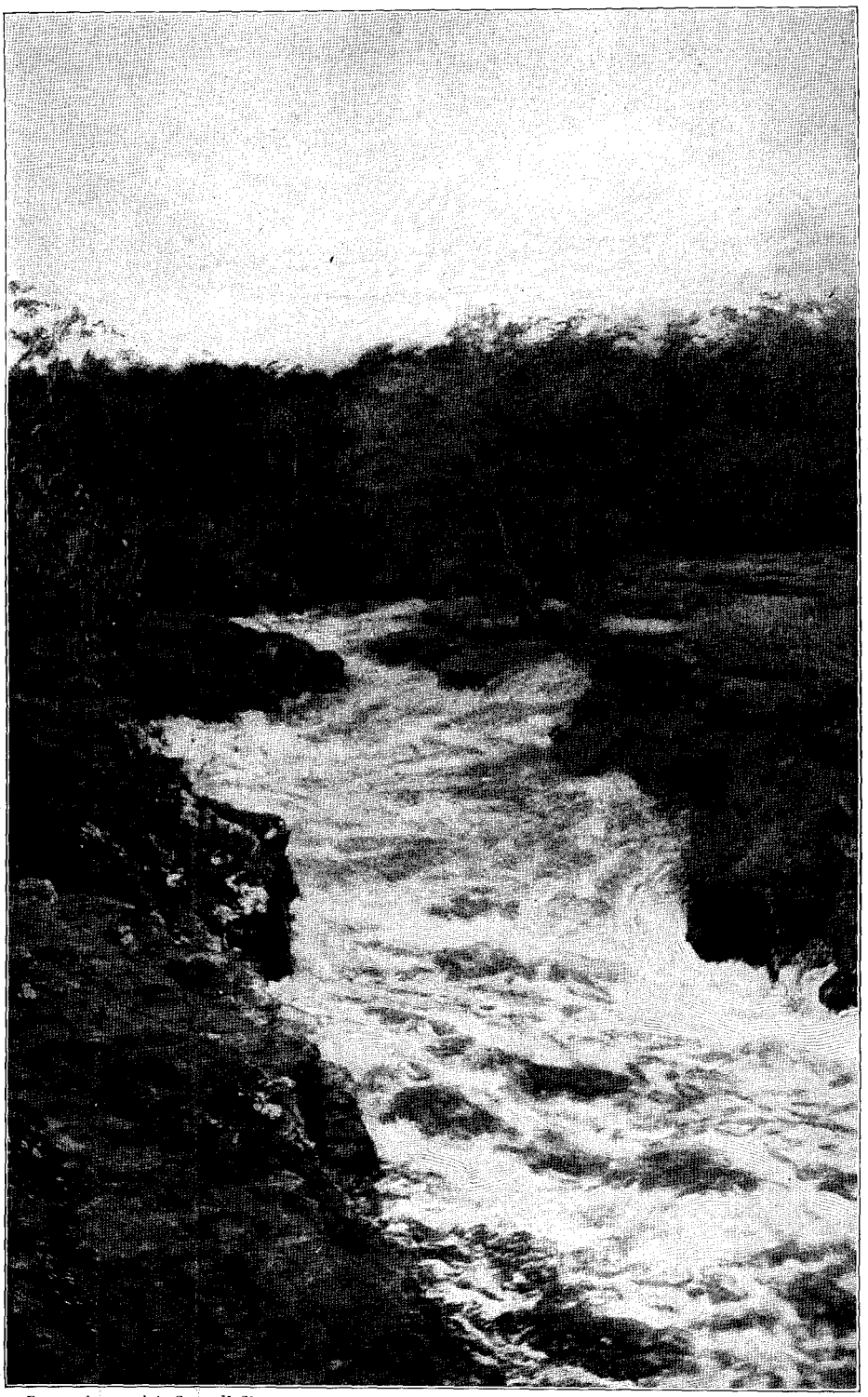

From a photograph by George K. Cherrie.

THE RAPIDS OF NAVAĬTÉ.

There were many curls, and one or two regular falls.

—"The River of Doubt," page 419.

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